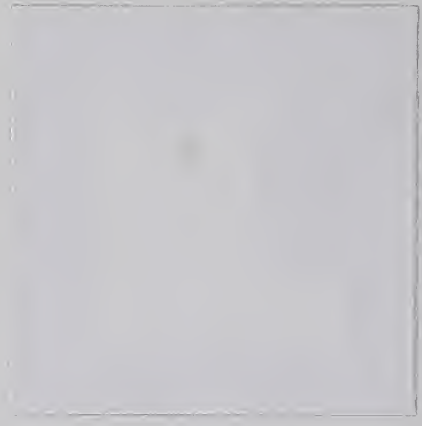


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THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY 1889.

KEPAHA-WINONA.

BY LYNN C. D'OYLE.

THERE are no trees to bud, no birds to sing, no flowers to bloom; but all the same, spring opens up in its own peculiar way.

It has been a hard winter, and spring is late. The sun is powerful, and the large snowdrift lying between our shanty and the sheds is melting rapidly; so are numerous other drifts, where a stray rock or other obstacle has caught one. Many are the dead carcasses of cattle brought to light; and, in my immediate vicinity, one melting drift has revealed the body of a frozen sheep-herder.

The prairie-dogs are hard at work and at play; as one rides by their "town," they sit, one or two, upon the edge of nearly every hole, going "teet, teet, teet, tit-teet," in a kind of barking way, jerking the tail violently up with every "teet," until, as the horse passes close by a hole, the proprietor of that particular domicile disappears, head-foremost, with a quick succession of little barks, which die away as he descends, and run the one into the other, giving one the idea that it is now impossible for him to put the stops in properly, not having the free use of his tail, and that that appendage is being violently shaken out, or twisted with a circular movement, born of cramped necessity.

In a long ride, also, you will now probably come across a badger busily at work, his striped head appearing now and again, as if to see that all is going on as it should in the outer world. Or a lazy old rattlesnake may lie across your trail, basking in the sun; if so, get off and stamp his head into the ground for luck!

Upon some steep side-hill where a drift has been caught, small streams flow, falling here and there in miniature cascades, or ploughing

their own channels in the sand, form little rivulets, which chase each other from under the snow, and give one an idea—a very tiny one—of what is now taking place, upon a scale of indescribable grandeur, in the neighbouring Rockies.

The sun blistered the paint upon the "mess-box" behind the "chuck-waggon."

But one rattlesnake does not make a summer, as I have good cause to remember, for a snowstorm followed, and I lost seven horses in it; we were hauling posts down from the bluffs, and it was with difficulty that we ourselves reached home. A week later the ground everywhere was dry; clouds of dust, sand, and pebbles were flying through the air; the bull-frogs croaked incessantly; and spring, for which we had waited so patiently, was with us.

Now the loss of a few "bronchos" is nothing in itself, though some of those were good horses and quiet ones, and part of my own "string" (each cowboy starts on the "round-up" with a "string" of from eight to twelve horses, and this is generally found none too many for the work); but I have made it a rule never to ride a "bucker" if there was any possible way round it (and it is entirely due to this precaution that I now have sufficient liver remaining for all ordinary purposes). So it came about that when the "outfit" started work I remained behind to get one more quiet horse to complete my "string," expecting to join them upon Lone Tree.

I had succeeded in getting a horse to suit me from the Two-cross. It was a rough-looking animal, but looks in bronchos are deceptive, and are at the same discount, West, as "book-learning" is in a man.

Starting out in pursuit of the "outfit," I came down from the "divide" at Sixty-six Mountain, and rode (leading the other horse by a "hackamore") across the large open flat, over Horse Creek, Little Horse Creek, and fording Bear Creek, rode along it on the north side, skirting the scanty timber which lines the creek.

I was now in the shadow of Bear Mountain, for it was about four o'clock in the afternoon, and the side of the mountain facing me rose in almost perpendicular cliffs of considerable height for a mile on either hand. (The summit of these cliffs is very rugged, and points stick up here and there in fantastic designs; some being suggestive of mountain sheep peering over, while others look like men concealed, or in fact will assume almost any shape which the fancy may conjure up.)

I had not proceeded far when, in turning a sharp bend round the timber line, I came suddenly upon a figure upon all-fours,

scratching a trench in the sand like a dog ; a quantity of large stones and boulders lay about the crouching figure, evidently carried there for some purpose, but for what particular one I had not time to imagine, for I had been "loping" along gaily and was now close up.

The figure straightened itself, and gathering its loose blanket more closely about it, stood erect before me—a handsome squaw ; that is, I supposed her to be a squaw—for upon the ground, strapped in that queer contrivance in which squaws carry their papooses (and the name of which I cannot for the moment call to mind), lay a tiny little red infant asleep, as I supposed, and blistering in the hot sun. The woman was handsome, apparently of good figure, and with that erect bearing seldom so well seen as in a young squaw.

I reined up my horse as she greeted me with—

"How d'ou?"

The expression surprised me, for most Indians profess only to know "How," but I soon found that she spoke English well (I have, I think, only heard one speak better : when an Indian woman does speak fairly well her pronunciation is always pretty, and the accents soft—a great improvement upon the harsh style of the average American citizen); and she explained that her husband had been a white man—a trapper.

It struck me that her face looked thin and worn.

"Why do you say 'had been'?" I asked.

"Because, a week since, he was killed."

This was said apparently without emotion—but the Indian face is well-nigh unreadable.

"Jim—'Canada Jim' they called him—was a good man," she added after a pause ; "if he had not picked me up—a year ago—I should have died."

"What is your name?" I asked.

"Kepaha-Winona—Kepaha-the-firstborn."

"And your tribe—where are they?"

"Up on Smoky Water, I think."

"It is a long way. How do you go back?"

"I never *go* back."

"How then will you live?"

"I do not wish to live. What is *your* name? Ah, I have heard it. You are one of the few good white men. Where is your 'outfit'?"

"I expect to join them on Lone Tree to-night ; you had better come with me and get provision for your journey. Or you can go with us," I added, "up as far as the Cheyenne River."

"You are good," she said, in the same simple way; "but I cannot return to my tribe—I am an outcast. I belong to white men. I am branded with the white man's iron!"

I thought for the moment that she referred to the mark "U.S." upon her blanket, showing that it had been provided by the United States Government, for to this insult these once lords of the desert have now to submit, amongst other things. I have no personal love for an Indian, but still I contend that they are badly treated; and when they "break out," it is generally the fault of the white settlers, and is often but a just revenge.

"Branded?" I half exclaimed.

"Yes, branded. See here!" She had turned her back to me, and with a sudden movement of her shoulders the blanket, her only covering, slipped from there down upon her arms.

I uttered an exclamation. There, exactly in the middle and across the spine, standing out in livid whiteness against the dull red of her graceful back, was the best "put on" brand that I have ever seen, thus:[1]



And it was a brand I knew!

"The 'Lazy-O-Star'! Great Scott!" I exclaimed, "did they do that?"

"Yes. The 'outfit.'"

It flashed through my mind at once that "Dandy," one of my own cowboys, had come to me from the Lazy-O-Star. (We called him "Dandy" because, once, in talking of western life, and running it down, he had happened to draw a very apt simile, which tickled us. "When I was back east," he had said, "they used to call me 'a fair-haired dandy' (he was sandy), and I didn't half like it, you know; but as soon as I got out here I was called 'a red-headed sucker.'")

Amazed at so cruel a deed, I tried to draw from the girl the reason for it. Her story was a sufficiently sad one. Two years before, being then a girl of sixteen, she, with those belonging to her "lodge," had hung about with the Lazy-O-Star outfit, while they were on the "round-up" far away north, getting from them now and then a little coffee or sugar, for those things Indians love, and are not generally provided with. When their work was finished in that section, the cowboys had taken her away with them, she herself being partly willing. For a time she was well treated, but later on she unluckily became the cause of a fight, in which one of the "outfit" was shot. He lived two days after, but died when they were branding cattle. It seems that this man was a general favourite,

[1] See note at end of article.

but as no fault could be found with the man who actually did the shooting, and who was now sorry enough for it, all the blame had been laid upon Kepaha. After the man died, they roped her as they would a calf, and dragging her screaming to the fire, applied the iron. Then she had been given some provisions and turned adrift.

In a sad plight she had found her way back to her tribe. All had gone well for a little time, and she was to have become the squaw of a young warrior—in fact, he had given two ponies and a bowie-knife to her father already, before her secret was found out.

" I thought they would have killed me," she said ; " they held a council, and all night the camp was in an uproar. Some wished to go on the war-path to be revenged against the whites. But they did not kill me. ' She is branded ! she is branded ! ' they cried, ' she belongs to the white man now—she is his cattle.' They would have turned me out to starve. But ' Canada Jim ' was there, and he took me to be his squaw."

Her face betrayed no sign of anger or of sorrow as she related this, but I knew that her feelings must have been intense.

Then she added, " Jim is dead. *It* is dead ; what shall I do ? "

As she said " *it* is dead," she stood pointing to the ground where the child had been lying all this time, as I had supposed asleep. Without saying more, she took it up, deposited it gently in the shallow trench, and, with her hands, scratched the ground back level over it. I helped her to roll the stones upon the spot ; we fetched more boulders from the creek and heaped upon it—to anchor down the body. When this was done, Kepaha stood there for perhaps a minute ; then turning to me she said—

" Now I *must* go with you, for I am hungry, very hungry."

I promised that no harm should come to her. She stubbornly refused my saddle, but jumping upon the other horse, rode man-fashion.

We rode fast, for the sun was getting low ; presently we wheeled round on the west side of the mountain, through a pass opposite the " Court-house Rock," where the sand was knee-deep to our horses ; we were not long in running down the slope on the other side, and then we were on Lone Tree ; and here also was my " outfit." They were upon the opposite side of the little stream, and as we crossed it the water only just trickled down, for through the heat of the day Lone Tree " runs under " ; in the early morning it is a good little stream.

The " boys " had a good fire going ; the large iron pots swung

steaming over it ; there looked what a Southerner would call "a right smart chance" of a good supper. The fellows chaffed me a good deal about the Indian girl ; said they "didn't think I was that kind of a man," and that I might "have caught on to a yaller wife, anyhow." Things were altogether jolly, and I had almost forgotten Kepaha's sad story until the sight of "Dandy" coming towards us with more wood brought it vividly back.

It was with some misgiving that I saw "Dandy" approaching us ; I wondered whether he was in the Lazy-O-Star "outfit" two years ago, and, if so, whether she would recognise him as one of them. I shifted my place round to the other side of the fire, so that I stood exactly opposite Kepaha, and watched her closely.

She was standing, looking down ; her arms crossed, and with each hand she held the blanket round her, but in such a fashion that all the front of her person, to the waist, was exposed.

"Dandy" looked hard at her, but it was evident that his gaze was one of wonderment, not recognition. It is not really an easy matter to recognise an Indian, or in many cases to tell two apart. It was not until he was quite close, and opposite to her, that the girl raised her dark eyes ; her glance was casual too ; her eyes dropped again, but in another instant flashed up, and for a few seconds she looked hard and steadfastly at "Dandy." That she knew him I plainly saw, but still her face retained its stoicism. Then it was that, for the first time, I found out where Indians (women at least) do show some emotion ; hers must indeed have been intense, but whether for good or evil towards the unconscious "Dandy" I could not know.

When we turned in that night one man gave a blanket off his bed, another a quilt, and so on, until Kepaha, with the addition of the tarpaulin off the waggon, had as good a bed as any of us ; and she made it down across the foot of mine.

Next morning, before making a start, we had some cattle to brand, mostly calves, and their "roping" was easy enough ; it was simply a case of "catch as catch can," and then, with a half-hitch of the "rope" round the saddle-horn, the poor "blatting" creatures were dragged over to the fire—head up or tail up, no matter which. It is a less simple thing to deal with the larger cattle, and some one better than a mere "greenhorn" is required to handle them. Two cowboys throw their "ropes" at the same moment, one catching the front and the other the hind legs of the animal that they wish to brand ; then, riding in opposite directions, there comes a strain and a thud, and the beast is stretched out upon the ground—it is the prettiest (the

word looks out of place in connection with so cruel a practice) work about "cow-punching," and some men are wonderfully expert at it.

It was about eleven o'clock when this was finished. I had noticed that Kepaha throughout, although deeply interested, had given the fire and irons a wide berth.

The "day-wrangler" brought up the horses, and, with the aid of a rope corral (made with the help of the "chuck-waggon"), we caught up fresh horses for the afternoon's work. Some of the older "cow-ponies" will walk straight up as soon as they see a "rope" swinging—they have imbibed a very wholesome dislike to being "roped," and have learned to avoid it by obliging docility—and will allow themselves to be bridled without resistance. The younger ones are harder to catch, and, when caught, run viciously against the lariat: they will know better by-and-by. In two months from now the worst "buckers" amongst them will not have a "buck" left in them—for as they get nothing except what they can "rustle" for themselves, and heavy work with it, they soon get ridden into docility.

Each man bridled the broncho that he wished to ride, and left it standing as he eat; then, after dinner, in a few minutes all were saddled up—a little exhibition of "bucking," cries of "Stay with him! stay with him!" coupled with more or less profanity according to the horse (not sparingly or of necessity), and we were soon on the move.

Kepaha rode with the cook in the waggon; and "Dandy" rode there also—for he was our "night-wrangler" (the man who herds the horses at night), and had to find what sleep he might during the day-time, as the waggon jolted along.

A word or two about "Dandy." He was a good "roper," a splendid rider, and a good "cow-hand," but while helping us brand I saw that he was a man of cruel disposition. We had one old steer that day that had hitherto missed the iron; he was a "mean" one, and showed fight. Before taking off the "ropes," "Dandy" took out his knife, and, had I not been close by, would have "kneed" the steer before letting him up. (This "kneeing" is, I hope, not a very common practice amongst cowboys, though I know that some practise it: it consists of cutting a gash across one of the knees of the beast, dividing the sinews, so that when he is let up he will be disabled and harmless. There are cases where this may be considered necessary, but it is often done by the cruelly disposed wantonly. I have come across cattle thus treated far away from water; the leg stiff, and they perishing of thirst; in some cases, while still alive, being eaten piece-

meal by wolves.) I stopped "Dandy" in time, but before I could say another word he had done the next "meanest" trick possible—he picked up a handful of sand, and, opening the poor beast's eyes, pounded it in: as the beast did not get up as soon as the "ropes" were loosened, he jumped on it, and raked it from head to foot with his spurs. I had seen him use a horse the same way when it was "bucking" with him, but perhaps that is justifiable, and it takes a *man* to do it. After we had finished I told him quietly (albeit very firmly) that he need never trouble to help us brand again—it was not really his work—*and he never did.*

It seems that he employed some of his time on the waggon, when not sleeping, in making love to Kepaha, and, strange to say, the girl appeared to lend a willing ear; for, when we eventually got up as far as the Cheyenne River, "Dandy" informed us that she would not join her tribe after all, but that he had decided to take care of her.

Had I then been mistaken? I thought that I had detected in her manner towards him more of hatred than of love. But she now professed herself perfectly willing. I knew that she could not join her tribe, and the thing that had troubled me considerably was what would become of her; therefore I saw no reason to interfere, though I had no very high opinion of "Dandy." He had never recognised her, and, no doubt, thought that the first time he ever set eyes on the girl was the night I had brought her to camp; but this I did not fully understand till the following day.

For their honeymoon, these two took their belongings some fifty yards up the river from us all that night when we turned in.

The Cheyenne is a terrible place for skunks, whose bite is very dangerous (not to mention their better known proclivity), so we all slept with our heads well tucked under cover that night. It was a beautiful night, with a glorious full moon. I seemed to sleep restlessly, and several times awoke with a start—only to find that my head was out in the open.

I think it must have been about midnight that I awoke, not with a start this time, but slowly, with the conviction that I had had a very vivid dream; in fact, for a second or two, I looked round for Kepaha. I had dreamt that she stole to where I lay and kissed my forehead; I thought for the moment that I could distinctly feel where the place had been kissed. It was a glorious night; the moon shone down upon the white tarpaulins of the beds around me, but there was not a head to be seen. I could see all up the river—it was almost as light as day—but "Dandy's" bed lay in the shadow of the trees lining the river, and I could discern it but dimly. A coyote

was howling in the dim distance; the "night-wrangler" ("Dandy" had changed work now with the "day-wrangler") was whistling far away down stream; and a skunk, as I supposed, was making noise enough amongst the dry leaves along the river for a bear. There was a faint splash in the water as if a beaver had just dived from a floating log.

I dropped off to sleep again, and did not wake till morning.

One of the "boys" kicked at my bed—it was a little later than usual. The sun was just risen, but still there was no sign of anyone moving over at "Dandy's" bed. One of the fellows went over to wake him. He put his foot down on the bed, and the spur jingled. We saw him pull down the tarpaulin; he started back, and then beckoned. We all ran there together, with the fear that something was wrong.

"Dandy's" head lay exposed—stiff and cold. But in his forehead, carved as though in marble, and on to the white skull beneath, was the brand—Lazy-O-Star. I alone knew the meaning.

When we uncovered him we saw the reason why no blood had flowed from the forehead; and I knew what those other horror-stricken cowboys did not know—that "Dandy" had but received his *reward.*

For two days Kepaha was hunted for as though she had been a wild beast, but they failed to find her.

For the rest of the "round-up," those deep-sunk, passionate eyes haunted me whenever I lay awake at night. That Kepaha, in her hot-blooded way, was in love with me I did not doubt; every day I half expected that she would come back.

Something seemed to tell me that we should meet again. Sometimes at night I would wake up with a start, fancying that I felt those cold lips again pressed to my forehead. Well knowing the girl's nature, I thought that perhaps (in her hopelessness) some rough night, when the sand blew, and the wind moaned between our beds, she would return, and, in some mysterious way, steal up to where I lay, and——

But the thought was not a pleasant one on a dark night—and in it, too, I did her a great injustice.

It was strange that, after the "round-up" was over, I should have gone up, with a friend, on to the Cheyenne River again, hunting, but so it happened. We camped several miles below the trail.

One day I came upon fresh "sign," and a good fresh trail of an old bull-elk (I was alone; H—— had hunted down the river). I

am a keen hunter, but when within a mile of where we had buried "Dandy," some influence stronger than I could withstand, and which I cannot to this day account for, impelled me to leave the trail which I was following.

As we rounded the bend of the river (I was upon my old favourite black horse) where I had expected to see a little mound, there lay a number of scattered bones, bleached and glistening. My first thought was that the wolves had dug up the body; but we had buried it too deep for that. Some of the bones lay a hundred yards apart—carried there by coyotes or skunks, and well picked. (Unconsciously I stood bare-headed; the old horse stood quietly beside me.)

Half buried in the sand, I found a blanket marked "U.S.," and a rusty bowie-knife—KEPAHA'S. Slowly collecting the scattered bones, I wrapped them in the blanket, and, taking the four corners together, pegged them to the ground with the bowie-knife. What more could I do?

Still I stood there, and in my mind reconstructed the well-moulded form in which those bones had once been encased; but all seemed blurred with that fatal brand. And I wondered whether this poor outcast child of the wilderness, her passionate and revengeful spirit untutored and untamed, had, in the eyes of Heaven, *really* sinned.

Had she, a poor outcast from her tribe, unwilling to return to them, not daring to come back to us, at last returned here, and in desperation taken her own life by the same means by which she had taken his?

Or had she not rather, a lone wanderer, starved to death? Had she dragged her weary body, dying, to this spot—in her childish simplicity to pour out a bitter repentance to the spirit of the dead man?—*and been forgiven?*

God knows!

[I have tried to conjure up a cattle-brand which does not exist; but, considering the thousands of designs registered, it is no easy matter. I have only my memory to go by, and this is a new brand to *it*. Should it prove, however, that the Lazy-O-Star does exist as a cattle-brand, I wish the owner thereof to take this as my apology.—L. C. D'O.]

ON THE SLOPES OF OLYMPUS.

ASIA MINOR is still a vast labyrinth of more or less unexplored memories of the past; travellers of to-day pay hurried visits to the cities near the coast, but in the interior, where lawless tribes and scattered nationalities forbid the approach of the ordinary wayfarer, there exists a sort of *terra incognita* to which only a few pioneers with more hardihood than intelligence have penetrated. This will be a future playground for the enterprising of the 20th century, and when the line which is now in project is opened right through the heart of Asia Minor it will be possible for the traveller *en route* for India to pass a few pleasant days in places with which no one is now acquainted, and be carried to his destination through Mesopotamia, where he may search for traces of the Garden of Eden and the cradle of mankind.

The slopes of the Mysian Olympus and the town of Brusa at its feet may be visited now with a tolerable amount of safety. Brigandage, the scourge of Turkey, is kept fairly in check in this district, and Brusa is a town of extraordinary fascinations from a purely Turkish point of view, setting aside altogether episodes connected with Hannibal and legends of emperors of the Lower Empire. It was the Turkish capital before the Turks crossed to Europe, the point at which the Ottomans consolidated and nurtured their strength, and the earlier Sultans of the race gloried in beautifying these glorious slopes with mosques and tombs, and in covering the healing springs which issue from the sides of this giant with quaint domed bath buildings, rich in encaustic tiles.

Then we have the interests which centre in the modern Brusa, which has risen out of the ruins of fire and earthquake to become the great Oriental centre of the silk trade,—"the Turkish Lyons," as the Frenchmen call it, thanks again to its giant mountain, which affords sheltered valleys for the growth of the mulberry trees and rushing streams to work the mills. Finally we can indulge in speculation concerning the Brusa of the future. Vefyk Pasha, a man of extraordinary progress for a Turk, governed this *vilayet* after

the great earthquake which ruined the town in 1855; he occupied his term of office in restoring and beautifying the town, with one object, that it might be ready to receive his sovereign and become the seat of government when the time came for quitting Constantinople. Old Turkey—that is to say, the Turks of to day, who adhere strictly to the tradition of Mohammedanism—looks upon Brusa as the future capital of a purely Asiatic Turkey, and the grave, as it has been the cradle, of their race, whereas young, go-a-head Turkey talks much about Sivas and its mercantile advantages for the prospective centre; this problem has yet to be worked out, and depends much on whether old or young Turkey prevails in the councils of the nation when the final hour of their rule in Europe arrives.

Polygamy, like many another Turkish institution, is fast disappearing from amongst them; a few rich Pashas may indulge in the luxury or the reverse of a multiplication of wives, but amongst ordinary individuals, the *suredgis* or horse owners alone take advantage of the Koran's permission to multiply wives, finding it convenient to have female agents at the different places they frequent. There is a celebrated *suredgi* at Brusa who is reported to have one wife at Brusa, another at Modania, where the steamer stops, and another at Constantinople, to keep him informed of the possible advent of visitors. At any rate he was fully aware of our intention to visit Brusa, and secured us as his victims by travelling with us on the steamer; he is a truly active fellow, and drove us for the three hours between Modania and Brusa, up the hills and through oceans of mud, at a pace which astonished us, and made us tremble for the survival of his horses and his rickety carriage. When a trace broke he mended it with his waistband, when a horse fell in the mud he set it up again as if it had been a ninepin, and during the avenue gallop, which extended from the bridge which Nilofer, the charitable wife of Sultan Orchan is said to have built, right up to the door of Madame Brotte's hotel in the outskirts of Brusa, his driving was worthy of King Jehu himself.

Our charioteer, as we drove along, cast many a scornful glance and uttered many a sarcastic sneer at his fallen rival, namely, the ruined railway which ran for some distance by the side of the road. It was Vefyk Pasha, the great benefactor of Brusa, who constructed it, and being only 35 miles in length it was completed at the cost of £20,000; its ruins, as seen to-day, are a monument of Turkish imbecility and the grievances of bondholders. The rails were laid, stations were built, the rolling-stock was bought, before the collapse came. Now you see the loose rails straying down the sides of the

embankments ready for the peasants to carry away ; the culverts are nearly all destroyed ; goats browse in what should be the station booking-offices ; and at Modania a shed contains the fast decaying remnants of the rolling-stock.

Poor Vefyk Pasha must gnash his teeth, if he has any left, when he sees his life's work thus destroyed ; he is now a very old man, and lives in retirement in his pretty wooden kiosk on the Bosphorus, and Hakki Pasha reigns at Brusa in his stead. We had a letter of introduction which we presented in person to his Excellency Hakki Pasha, and we found him an illiterate retrograde Turk, who delights in letting all the improvements executed by his predecessor fall into decay. Vefyk had the plain below Brusa thoroughly drained ; Hakki prefers to put into his own pocket the money which ought annually to be spent in keeping this up, with the natural result that after heavy rains the plain is almost impassable, owing to floods, as we found to our cost ; and in the train of floods in this climate come fevers and all the evils which Vefyk by his energy had surmounted.

After being Oriental, Brusa is French. It has a French Consul, and merchants from Lyons flock here for raw material, and French "*graineurs*," after the cocoon harvest, haunt the slopes of Mount Olympus and effect their purchases in its happy valleys. Every Frenchman you meet at Brusa is loud in his praises of Vefyk Pasha. You get quite tired of his name when you have heard how he built the carriage road along which we came ; how he constructed the railway ; how he saw that good hotels were built ; how he drained the marshes ; how he introduced the rose culture, and settled refugees from the rose-growing districts after the last war ; how he brought water from a source high up in the mountains, to the great benefit of the silk trade ; how he built ovens in which to kill the grubs ; how he protected Christians and put down brigandage. Ahmet Vefyk Pasha was indeed a great man in the *vilayet* of Brusa, and second only to him in French estimation is Madame Brotte, who keeps such an excellent hostelry and table for the Lyons merchants who come over here to buy silk. At her table, all the year round, you may eat wild boar and game from Mount Olympus, and discuss delicious things in cream which comes from her own dairy. Her husband was a factory owner himself, but he died, poor man, and his widow has turned his factory into a hotel, and with her factotum Homer, a young Greek from a neighbouring village, she administers to the wants of the visitor so well that he forgets he is in the wilds of Asia Minor, in the haunts of the brigand and the nomad tribes. But he will not forget it next morning when he issues forth into the streets, and if he has

not been very far East indeed, he will never have seen anything so Oriental as Brusa or so beautifully quaint.

The city is plastered on the slopes of the snow-capped Olympus, lies buried in rank verdure, and echoes with the murmur of many streams. Brusa, in fact, comes up as nearly to the reality of a drop scene at a theatre, or a Turnerian glimpse at Paradise, as one is likely to see on this side the grave, and yet it is not sleepy and dull, as most beautiful places are. Close to Madame Brotte's establishment are many factories of silk, at the mouth of a lovely gorge ; and, inasmuch as water is here the motive power and not coal, we find no chimneys belching forth their nature-destroying breath, and industry, when it does not destroy the beauties of nature, is a pleasure and not a horror to look upon. The operatives in these factories are, for the most part, Greek and Armenian girls. In the earthquake of 1855 a whole factory, with sixty girls at work, fell down and buried them in its ruins ; but a new factory has been built on this cemetery, and a new race of girls were busily at work when we visited it, as if unconscious of the wholesale destruction which was buried beneath them. These girls are content with the average wages of sixpence a day, which, seeing that they eat only vegetables, olives, bread, and oil, is ample, and no complaints of a sweating system are here heard of.

The younger hands are employed in boiling the cocoons, while the more experienced undertake the harder task of threading them on to the meshes. Each girl sits before her tank of boiling water, in which the cocoons are immersed, and by her side she has a tank of cold into which to plunge her hands from time to time, and every evening she dips them in vitriol to harden the skin. The great art seems to be to deftly join the ends so as to produce an even and true thread, and this is only acquired by years of experience. The smell of the boiling cocoons is very noisome, and the heat very oppressive. No wonder that the girls are, for the most part, sallow and unhealthy ; but then many of them have very fine profiles and beautiful large eyes. In fact, so attractive did the gay young men of Brusa find the sixty girls in the imperial factory, that it has been found necessary to put up Turkish blinds before the windows, for they would congregate outside and greatly interfere with the diligent attention of the maidens to their business.

Just now in the East the rage is for the Brusa gauzes, and the silk stalls in the bazaars may be seen piled high with materials, around which veiled ladies bargain with astounding volubility. There are scarfs, shawls, turbans, yashmaks, of marvellously fine texture, characteristically bordered with designs in white and silver, or in

colours and gold, evolved, for the most part, out of the Turkish alphabet. The old test of drawing a silk shawl through a finger ring is easily surpassed by this wonderfully fine Brusa fabric, a whole pile of which can be easily crushed into the palm of the hand. Knowing Turkish ladies call this fabric "Selimieh," and always ask for it in preference to any other, the name being given to it because it was nvented in the reign of the Sultan Selim. Every occupant of the harem knows how to choose a good piece of Selimieh, and inasmuch as they use it not only to cover their bodies but to cover their divans, almost the only article of furniture used in a Turkish house, one can easily understand that silk manufacture is a paying concern.

Close to the silk factories are establishments for diamond polishing, a rising industry here in Brusa, for as skilled workmen are content with half-a-crown a day for doing work which in Paris would cost twelve shillings, no wonder the French diamond polishers prefer to send their stones here, and run the risk of the journey that the handsome marginal profit may find its way into their own pockets. The same streams which work the silk factories and the wheels for polishing diamonds work also a large number of mills for grinding corn. Altogether, the force of water has brought much prosperity to this locality, which is capable of still further development, and if it were not for those insidious microbes which have of late years attacked the Brusa silkworms, one might prophesy a satisfactory future for the place. Several naturalists from France are now assembled there, trying their best to discover a means for exterminating these destroyers of Brusa's prosperity, but they meet with little assistance from the peasant breeders of the worms, who are intensely superstitious and believe still in the effects of the evil eye, which makes them anxious to conceal their treasures from the glance of an infidel Giaour.

So much for the industries on the slopes of Mount Olympus. Besides these nature has provided the inhabitants of this favoured spot with another source of subsistence. All along the slopes to the south of the town issue warm healing streams excellent for the cure of rheumatic affections ; these streams have from time to time been covered with charming old bath-houses, many of them dating from epochs anterior to the time of the Turkish occupation ; rich philanthropists have handsomely endowed these bath-houses at various times, so that not only are the buildings kept in good repair, but also the poor man can get his bath for nothing, and the money which the rich bather thinks it consistent with his dignity to give belongs exclusively to the attendant shampooers. The old bath-house, as it is called, is Byzantine work, and history tells us how a certain empress

came here to bathe with a retinue of 4,000 persons; this old bath-house has served as a copy for the newer, and perhaps more magnificent, ones which adorn the hill-slopes with their many domes. All of them are lovely inside with faïence and those much prized tiles of Brusa manufacture; over the entrance to one is a long Turkish inscription, which tells us how it was built by the Grand Vizier of Sultan Solyman the Magnificent, who had benefited by a course of baths. In this bath was once kept the famous talismanic stone which cured every pain to which it was applied, but which, unfortunately for the present generation of bathers here, has been stolen, and no one knows where it is to be found.

Other bath-houses are built at the village of "Grasshopper," some two miles from the town, which contains streams rich in iron and sulphur; at this village too a large hotel, "the Bithynia," has been constructed for the benefit of those who come to take the waters. It is the great rendezvous of the inhabitants of Brusa; on a holiday afternoon you see them coming on foot, on mules, and in carriages, with their bundles containing towels and toilet requirements, and they seem to revel in the fetid stench which rises from the sulphureous stream, and which fills the large domed building with steam; and the water, which is heated by nature alone, is so hot that no furnaces are required. Here in Pliny's days stood a temple of Æsculapius, and for centuries has this healing stream continued to work its cures on rheumatic Orientals. Perhaps some day, when travelling in Asia Minor is rendered more secure and accommodation improves, the baths of Brusa may again acquire the reputation they had in the days long gone by.

The beauties of the giant mountain of Brusa are not easily exhausted; we loved to wander there, far from the din and dirt of the busy Eastern city. Still the Turks call it "the Mountain of the Monks," and still to them it is as sacred as it was in the days of the Lower Empire, when its slopes were covered with the cells of anchorites and holy men. The Turks, in fact, have always carefully preserved any heritage of sanctity possessed by any place which has fallen into their power. Old Byzantine churches have been converted into mosques; old places of pilgrimage have been respected and allowed to retain their customs and their rites, and in like manner the slopes of Olympus, held sacred by the orthodox in days of yore, are now held sacred by the enthusiasts of Islam. From the time of the conquest it has been the haunt of santons, abdals, dervishes, poets, and men of learning, whose tombs are dotted over the mountain, and held sacred by the Mussulmans of to-day; 500, I was told,

of Islam's most noted men lie buried under the shadow of the mountain, which is the Westminster Abbey of the race. Each tomb has its own special virtues and its own special legend, and in wandering amongst them you are carried back in memory to the brave deeds of the early Ottomans who made all the kingdoms of Europe to quake before them.

Far away up the mountain side is a tomb very dear to Mussulman pilgrims, being the tomb of the "Father of the Deer," a fanatical Turk who lived up there in Sultan Orchan's time, and who, says the legend, had a tame herd of deer, on one of which he rode to battle at Sultan Orchan's bidding, and wielding a huge sword in his hand, he threw terror and death broadcast amongst the enemy. Nomad tribes with flocks and herds now wander over this mountain and amid these tombs, and those who wish to reach the summit and return in safety would do well either to take ample protection or to join a cavalcade which goes every night in summer time to fetch snow from the summit, which they cut in large blocks, two of which form the load of each mule. This cavalcade returns at nine o'clock in the morning to Brusa with their burden of coolness for the vendors of sherbet and other delicious summer drinks. Though Vefyk Pasha succeeded pretty well in clearing his *vilayet* of brigands, he could do little to check the depredations of those nomad gentlemen who dwell on Olympus, and are ever ready to dispossess an unprotected visitor of any valuables he may have with him ; hence the advantage of joining the snow cavalcade. Also, if the traveller chances to be there he may ascend Olympus with perfect safety with the priest or *imam*, who goes there to catch the first glimpse of the new moon in the month Chevali, which marks the beginning of the Ottoman year ; and those who ascend when the atmosphere is clear will be amply rewarded if they are lovers of the wilder beauties of nature ; but, to tell the truth, when they get beyond the radius of the tombs and the nomad tribes they may as well return, for any other mountain nearer home will do just as well for an acrobatic feat, and be infinitely safer.

Months might be spent before the interests which lie outside the walls of Brusa would be exhausted, and then the precincts of the town itself are filled with delightful studies both of the present and of the past. First let us glance at the *Muradieh*, or nest of tombs and sacred buildings erected round the mosque tomb where the remains of the great Sultan Murad repose. It is, in its placid beauty, a perfect study of old world Turkish ideas and customs, and in its

walls can be read the character as well as the history of this strange race. You approach the sacred enclosure by an avenue of rose trees, backed up by plane trees of surprising age and girth; above these tower splendid cypress trees, and around you flourish on all sides rank verdure and natural gardens amid these neglected tombs; through openings in these glimpses of the giant mountain appear, a perpetual joy of which none can tire. In the central building of rich red bricks, with patches of green moss clinging picturesquely to the dome, is the tomb of Sultan Murad, and by the side of his tomb are the veritable turbaned head-dresses which he wore at the feast of Ramazan when he was in the flesh. Not far from this tomb, in another domed building, reposes the body of Prince Djem, that unfortunate prince with whom Christendom played in the days when the might of Turkey caused terror to the strongest of European potentates. Adjoining is the tomb of the daughter whom the Greek Emperor Constantine gave to the Sultan's harem in exchange for a few years of peaceful possession of Constantinople. Here, too, may be seen the tomb of a pasha with the veritable three horse-tails still fastened to the staves at the head of his grave, and one recalls, on seeing them, the story of that brave Turkish general who cut off the tail of a dead horse and fixed it to the point of a lance, and with the aid of this novel standard rallied his scattered forces, conquered the enemy, and thereby founded the distinction of horse-tail pashas.

All these tombs are covered with bright-coloured encaustic tiles, and the *mollah* who is in charge must make much of this nest of tombs, for he demanded from us a fresh fee for admittance into each. This mosque tomb of Sultan Murad's has its adjoining *medresseh* and *imaret*, that is to say, its school and almshouses, both quaint, old-world buildings, and both of which were endowed by the founder in 1365, and there is little doubt that the method of conducting them is little altered from that day to this. The *medressehs* are primeval Moslem institutions, supported by funds arising from the mosque property, to which they are attached like our universities. Here the softas, ulemas, imams, kyatibs all graduate, and their course of study is as antiquated as it well can be. The pupils sit on carpets in their several cells, poring over the interpretation of old traditions—the Mussulman theological course, that is to say; the various branches of their language, Arabic, Persian, and Turkish are taught there, and beyond these things the student at a *medresseh* learns little else, except perhaps to waste time, and many of them are well advanced in years before they obtain their diplomas. It was amusing to us to watch the students lounging about their shady courtyard, some

asleep, some nearly so, and one and all taking study, as the Moslems take everything, with exceeding leisure.

The *imaret* was even quainter than the college; outside two boys with huge wooden hammers were busily engaged in grinding corn in a round marble basin; within we found ourselves in a vast gloomy kitchen with blackened rafters and old-fashioned utensils; in one corner stood the large cauldrons in which the soup is cooked, in another were the appliances for baking that soft bread in which the Turks rejoice. At the appointed hour many poor from Brusa assembled here with their tin bowls for the reception of the dole, and if you are not afraid of coming in close contact with these miserable specimens of humanity, you will see much that is interesting both in custom and costume.

This compact nest of buildings around the tomb of Sultan Murad, and known collectively as the Muradieh, forms a sufficient study in itself for many days, and to my mind surpasses, both in beauty and quaintness, the far-famed Green Mosque of Brusa, with its walls clothed with rich enamelled faïence, even though the *imam* there will show you two wax candles, on two fine bronze sticks, standing on either side of the *Mihrab*, which he will tell you have never been extinguished since they were lit by the founder of this mosque, the Sultan Mahomed I.; and certainly in its commanding position on the slopes of Olympus, the mosque and tomb of Mahomed I. forms one of the chief features of Brusa, whereas Murad buried himself and his buildings in a retired valley and made his minarets less pretentious.

Many mornings may be passed in the study of these mosques and their historical lore, but perhaps the lovely old citadel will conjure up even more pleasing remembrances. This was the citadel in which Prusa, the King of Bithynia, had his palace, the legendary founder of the town; here, too, he received Hannibal as his guest, and the view from the plateau within the old Roman walls is perfectly exquisite. Here in the days of the Byzantine occupation stood the Greek church of the Prophet Elias, and here after the Ottoman Turks became masters of the town were buried the bodies of the founders of the race, namely, the Sultans Osman and Orchan; but in the great earthquake these tombs were destroyed, a fire having previously burnt the symbols of investiture of the first Sultan, which were kept here, and which were sent to him by the Sultan of Iconium as a definite recognition of independence when the Ottoman Turk showed that he was the proper person to lead Islam on to victory. Two miserable green erections have of late years been put up to cover the

spot where the tombs of these first Sultans once stood, and Abdul Hamid, the present occupant of the throne, has decorated these tombs with the order of Osmanieh, and furthermore he sent Brussels carpets to cover the floor, and French chandeliers to hang from the ceilings, and second-rate drawing-room curtains to pull over the windows, enough to raise the shades of those valiant heroes whose battle-axes won for Turkey her position amongst nations.

When the caravans from Central Asia passed through Brusa instead of Smyrna, the bazaars were more important than they are now, but still they are delightfully Oriental and a pleasant contrast to those of Constantinople, where the foreigner is the butt and prey of the eager vendors. Without the molestation from irrepressible touts you may wander down the numerous branches and alleys which deviate from the main thoroughfare which forms the commercial centre of Brusa. In one of these you watch the spoonmakers seated cross-legged at their counter, which is seat, frontage, and workshop all in one, busily occupied in producing spoons in boxwood, horn, and tortoiseshell, the slender handles of which are very prettily engraved, and usually tipped with a bit of coral to avert the evil eye. Then in another alley much time may be spent in watching the engravers of talismans and seals, and of course if you have been interested in the silk factories the piles of Brusa gauze and rich objects in silk will call for some attention ; also the carpenters, who are busy in the preparation of quaint chairs and cradles for Turks yet unborn.

But those who are brave, and in search of genuine oddities, will not be content with the *Sparbazaar*, as it is called, where the curiosity vendors of Brusa congregate, and try to tempt the ignorant visitor with such objects of Birmingham manufacture as have not met with a prompt sale at Constantinople ; but they will penetrate far, far into the labyrinthine recesses of the place, until they have reached a bazaar with a very ugly name indeed, a locality known to all Turks, but to few strangers, as the "Louse Bazaar," where old clothes, old arms, old rags, old everything, lie piled in hopeless confusion, and suggest, without any doubt, the presence of those irritating animals after which the bazaar is named. In the centre is its white mosque, quite plain and unadorned, and only to be distinguished from a whitewashed cottage by its minaret ; here the old clothes vendors can run to pray at the appointed seasons. This mosque is shaded by three plane-trees, beneath which is a fountain, at which the old clothes vendors can perform very necessary ablutions, and slake their thirst. The "Louse Bazaar" has likewise its tea vendor,

its biscuit vendor, and all the makings of a small though uncleanly society, and in this paradise the European bric-à-brac hunter may pick up, if he is patient and does not object to sitting near questionable rags, and drinking tea from a cup of questionable cleanliness, all sorts of stray curiosities which have found their way to Brusa from the centre of Asia Minor, and have not yet been sifted and appropriated by the Jews of the more respectable haunts of curiosity hunters.

Mount Olympus is often enveloped in clouds, and when this happens down pours the rain at Brusa, and the rushing streams are turned into veritable cataracts by the increased vigour added to them. This occurred to our cost at the termination of our sojourn there. Before us was spread a vast sheet of water caused by the floods, and these floods must be passed through if we wished to catch the steamer at Modania. I am confident that if we had had any other driver than the one who brought us, we should never have got through the surging waters, which boiled and foamed around our carriage, and made Nilofer's quaint high bridge stand out alone like an islet in the centre of a lake. More than once our Jehu stopped hopelessly, fearing, he said, lest he should lose the road track and we should be swept away; but eventually we got through our difficulties, and growled in concert at the folly of the new Pasha who has allowed the excellent drainage works of his predecessor to go into disrepair, and thus brought back again to the plain of Brusa the pestilential floods.

J. THEODORE BENT.

CURIOUS TENURES.

OLD customs are dying fast, though they die hard. "The old order changeth, yielding place to new," and curious tenures are now almost extinct, at least in England. A few of them have survived into our own day, and a very small number still drag on a precarious existence. I have thought it worth while to note down such as are now, or have recently been, flourishing or fading among us.

No doubt the origin of these curious tenures was the necessity to establish and keep up the remembrance that the tenant owed allegiance to his lord; great nobles held their lands direct from the king; they, in their turn, granted manors to knights and gentlemen on certain terms of service. I believe that to this day for possession of Blenheim the Duke of Marlborough has to render at Windsor a standard bearing three *fleurs-de-lys*. Dugdale in his "Curiosities of Great Britain" says that this is always done.

The listless reader turning over the pages of Dugdale, Hone, or Dibdin, will often light upon mention of some quaint custom; and he will probably pause, with his finger on the page, and wonder whether these customs have died out, or whether they still linger in half-forgotten, dust-strewn corners. I have inquired into the histories of a great many curious tenures, and of a few which are still living I will shortly tell in this paper.

I do not know whereabouts in the Isle of Wight St. John's Wood may be, but I have read that at the foot of it are two meadows, one on either hand, the high road running between them. They are known as the *Monk's Meads*. The first crop of hay which they produce each year is reaped, not by the owner, nor by the person who rents the fields, but by the tenant of Newnham Farm, which is two miles distant, and not in any way connected with this land. The legend accounting for this circumstance is that one of the monks of Quarr was in the habit of visiting the family who then occupied Newnham Farm, and as his visits were pretty frequent, and he was accustomed to put up his horse at the farmer's expense, he bequeathed to the tenant of Newnham Farm the first crop of hay which the

meadows produce each year; one meadow to be mown for him one year, the other the next year, and so on alternately. The warrant for this was to be the continuance of a rude image in the wall of the house. Early in this century the image was yet to be seen; the farmer came for the hay on a specified day, and the produce of the field was carried to Newnham. My own inquiries on this subject have not been successful in obtaining any information; they have not even received any reply.

The "gad-whip tenure" has been one of the most curious and the most famous, and also one of the longest-lived, of all the tenures with which I am acquainted. On May 10, 1836, a petition was presented to the House of Lords by Sir Culling Eardley Smith, Bart., of Bedwell Park, Herts, praying for the abolition of an old and inconvenient custom connected with the tenure of the manor of Broughton, in the parish of Castor, Lincolnshire. "A cart-whip of the fashion of several centuries since, called a gad-whip, with four pieces of wyche-elm bound round the stock, and a leathern purse attached to the extremity of the stock, containing thirty pence, is, during Divine service, cracked in the church porch, and while the second lesson is reading is brought into the church and held over the reading-desk by the person who carries it, and afterwards deposited with the tenant of Hundon."

The above quotation is peculiar in literary style, and extremely vague. "Several centuries" is an undefined period; "the person who carries it" is an undefined entity; and the "tenant of Hundon" as undefined as either. I have collected all the information obtainable concerning this very curious tenure, which occupied the attention of the upper House of Parliament some fifty years ago. Dibdin speaks of it in his "Bibliographical Tour," and while giving some essential particulars has also admitted some errors. He copies from Paterson's "Book of Roads," and says that the day on which the strange ceremony is performed at Castor is Palm Sunday; that the purse is of green silk; that the "person" who carries the whip cracks it three times in the porch, and remains there until the second lesson is begun, when he walks up to the reading-desk and cracks it thrice over the clergyman's head. If the lessons happened to be read by an eminent layman we may suppose that the "person" would be somewhat disconcerted. After this alarming performance the "person" kneels before the desk during the remainder of the lesson, and then, "returning to the choir, he waits the remainder of the service." This account is more dramatic than the previous one, but several mysteries still remain to be solved. Our anxiety to know

who the "person" is who executes so extraordinary a function is not yet allayed; but we are presently informed that the clergyman is recouped for the peril and ignominy of his position by "two shillings and a silver penny"! Here the practical sum of "two shillings" is redeemed from the commonplace by the poetry of the "silver penny." Dibdin adds that "this custom was lately noticed by the Bishop of Lincoln in the House of Lords; but a clause in an Act of Parliament to suppress it was not suffered to pass, on account of its being supposed to effect (*sic*) private rights. The Chancellor, Lord Cottenham, thought, however, the custom should be discontinued." Probably most of us would be inclined to agree with the learned lord.

Dr. Dibdin died in 1847, and the gad-whip seems to have pursued he even tenor of its way until May 8, 1865, when it came before the public *in propriâ personâ*, being put up to auction by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson. It was thus described in their catalogue: "1416. The Caistor (more correctly Castor) gad (or whip). An estate at Broughton, near Brigg, Lincolnshire, is held by the following old and singular custom. On the morning of Palm Sunday the gamekeeper, or some servant on the estate [this explains the mysterious *person*], brings with him a large gad or whip [here we learn that *gad-whip* is a duplication] with a long thong [an unique rhyme]; the stock is made of the mountain-ash or wicken tree, and tied to the end of it is a leather purse [alas for the pretty green silk!] containing thirty pence (said to have in it formerly thirty pieces of silver). [The grammatical construction of the parenthesis leaves something to be desired.] While the clergyman is reading the first lesson (Exodus ix.) the man having the whip cracks it three times in the church porch; and then wraps the thong round the stock, and brings it on his shoulder through the church to a seat in the chancel, where he continues till the second lesson is read (Matthew xxvi.); he then brings the gad, and kneeling upon a mat before the pulpit, he waves it three times [a milder menace than the three cracks of which we have read] over the clergyman's head (the thong is fastened, as before observed), and continues to hold it till the whole of the lesson is read, when he again returns to his seat, and remains till the service is over. He then delivers the gad to the occupier of a farm called Hundon, half a mile from Castor."

The manor of Broughton appears to have been sold, and the particulars of sale contained a description of the ceremony above portrayed. The only new matter is as follows: "Four pieces of weechelm tree of different lengths are affixed to the stock, denoting the different gospels of the Holy Evangelists. The three distinct

cracks of the whip are typical of St. Peter's denial of his Lord and Master three times, and the waving it over the minister's head as an intended homage to the Holy Trinity."

Hone, in his "Every Day Book," gives an account of this custom, differing in no particular from those above ; but he adds that, "after the service he carries the whip, &c., to the manor-house of Undon, a hamlet adjoining, where he leaves it. There is a new whip made every year ; it is made at Broughton and left at Undon. Certain lands in the parish of Broughton are held by the tenure of this annual custom, which is maintained to the present time" [1827]. These latter extracts suppress the "H" in Hundon and the silver penny in the purse.

The Rev. Canon Maclean, Vicar of Caistor, was good enough to send me the concluding information about the gad-whip. In 1845 the land held by this tenure was sold, but the curious service was not discontinued until after 1846. The whip presented that year at Caistor church is in the possession of the Archæological Institute. The Broughton estate was bought by Mr. Moore, a solicitor at Lincoln, and he put an end to the gad-whip ceremony. After his death the land was divided and sold, and the curious tenure thus came to a lingering but natural death.

At Thorpe Hall, near Louth, one of the whips was sold a year or two since for £20, and shortly after was resold for a much larger sum. Another is in the possession of a lady at Caistor, and she is too wise to wish to part with it.

A curious fact in the history of this custom is that various records concerning Caistor are totally silent on the subject. Towards the end of the 17th century a Mr. de la Pryme was rector of Caistor. He kept a diary, which was printed a few years ago by the Surtees Society, and though he speaks much of Caistor he says not a word of the whip. Dr. Stukeley, in his "Itinerarium," tells of the locality but not of its most interesting ceremony ; again, in the *Gentleman's Magazine* are to be found two letters from Dr. Oliver, professing to give a history of Caistor, but no mention is made of the gad-whip.

I may add that the church is an old one, and on the site of *Thongceastor*, a Roman station, said to have been rebuilt on as much land as an ox-hide cut into thongs would encircle. The *ceastor* (castrum) has become Caistor or Castor ; the *thong* appears to have attached itself to the whip ! The chief manufacture carried on in the neighbourhood is that of chairs made of elm or ash ; the latter wood supplies, I believe, the handle of the whip.

I fear that few of us read Scott so much and so carefully as we should do, notwithstanding Professor Shairp's utterances as to the Homeric spirit and value of the poems, which, at the beginning of this century, delighted every reader. The XIIIth stanza of the second canto of "Marmion" begins thus :

> Then Whitby's nuns exulting told
> How to their house three barons bold
> Must menial service do;
> While horns blow out a note of shame,
> And monks cry "Fye upon your name!
> In wrath for loss of sylvan game
> St. Hilda's priest ye slew."
> This on Ascension Day each year
> While labouring on our harbour pier
> Must Herbert, Bruce, and Percy hear.

The meaning of these lines and the nature of the service are explained in a note which I need not quote in full. Three gentlemen pursued a boar into the cell of a hermit, and wounded him to death because he endeavoured to secure the game for his own larder. Their heads were forfeit to the law, but they saved them (and also, it is said, their souls) by promising to do service to the Abbot of Whitby for their lands. The service was to consist in making a hedge of "ten stakes, eleven stout strowers, and eleven yethers" before nine of the clock on Ascension Day, provided it be not full sea at that time. The gentlemen were well pleased to be let off with so slight a penance, and they and their successors have continued the service until the present day.

The chronology and the erudition of the historian from whom Scott and, following him, the local guide-books quote are no doubt at fault. But the fact remains that lands near Whitby are held by the service of driving stakes in the sea. The ceremony is not performed every year, but occasionally a hedge of stakes and withies is made on the eve of Ascension Day. The Cholmeley family bought all the Abbey lands, and certain of their tenants holding farms in Robin Hood's Bay still perform this service.

The year 1826 is well within the lifetime of many of us. On July 22 in that year the following paragraph, copied from a Newcastle paper, appeared in the *Times*: "The Bishop of Durham arrived at his castle at Bishop Auckland on Friday last. On his entering into the county at Croft Bridge, which separates it from the county of York, he was met by the officers of the see, the Mayor and Corporation of Stockton, and several of the principal nobility

and others of the county. Here a sort of ceremony was performed, which had its origin in feudal times."

It appears that the ceremony thus took its origin. About the beginning of the 14th century, Sir John Conyers slew with his falchion in the fields of Sockburne a monstrous creature, a dragon, a worm, or flying serpent, that had devoured men, women, and children. The then owner of Sockburne, as a reward for his valour, gave Sir John the manor, with appurtenances, to hold for ever on condition that he met the Lord Bishop of Durham with this falchion on his first entrance into his diocese after his election to that see. And in confirmation of this tradition there is shown painted in a window in Sockburne Church the falchion just now spoken of, which is also cut in marble on the tomb of the great ancestor of the Conyers family, together with a dog and a monstrous worm or serpent lying at his feet. When the Bishop first comes into his diocese he crosses the river Tees either at the Ford of Nesham or at Croft Bridge, at one of which places the lord of the manor of Sockburne or his representative rides into the middle of the river if the Bishop comes by Nesham, or on to the middle of Croft Bridge, with the ancient falchion drawn in his hand, and presents it to the Bishop, addressing him in the olden form of words; upon which the Bishop takes the falchion into his hands, looks at it, and returns it, wishing the lord of the manor his health, and the enjoyment of the estate.

The Rev. J. Clegg, Vicar of Sockburne, has been good enough to inform me that the above facts are correctly narrated, but that the ceremony of presenting the falchion is now discontinued. In olden times Durham was a County Palatine, and the Bishop of Durham a Prince Bishop. As such he had special powers for the defence of the Border, &c. When England and Scotland were united under one crown, and happily welded into one kingdom, such powers became unnecessary, and the formal ceremony of presenting the falchion fell into desuetude. The above-mentioned date, July 22, 1826, is that of its last performance. The falchion itself is in possession of the Blackett family, owners of the estate. The falchion certainly appears to have been an actual thing, and Sir John Conyers may have been a real personage, but the "monstrous worm or dragon" savours a little of the legends of St. George, and other champions and worthies.

Another strange ceremony is mentioned by Hone, and one similar to that of Sockburne; it is that of "shewing to the Bishop one falchion" at his first coming to Auckland after his consecration; by which service certain lands called "Pollard's Lands" are held. The words used are said to be as follow: "My lord, on behalf of

myself as well as of the several other tenants of Pollard's Lands, I do humbly present your lordship with this fawchon wherewith, as the tradition goeth, Pollard slew of old a great and venomous serpent which did much harm to man and beast, and by the performance of this service these lands are holden."

One other tenure I have left to the last, partly because it is the most poetical which I have come across, and partly because it is yet living and blooming. Rogate Manor, in Sussex, like that of Sompting, or Sontingge, in the time of Elizabeth, is to this day held by a red rose presented annually at Midsummer. It has become the graceful modern custom to surround the necessary flower with a beautiful bouquet or basket of other floral delights, and to present the whole as the tribute of service. Whatever lovely flowers may be arranged in brilliant profusion, in the centre of them all gleams the "red, red rose," by which possession of the manor is retained.

F. BAYFORD HARRISON.

WINE AND MUSIC.

THE union of wine and music is more conventional than novel. Not yet, too, have all its mysterious parallels and bearings been cleared away. Thus we are not told how it is that the greatest and best music comes from Italy, France, and the Rhinelands—the chief wine-producing centres, while English folk who drink beer and friends who take "Scotch" and "Irish" invent the dingiest of sounds. Another fact: No sufficient reason has yet been given for most of the great composers being glorious tipplers, while those excellent Good Templars can boast not a single composer of eminence as of their fraternity. Is it that musicians must pay their services devotedly at the wine god's shrine in order to acquit themselves well in the effective construction of the drinking song and chorus, German vocal quartet, Italian brindisi, and Bacchanalian chorus without number; all of which are based upon that endless theme—wine and music? Beethoven, it will be remembered, penned most of his sublime music at a favourite coffee-house, or at a tavern hard by; Schubert's many and inspired melodies were written in a tavern amid the clatter of glasses and beery argument; Mozart wrote much of his beautiful music during his intervals of rest, when playing billiards and drinking at a restaurant; Rossini was like the other Titans of music—with this exception, he not only composed many of his lavish melodies in the wine-shop, but after he had been turned out of it, which may account for much of the sparkle and exuberance in the many humorous and jovial strains for which the "Swan of Pesaro" is responsible. But we need not look away from home. Cathedral singing men are proverbially thirsty souls—as many a city's tavern could testify; and there is probably not a London church choir which has not its "house." The "profession" generally, too, is prone to refreshment—more often liquid in nature than solid, and few concerts are planned without taking into account "something for the singers"—in respect to which item it is only necessary to remark that if those performing acquit themselves as satisfactorily musically as they do physically, the result must be highly gratifying

to the *entrepreneur* or concert-giver. The union is, indeed, hard to disconnect and difficult to account for. Were it apparent in the case of singers only it would not be so strange, and a dry throat might be the apology for frequent moistenings; but musical theorists —that genus which gives itself up to the solving of harmonious myths and mazes of their own creation, and to the unravelling of contrapuntal networks by others—these all drink, some folks say, "like fishes." And some "jolly" good fellows are found among instrumentalists—including performers upon such as the pianoforte, organ, and violin—and the playing of these cannot surely make one abnormally dry! Here is ample ground, indeed, for the psychologist and philosopher.

"Purcell's Head," Westminster, savours unmistakably of some close proximity to the Abbey, where one of Music's brightest sons was organist and master of the choristers some decades gone. That the tavern was named after, and of course patronised by, England's greatest musician, folks would conclude, despite what every antiquarian and old collector could endorse about the signboard outside, whereon was painted a half-length portrait of Henry Purcell—in a nightgown and wig—such part-undress uniform doubtless having reference to the late hours which the organist of the neighbouring Abbey kept, and the untidy way in which he went to bed when at length he could be got there. Who was dean in those days need not transpire—but there is little doubt that the house was the rendezvous of the vicars choral of the Abbey, and that night after night it resounded with the convivial strains of glees and catches which flavoured very strongly of the genius who figured at the front of the house. Harmless enough in themselves, perhaps, were these festive meetings, though possibly less wine would have been better for the Abbey choir, and less music for the repose of the neighbours. How many similar institutions to the "Purcell's Head" abound might shock deans and incumbents to know; but they are plentiful enough, though not often as barefaced in their signboards as that which graced the public-house in St. Anne's Lane, Westminster, two hundred years ago.

It seems as if there is a harmony pervading the souls of all true musicians which demands frequent outward expression in social converse, and often—very often—status, or the deliberate choice of these harmonious spirits, has driven them to seek that solace in the questionable atmosphere of the tavern. The harmony is mixed. It varies between the glees and catches sung by the Westminster lay clerks in days of old, and the "Jolly Dogs" chorus which is bellowed

forth from the inner sanctum of the "Cat and Scissors" to-day. Here lies the mysterious union of wine and music—a marriage which, fruitful as it has been in the production of compositions with a bacchanalian ring and flavour, has been counteracted by adverse conditions as varied almost as they have been deplorable. The union makes and it mars. It makes the bacchanalian chorus, but it dulls the better side of all true musical life—adding unnecessarily to its cares. In drowning care the combination of music, wine, and society frequently drowns other things—such as the better half, time, and the reckoning. Some of the estimable gentlemen who engage in these harmony meetings have wives—Purcell's was a case in point. Mrs. Purcell objected to the late hours which the presidency of the "Purcell's Head" festivities necessitated, and as pleading was vain, she put her foot down, and, acting upon the principle of *facta non verba*, strictly enjoined the servants to lock the door at twelve, and not to let their master in after that hour—toleration enough in all conscience! Unfortunately, bachelor habits were too strong for Mr. Purcell, and he returned one winter's night only to find the door barred and bolted against him. He knocked, but in vain, and although it was a bitter night, he had to pass the time in the streets, which incident accelerated a too early death, and stands, I hope, a warning to all modern wives to allow latch-keys. Moreau, who succeeded Lully at the French Opera, belonged to the race of oblivious lovers of tavern life. So wedded did he become to a particular house that his inspirations, whether in opera, ballet music, spiritual song and hymn, were alike sought at this resort, at which house of entertainment one could always be sure to find Moreau, and past which none calling himself a friend of the musician's dare pass without hailing. One day Létang and Favier, two celebrated dancers, left their horses outside while they went inside for a word and a glass with the celebrity they were in search of. The result was as usual. The minute grew to hours, the horses were forgotten, and smarting no doubt under a natural instinct customary in inn-yards, they gnawed through a straw mattress which they had come across in their search after "good entertainment for man and beast." This was included in the bill when the dancers prepared at length to leave, and they did not disguise their astonishment at the charge—constituting as it did so novel a combination of bed and board.

But a really deplorable aspect of this wine and music union is where we find its partisans succumbing to the temptation to over-indulgence, ruining their own lives, and dragging the art which they have been gifted to exalt and ornament deep in the foulest of mire.

Schubert was such a one. He was a terrible tippler, and there is little doubt that he drank himself to death. Not really violent was the composer of "The Erl-King" when under the influence of wine, but he would retire to a secluded corner, and there gradually work himself up into a frame of mind with a fiendish delight, making a noise and breaking glasses, cups, plates, &c. If not too far gone he would tease the waiter, and sit simpering and screwing up his eyes, refusing to settle the reckoning until the number of fingers he held up under the table had been guessed by the waiter. Lully, too, loved his wine, which was indirectly the cause of his death. At any rate, on his deathbed, as his wife was reproaching the Chevalier de Lorraine for his bad companionship, the musician exclaimed, "My dear wife, M. le Chevalier was certainly the last who made me drunk, and if ever I should recover I am afraid he would be the first to do so again!" Among other eminent musicians who have uttered some characteristic observations anent their drinking capabilities, stands Abel, a famous viol di gamba player. He once fractured a blood-vessel, and was confined to his room. "Total abstinence from liquors," emphasised the doctor, and this was the most painful consequence of all—for it was at complete variance with Abel's habits. "Oh!" he would mutter to the physician's repeated cautioning, "am I never to taste my beloved old hock once more?" But he did. One day he was better, and burst out, "Oh! tank Got—I shall get some hock now." A French tenor singer, Dumésnil, eclipsed all whom musical history speaks of. Every night that he performed he drank six bottles of champagne—so it is said; one day somebody left him money, and, seeing no reason why he should not enjoy himself, he forsook his profession, gave himself up unreservedly to drinking, and—died!

Eminent as the harder sex has proved itself in its winebibbing capabilities, few women have distinguished themselves sufficiently to make the matter one of history. They have managed the matter quietly—if at all. Mrs. Salmon is an exception. One evening she had to sing "Cease your funning," with variations, and usually one of her most successful efforts. An eyewitness says: "After keeping the audience waiting for some minutes without appearing, a note was passed to me, which I handed to Sir George Smart, who at once gave me directions to fetch the lady up. I met her struggling towards the orchestra, and her condition was at once apparent. She had unhappily given way to intemperance—a habit which was then but too frequent—and was positively so tipsy that she could scarcely stand. The audience having become impatient, some tittered and

some hissed. She held her part upside down, and refused to sing 'that variation.' Sir George looked her through and through, and said, 'Madam, you are a large, a fine, and a handsome fish, but to a certainty you will flounder to-night.' Mrs. Salmon did flounder, for staggering round to the audience, at her first attempt to sing she completely broke down, and was then literally hissed off the orchestra."

Only another instance of undeniable intoxication comes to mind, namely, Mdlle. Laguerre's famous attempt to sustain the *rôle* of Iphigenia in the opera of that name by Piccini—the work which was to crush Gluck and his party during the height of the Gluck and Piccini feud in Paris. Upon stepping on the stage the heroine could not stand upright! She rolled, and butted, and budged, made faces at the orchestra—tried to sing—hesitated—and finally had to be carried off, during which some facetious individual sang out, "This is not *Iphigenia in Tauris*—this is Iphigenia in *Champagne*!"

Happily, *nous avons changé tout cela.* The musical profession of to-day is in a purer state in every way than it ever was. Socially the change is wonderful. A few years ago the ignorance and bad manners which prevailed among musicians was appalling. Now the musician is an educated man and must act like a gentleman. The profession has dragged its weary way, as it were, through the slimy and pestilential hot-beds of strolling playing and minstrelsy, and is asserting itself as the exponent of one of the noblest arts. A new generation of musical workers has sprung up, and there is no reason why in a few years the profession of music should be open to other than the cultivated and educated man and woman. The Iphigenias in champagne, porter-tight Elijahs, and absinthe-fired Raouls will have played their *rôles*, and the new artiste will be an unsophisticated being, fit to sit in a drawing-room and to be trusted at dinner-table. What wings music as an art might take under such auspices! Truly, in this as in other matters, a coming generation will live in favoured times.

FREDERICK J. CROWEST.

GRACE DALRYMPLE ELLIOTT.

SO much has already been written on subjects connected with the French Revolution, that an apology is needed from an author who attempts to essay that old and well-worn theme. The history of Grace Dalrymple Elliott is, however, so striking, and, compared with that of other persons who distinguished themselves during the same period, so little known, that a short account of her adventures may not be devoid of interest.

This lady, who subsequently attained the distinction of having been the mistress of both an English and a French prince of the blood, was born in Scotland in 1765. Her father, Sir Hew Dalrymple, enjoyed a high reputation at the Scottish bar. The young lady, who was the youngest of three daughters, was educated in France, and married when extremely young to Sir John Elliott. Her husband was a man of eminent position and large fortune. But he was advanced in years, and his ideas and tastes were in every way uncongenial to those of his wife. A union commenced under such unfavourable auspices was not happy.

Sir John, after spending a short time in Scotland, where his marriage had been celebrated, brought his wife to London. The English capital at that time was not the most advantageous place for a young bride to make her *entrée* into the great world. The licentiousness and dissipation of English society during the first twenty years of George III. has been too well and too frequently described to need any special details in this place. Lady Elliott, flattered by the attention which her beauty excited, bewildered by the novelties of high position and great wealth, and finding little in common between herself and her husband, soon became involved in an intrigue with a young officer. Sir John at once sought redress in a court of law, and succeeded in obtaining a divorce. After a short retirement to France, Mrs. Elliott—she was usually known thus after her divorce—returned to England. She was now introduced to the Prince of Wales, and became for a time the reigning favourite of that royal Don Juan. It was during this period of her life also that

she first met the Duke of Orleans, with whom she subsequently formed intimate relations in Paris. In 1786 she again returned to France, where she had many friends among the aristocracy, and her revolutionary experiences begin with the important month of July 1789. My readers will remember that among the persons who had especially excited the anger of the Parisian populace at that time were two officers of the Government named Foulon, and Berthier, son-in-law of the former. Foulon was reported to have said on one occasion that "if the people were hungry they might eat grass." Berthier had attained great unpopularity in his post of Governor of Paris. On July 22 they were both seized and murdered by the people. It was in connection with this event that Mrs. Elliott had her first taste of the horrors of the Revolution.

"I was unfortunate enough," says she, "that evening to go to my jeweller's, and I met in the Rue St. Honoré the soldiers of the French guards (who had mutinied and joined the mob), carrying M. de Foulon's head by the light of flambeaux. They thrust the head into my carriage; at the horrid sight I screamed and fainted away, and had I not had an English lady with me who had courage to harangue the mob, and to say that I was an English patriot, they would certainly have murdered me, for they began to accuse me of being one of poor Foulon's friends and of wishing the people to live on hay, of which they accused him." A few days after this she heard from an intimate friend a detailed account of the murder of Berthier. On the evening of the 22nd, some hours after the death of Foulon, a band of ruffians made their way to Berthier's house in the suburbs. They dragged him back with them to Paris, and after forcing him to kiss his murdered father-in-law's head, finally hanged him on a street lamp. "They then," Mrs. Elliott tells us, "dragged his body through the streets, and carried his head to the house of his father-in-law, where Madame Berthier, his poor wife, was lying in. They took his head into her room, and she expired the same evening from fright." Mrs. Elliott now resolved to leave Paris at once. She retired to Ivry, a château in the suburbs, where she stayed during the autumn, only returning to Paris for the winter. She does not give us much information regarding the state of affairs at this time. She tried hard to persuade the Duke of Orleans to abandon the revolutionary party and ally himself with the Court. But the duke's new mistress, Madame de Buffon, was an ardent republican. The Court refused to accept his offers of reconciliation, and Mrs. Elliott's efforts were thrown away. She occasionally saw the royal family driving out. They always looked dismal and miserable. No one

dared to show them any respect. The very hackney coachmen took pains in passing by to splash them with mud—not a difficult feat, as the filth of the old Paris streets was proverbial. Whenever the king rode out he was always followed by Lafayette, commander of the national guard, and thirty troopers of approved revolutionary principles, an indignity he so much resented that it was but rarely that he mustered up courage to take the air.

From the spring of 1790 to the autumn of 1791 Mrs. Elliott spent most of her time in paying visits to friends in Belgium. On her return to France she found that the political situation had grown dangerous in the extreme. A long series of outrages against the Court culminated in the riot of June 20, 1792, when an enormous mob, under the direction of Santerre, forced its way into the palace, paraded the royal apartments, and subjected the royal family to the most brutal indignities. Mrs. Elliott gives an interesting account of one of the queen's last appearances in public. One evening in July her Majesty, with Madame Elizabeth, the king's sister, and Madame de Tourzelle, governess to the royal children, went to the *Comédie Italienne.* The opera for the night was *Les Evènements imprévus.* In one of the scenes, Mde. Dugazon, who played the soubrette, while singing the words, "Oh! comme j'aime ma maîtresse!" directed all her attention to the royal box. On this some Jacobins who were present leapt upon the stage, and unless the actors had hurried Mde. Dugazon away they would have torn her to pieces. A long and desperate riot now ensued between the Jacobins and the royalists, which was only stopped by military intervention.

The days of the old French monarchy were indeed numbered. On August 10 a final and planned attack was made by the mob upon the Tuileries. The palace was stormed, the Swiss guards shot down to a man, and the king compelled to fly for safety to the Assembly, which speedily decreed his suspension from the throne and imprisonment in the Temple. Mrs. Elliott was so terrified by the events of that dreadful day that she determined to leave Paris for a suburban residence she possessed at Meudon. The city gates were shut. An old servant of hers, however, had a garden and small house behind the Invalides, and not far from the city walls. Just here there happened to be a breach which was frequently used by smugglers. One dark night Mrs. Elliott set out, and, after resting for some time at the house, scaled the wall at this point, and made her way in the dark to her own house on the hill of Meudon. Her stay here did not last long. On September 2 she received a mysterious message,

asking her to come at once to the house of an acquaintance, Mde. Meyler, in the Rue de l'Encre, to serve a mutual friend. Mrs. Elliott was directed to come to Paris alone, but to bring a passport for herself and a servant.

Paris was a dangerous place for anybody to go to at that time, as the prison massacres were in full swing. But Mrs. Elliott, disregarding the warnings that met her on every side, procured the double passport, and drove straight to Paris. She entered the city alone, explaining to the guard at the barriers that her servant had been suddenly called away. On arriving at Mde. Meyler's she found that the person she was requested to serve was the Marquis de Chansenets, ex-governor of the Tuileries. He had barely escaped with his life on August 10, and, after many adventures, had come to seek an asylum with Mde. Meyler, whom he knew from having occasionally met her at Mrs. Elliott's. She had concealed him in her house for three weeks. On September 2 the Commune of Paris had issued an order for domiciliary visits to take place in every house, in order to search for the traitors who had escaped on August 10. Mrs. Meyler was afraid to conceal Chansenets any longer. She now therefore resolved to try and get him out of Paris by means of her friend, Mrs. Elliott. The latter, in spite of the terrible danger involved in the enterprise, at once agreed to take Chansenets away with her, using for this purpose the servant's passport which she had brought.

The two conspirators stepped into a cabriolet and drove to the nearest barrier. On arriving there they were horrified to find that the city guards had strict orders to forbid any egress from the city. They tried every gate in succession, but with the same result. The night grew darker, and the driver of the cabriolet, reminding Mrs. Elliott that no vehicles or foot passengers were allowed in the streets after ten o'clock, set them down in the Champs-Elysées and drove home. Mrs. Elliott was determined not to let Chansenets fall into the hands of his enemies. She resolved, therefore, to take him to her own house in the Rue Miromesnil close by, and get him out of Paris by the garden of the Duke of Orleans' house at Monceau, which adjoined the city wall. There was, however, a great difficulty in the way. "My cook," says Mrs. Elliott, "was a Jacobin." Terrible visions of the cook denouncing her to the Commune, or—Borgia-like—mixing some deadly potion in her *bouillon*, floated before her imagination, and these apprehensions were much increased, when she began to draw near her house, by the sight of the redoubtable cook seated at the door. It was impossible for

Chansenets to enter the house under such circumstances. Mrs. Elliott therefore concealed him temporarily in a half-finished building close at hand, and entered the house alone. Calling the cook, she said that she had been travelling all day and was very hungry; the cook must therefore go out and get her a fowl and some salad at once. The woman, after some demur at being sent out so late, was on the point of departing, when the ill-fated Chansenets appeared on the scene. He had been frightened at seeing some patrols approach, and had hurriedly abandoned his retreat. He tried to explain his appearance by saying that he had been tried by the Mayor of Paris, and set at liberty. But the cook, delighted to get a chance to exercise her oratory, burst out into a fury of invective, threatened to denounce him to the first patrol she met, and bade him leave the house at once. Mrs. Elliott saw that the only thing to be done was to get the cook out of the way. She affected to join in the tirade against him, and Chansenets again went out into the street. No sooner, however, had the cook departed on her errand than he returned, and was at once admitted by the porter, who was in the secret.

A great difficulty now arose. It was too late to go to the duke's house at Monceau that night. The cook would soon return, when it would be impossible to explain Chansenets' presence. Lastly, a domiciliary visit might take place at any moment. It was necessary, therefore, to hide Chansenets away at once in some safe place. "My porter," says Mrs. Elliott, "thought that he might be hid between the mattresses of my bed, which was very large and in an alcove. We accordingly pulled two of the mattresses out further than the others, and made a space next to the wall and put him in. When he was there we found that the bed looked tumbled, and of course suspicious. I then decided upon getting into bed myself, which prevented any appearance of a person being hid. I had all my curtains festooned up, my chandeliers and candelabra lighted, which in all formed about twenty candles, as bedrooms in France are much ornamented." Chansenets was thus safely disposed of, nor did the Jacobin cook, on her return, even have any suspicion of his presence. About four o'clock there came a tremendous knocking at the door. On its being opened a gang of about forty armed men rushed in. They declared that Chansenets had been seen to enter the house, and that they were determined to find him. They ransacked all the servants' rooms, and at length burst into Mrs. Elliott's apartment. She loudly expressed her indignation at being disturbed at so unseasonable an hour, and called on them to search the room

as rigorously as they liked, after which they could have some refreshment and then go. Very fortunately, though they looked all over the room, and under the bed, they did not make Mrs. Elliott get up, or search between the mattresses. After an hour's search they went away. When the sound of their footsteps had died out in the distance, Mrs. Elliott and her maid, who was now for the first time told of Chansenets' presence, pulled out the wretched man from his hiding-place. He was in a frightful condition of terror from nervousness and want of air. For the next few days Mrs. Elliott concealed him in an adjoining room. She spoke to the Duke of Orleans about the plan of escaping by the garden wall at Monceau. But the duke informed her that the part of the town wall enclosing his park was closely guarded. All his servants were spies from the Jacobin Club. He could therefore render Chansenets no assistance The only thing to do was to wait till the barriers were opened and then leave Paris with Chansenets in the ordinary way, the Marquis disguising himself as a servant. Chansenets therefore remained in concealment some weeks longer. At the end of that period the barriers were opened. Mrs. Elliott took him to her house at Meudon. After remaining here some months, he succeeded in bribing the driver of the St. Denis mail-cart to take him to Boulogne, whence he made his way to England. It is a singular fact that Chansenets returned to France in 1814, and was reinstated in his old post of Governor of the Tuileries by the Restoration Government. Mrs. Elliott had seen something of the troubles that the Revolution was destined to cause her friends. Her own sufferings were now to begin.

From January 1793 the situation in France grew terrible. Mrs. Elliott's last hopes in the Duke of Orleans were destroyed, when, in spite of his most solemn promises to the contrary, he voted for the king's death. She saw him some weeks after. The wretched man, who asked her forgiveness for his weakness, was in the last stages of remorse and despair. He cursed the men who had led him to his ruin, and declared with tears that he was more to be pitied than anyone in France. Abandoned by all his friends, he must have known by now that his own doom was merely a question of time. "Paris," says Mrs. Elliott at this time, "was indeed dreary; no carriages were to be seen in the streets but mine and two or three more. Everybody seemed afraid. No visits were paid or received. The playhouses were filled with none but Jacobins and the lowest set of common women. The deputies of the Convention were all in the best boxes, with infamous women in red caps and dressed as figures of liberty. In short, Paris was a scene of filth and riot, and the honest, sober

part of the inhabitants were afraid of being seen or even dressed with common decency." Mrs. Elliott now deeply regretted that she had lost several opportunities of leaving France. She made despairing efforts to obtain a passport for England. But it was too late. There was worse still in store. At twelve o'clock on the night of April 10, 1793, a body of men from the Revolutionary Committee of her section came to her house at Paris. They stated that they were come to inspect her papers. She gave up her keys, and while searching the rooms they came upon a sealed letter addressed to Charles James Fox. Sir Godfrey Webster, who was then at Naples, had sent it to Mrs. Elliott by a French courier, in hopes that she would be able to quickly forward it to England. They were delighted at the discovery. France was then at war with us. The possession of a letter addressed to an Englishman must therefore be treason of the blackest dye. They arrested Mrs. Elliott at once, and marched her off to prison.

About two in the morning they reached the guardroom of the municipal section in which her house was situated. It was full of half-drunken soldiers, smoking, drinking, swearing, and playing cards; and in their company Mrs. Elliott was left all night, sitting on a wooden bench, with only the bare walls to lean against. At eight in the morning a party of soldiers came to conduct her to the Hôtel de Ville, where all State prisoners were subjected to a preliminary examination. After waiting several hours in the middle of a crowd of other prisoners she was called up before the mayor. He cast a glance at the letter, said it was a serious matter, and ordered her to be at once taken to the "Comité de Surveillance," then sitting at the Feuillants. Just as she was entering the building she was surprised to see the Duke of Orleans come out of it, guarded by soldiers. He seemed much grieved at her appearance in such a place. "Mon Dieu," said he, "are you here? I am very sorry indeed." She was then ushered into the council chamber. The members of the committee there present, she says—Vergniaud, Guadet, Osselin, and Chabot, the ex-capuchin—were sitting at a long green table. There were about fifty other persons in different parts of the room. Mrs. Elliott was directed to take a seat at the table opposite the members of the committee. The officers of the section who had arrested her made their report and produced the letter addressed to Charles James Fox. On seeing this Chabot at once burst out. "This," said he, "is a conspiracy. I know this woman; she is a royalist. She has been intriguing in England to make d'Orleans' daughter marry an English prince. Send her to La Force." Verg-

niaud, the generous-hearted orator from the Gironde, however, at once interposed. He did not see why a woman should be arrested because a letter directed to Mr. Fox was found in her house. Had the letter been addressed to the monster Pitt the case would have been different. But Mr. Fox was the friend of the French nation. Could they, with honour, break open and read a private letter addressed to that great man? Such a proceeding would be infamous. He proposed, therefore, that they should dismiss Mrs. Elliott and send the letter to Mr. Fox directly. A furious dispute at once arose between Chabot and Vergniaud. At length it was decided to open and read the letter. This was done. Fortunately it only contained a long tirade in praise of the valour and greatness of the French nation, a theme on which the English Whigs of that day were always ready to descant. The members of the committee were delighted. But the rage of the ex-capuchin was unassuaged. Just as Mrs. Elliott was leaving the court he called her back. She had been speaking to the Duke of Orleans just before she entered, and Chabot in furious terms now accused her of being his accomplice. At this fresh charge she burst into tears. "We don't mind tears," said Chabot; "I wish we had all those which had been shed in this room. They would supply all the houses in Paris with water." After a long harangue he demanded that she should be sent before the Revolutionary Court. At the end of his speech Robespierre came into the room. The latter seemed much occupied about some affair of importance, and, after briefly hearing the facts of Mrs. Elliott's case, ordered her to be immediately released.

Mrs. Elliott now remained at liberty for several months. But early one morning in September her maid informed her that she was to be again arrested as an accomplice of the Duke of Orleans. She instantly rose, collected a few valuables, and fled from Paris to her house at Meudon. She was here arrested by the municipal officers of Versailles, who, though quite as republican as their brothers of Paris, did not treat their prisoners with such brutality She was taken by them to Les Recollets, the Versailles prison. There was no room ready for her on her arrival, but the soldiers kindly gave up their guardroom to her, saying that they would sleep outside on the stairs. She was thus enabled to pass a peaceful night. The next day she was brought into the prison itself. She was put into an enormous bare room, which had previously been occupied by three or four hundred rabbits. It had not been properly cleaned, and was dirty and offensive to the last degree. The furniture consisted of "a miserable truckle bed, two old chairs, a dirty old table, a

candle, candlestick, fireirons, and a fireplace where an ox might have been roasted whole." Fortunately, she was allowed a large fire the whole time she was there. As a matter of fact, the municipality had seized all the gates, gate-posts, doors, window-frames, and wooden fittings of the royal palace, so there was no lack of fuel. The society of the prison was not of an enlivening character. In the room opposite hers was confined a Jew who had been condemned to death for murdering a farmer at Rambouillet. The wretched man spent his time crying and moaning in the most dreadful manner. Mrs. Elliott, however, managed to talk to him a little through the bars of her window. She succeeded at last in calming him down, so that he went quite firmly to his execution, which took place a few days later. Shortly after the Jew's departure a new prisoner was brought to Les Recollets and placed in Mrs. Elliott's room. It was an old man of eighty, by name Dr. Richard Gem, late physician to the English Embassy. He had been arrested with other Englishmen in October 1793, as a hostage for the city of Toulon, then in our possession. He had spent forty years in France, where he enjoyed a great reputation as a philosopher. There was not much in common between the two captives, but Mrs. Elliott did what she could to nurse her companion, who was extremely weak and ill. Ultimately they became very great friends, though Mrs. Elliott, who in spite of her frailties was very religious, was much shocked by the doctor's atheistical discourses. He used to rise every morning at four o'clock, light a candle, and read Locke or Helvetius. At seven he used to wake Mrs. Elliott, and his long, grim, ghostly figure was always the first sight that met her eyes on waking, she says, often from some pleasant dream of her past life, before the Revolution had begun.

Dr. Gem was soon released by the Republican Government. But Mrs. Elliott was not left alone for long. The reign of terror was now in full swing, and the prison filled fast. A severe system of discipline was introduced. The prisoners were deprived of their money and valuables. All intercourse with the outer world was strictly prohibited, and they were henceforth to be fed at the expense of the State. The gaoler was allowed eightpence a day for each prisoner's maintenance, the greater part of which, says Mrs. Elliott, he kept for himself. The diet consisted of haricots, either hot with rancid butter or cold with oil, raw pickled herrings, bad eggs, and barley bread so coarse and dirty that it made the throat sore that tried to swallow it. The prisoners also each received a wine-bottle full of not over clean water every day. This was to serve for all purposes. They were sometimes given

soup or *bouilli*. But it was such execrable stuff that the prisoners were always sick after eating it. Its composition, like the identity of the Man in the Iron Mask, will always remain an unsolved problem. Mrs. Elliott thought it was made of horses' or asses' flesh, or "cows that had died." A horrible rumour, however, arose in the prison that it was made of the flesh of the people who daily perished in numbers on the guillotine. Many of the prisoners became seriously ill under this *régime*. Mrs. Elliott's own sufferings were increased by the brutality of her gaoler. When she asked for some water to wash herself with, he answered that nothing could save her from the executioner's hands, and as they were dirty it was no use to clean herself. He even went so far as to actually introduce her to the executioner himself, M. Sansom. The great man, who had come to Versailles to execute a Vendéan prisoner, was in high spirits. Clutching hold of Mrs. Elliott's slim white neck, he jocularly remarked that he would have no difficulty in his work when her turn came, and in saying adieu he gallantly offered her a glass of wine to their next merry meeting, which she was too terrified to refuse. The deputy Crasseau, says Mrs. Elliott, who came on an official visit to the prison, insulted her brutally ; and on her replying with some spirit to his taunts, exultingly threatened her with a speedy death. At length her stay in Recollets came to an end. At nine o'clock on a cold December night, just as she was going to bed, an order arrived for her immediate removal to Paris. She was at once taken out of the prison, and sent for that night to the queen's stables. She was here compelled to sleep on a heap of straw, in company with a gang of miserable Nantes prisoners, who were in a horrible condition from filth and sickness. At daybreak a number of covered wagons, with iron bars at the open ends, were brought to the stables. Mrs. Elliott, with some of the other prisoners, was forced into one of them and brought in this way to Paris ; all the people who met them on the road taking care to throw showers of stones, dirt, and dead cats at the wagonload of unfortunate "aristocrats." On her arrival at Paris Mrs. Elliott was taken to the prison of Les Carmes. It enjoyed a melancholy reputation from the massacre of the priests which had taken place there in September 1792.

The change from the pure air of Versailles was not without its disadvantages. But Mrs. Elliott was now enabled to meet with many old friends. Among them were the Duchesse d'Aiguillon, Mde. de Fontenaye, subsequently the wife of Tallien, Laurent Philippe de Custine and his young wife, and Mde. de Beauharnais, afterwards the Empress Josephine. During the latter part of her imprisonment

at Les Carmes, Mrs. Elliott says she met a very celebrated character, no other than Santerre, the popular hero of June 20, who had been arrested because of his failure against the Vendéan rebels. The latter, in spite of his having caused the drums to be beaten at Louis XVI.'s execution, in order to drown the unhappy monarch's dying speech, became a great favourite with the high-born ladies into whose society he was now thrown. He was a pleasant talker and very kind and good-natured. After his release, which took place rather earlier than that of the other prisoners, he did his best to alleviate their lot by sending them little presents. To Mrs. Elliott he sent some green tea and sugar—a pleasant change after the foul water and fearful soup supplied by the French Republic—and a meat pie. The gaoler, however, though he forwarded her the tea and sugar, did not quite approve of allowing political prisoners too many luxuries, and kept the pie for himself. There are few more curious studies in history than that of the French prisons during the Revolution, and Mrs. Elliott's account of the state of things in Les Carmes is extremely interesting. Though each prisoner was hourly expecting his death-warrant, for trial before the Revolutionary Court was little more than an empty form, society at Les Carmes was as bright and frivolous as in the old palace of Versailles. Even with the shadow of the guillotine before their eyes, the prisoners renewed all the petty intrigues, the sham jealousies, and the hollow affections of the French *grand monde* with an earnestness that would be ludicrous were it not so sad. Mde. de Beauharnais had been separated from her husband, the Marquis Alexandre, for many years. To her intense surprise he was suddenly brought to Les Carmes a prisoner. Husband and wife were much embarrassed at the unexpected meeting. They, however, soon became reconciled and entered on a new honeymoon, to the intense amusement of their fellow-prisoners. An extraordinary event now happened. M. de Custine was suddenly summoned before the Revolutionary Court to stand his trial on a charge of treason. He was found guilty, condemned to death, and executed on January 3. The wife's grief at her husband's fate was so terrible that her friends had to forcibly restrain her from self-destruction. She, however, gradually recovered, and eventually began to fall in love with Beauharnais, their mutual affection becoming so apparent that Madame de Beauharnais, who had grown quite fond of her newly discovered husband, became deeply distressed at his desertion. But a sudden stop was put to these ghastly gaieties.

One of the most frequent methods the Committee of Public

Safety employed for the purpose of furnishing victims for the guillotine was the detection of so-called conspiracies in the prisons. They now resolved to accuse the prisoners in Les Carmes of having formed a plot to escape and massacre the members of the Government. On the evidence of two police spies forty-nine of the prisoners were arraigned on this charge and tried. All, except three, were found guilty and condemned to death. Among the victims was the Marquis de Beauharnais. His wife, says Mrs. Elliott, was unaffected at his fate, but the other lady "never smiled again."

Mrs. Elliott's troubles, however, were now come to an end. In the reaction that followed after the fall of Robespierre on July 27, 1794, she was released with most of her friends. She stayed in France till 1801. She mixed a great deal in political circles during the Directory and Consulate, and was extremely intimate with Madame de Beauharnais, both before and after her marriage with Bonaparte. The future French Empress does not appear in very amiable colours in Mrs. Elliott's memoirs. Her ideas were frivolous, and her morals low even for the extremely lax standard of the time. She had no affection for Bonaparte, whom she married in hopes of his being of some use to her children by M. de Beauharnais, and was openly unfaithful to him during his glorious campaign in Italy. Mrs. Elliott herself was on very good terms with Bonaparte, from whom, indeed, she is said to have received an offer of marriage. This statement, however, I am afraid must be taken *cum grano salis*, and it is perhaps not improbable that a slight feeling of jealousy colours her remarks on Josephine.

At the peace of Amiens Mrs. Elliott returned to England, where she stayed for some years. It was during this period that her memoirs were drawn up at the special request of his Majesty King George III. Being written so long after the events narrated in them had taken place, they contain many inaccuracies, and the cautious reader will have to carefully compare most of her statements with more authentic sources before he arrives at the truth. She returned to France in 1814, and died in or about the year 1830 at Ville d'Avray.

GERALD MORIARTY.

THE LATE JOHN ELLA.

JOHN ELLA is dead. For ten years he had retired from active musical life. He was blind ; he was deaf ; he died at the age of eighty-six ; but within three weeks of his death I conversed with him, and found him apparently hale and hearty and companionable as ever. But at eighty-six the sands were well-nigh run out, though few of us thought the end so near.

When the musical jealousies of our time have subsided, and the musical history of the nineteenth century comes to be written, the name of Ella, like that of Hullah, will be crowned with special gratitude. Hullah, by his popular system and hidden zeal, carried music into the homes of the people. Ella created the taste for chamber music in England, and by his influence in aristocratic circles raised the social status and consideration of music and musicians throughout the land.

I desire here to give a few anecdotal life-glimpses and personal recollections of John Ella, founder of the Musical Union, and one of the earliest—certainly the greatest—pioneers of classical music in England.

Professor Ella made my acquaintance about eighteen years ago. He wrote me a very pleasant letter, in which he told me that, having been confined to his room by illness, he had read with much pleasure my book, "Music and Morals," and begged to enclose me an honorary member's ticket for the Musical Union, hoping at the same time to make my personal acquaintance.

I shall never forget the delightful hours which I have spent at the Musical Union Concerts held at St. James's Hall. The quartet players occupied a raised platform in the centre of the room—the sound was thus equally distributed. The Professor, alive at all points, in every way personally conducted the programme. He moved about amongst his assembled friends like one in his own family circle ; the *élite* of English musical society was to be found there, and Ella looked as if he felt that he was the real musical father of

them all. If there was any undue delay, he would rise, clap his hands, and summon the dilatory musicians to their posts. The piano and desks were shifted into their exact places, under his immediate direction, for trio, quartet, or solo. He sat during the performance in the front row reserved for his committee, looking over a full score of the music, and several miniature quartet books were handed about to those specially privileged. These were usually his more ardent patrons, and frequently members of the highest aristocracy, with whom Ella was always a favourite. Any attempt at talking or disturbance was promptly checked by the loud and authoritative "hush" of the Professor. Mons. Jullien always attended the Musical Union Concerts. He said, "C'est ici seulement que je respire l'atmosphère pure de l'Art, sans cliques et sans claque." The late Duke of Cambridge was a great admirer of Ella's method. "Ah," he once remarked at a musical party where everyone was talking, "you should get Ella here; he'd soon stop that." The atmosphere for music was, indeed, perfect, as Jullien said, at these concerts—none but true lovers of music were there; and the scrupulous care and preparation at Ella's two or more exacting rehearsals usually ensured a finish and beauty of *ensemble* which I have sought for in vain elsewhere. At the annual *matinée*, the programme was generally enriched by the two great septets of Hummel and Beethoven respectively, and some artist of exceptional fame, like Rubinstein, Bulow, Madame Schumann, or Jaell, was to be found seated at the piano. I was fortunate enough to be present on several of these benefit days. I shall never forget Rubinstein and Vieuxtemps playing the "Kreutzer" Sonata by heart, or poor Lübeck's magnificent rendering of the Hummel Septet. On that day the other musicians, for some reason, seemed to lag behind at one place whilst the pianist was careering lightly up and down in those delicate *arpeggio* passages which support the charming melodic themes carried on chiefly by the wind instruments. Lübeck, turning round, gave the time and accent with his head, whilst his fingers travelled with astonishing speed and precision and elastic accent over the keyboard without his apparently giving them a thought. Poor Lübeck had a peculiar gift of touch and an executive charm all his own. He died a few years ago in a madhouse.

Ella presided over the Musical Union for thirty-eight years, and retired in 1880, his sight failing him. Until a few weeks ago, although quite blind and very deaf, he remained hale and hearty in his eighty-sixth year. He was surrounded by a faithful and devoted

circle of friends, who had been attracted by his gifts, won by his genial nature, and retained by his sterling excellence and high character.

Ella was born on December 19, 1802. He told me that when a lad he got a prize for his paintings in water-colours, and distinguished himself in Latin. On emerging from school, the law beckoned to him, but he turned to it a cold shoulder, and at the early age of nineteen, like Sainton—who was also destined for the law—took to the violin. He got his style really from Baillot, who belonged to the grand old school just before De Bériot, for Ella was a pupil of Fémy, who had been taught by Baillot. He acquired his harmony from Mozart, through Attwood, a pupil of the unapproachable and immortal Wolfgang Amadeus. Ella has often expressed to me his admiration for Mozart. He said: "The greatest composers and theorists I have known have all expressed their admiration for Mozart. Mendelssohn adored him; Chopin called him 'le poète par excellence'; Fetis worshipped him; Gounod said to me, 'When I was a young man, I used to say to myself, Gounod and Mozart—when I got older, I said, Mozart and Gounod—now I say, Mozart.'" For several years I used to admire that unique portrait of the boy Mozart, by Batoni, which hung for years in Ella's dining-room at 9 Victoria Square, Belgravia. In his later days, Ella appeared to be a little oppressed with the variety of his musical treasures and memorials. He seemed to me to have a generous perception that they belonged to the world, and he was far from holding them all so tightly in his clutches to the end—like some people—that none but himself might enjoy, inspect, or possess them. He has often said in his graceful way, "The 'Hic jacet Ella' can't be far off"; and some years ago he sold Pompeo Batoni's incomparable portrait of Mozart to Mr. Davy, an enthusiastic amateur. He has presented many engravings of it to his friends. "On one day," he said, "I met Auber, Rossini, and Gounod, and they all three kissed me. Rossini remarked, as he looked at the engraving, Oui, voilà l'homme qui va au cœur avec sa musique.' Auber was eighty-five. I met him half an hour afterwards; he received me with the same effusion, and welcomed my gift with equal delight. Gounod came next, and he expatiated reverently on the genius of the great Mozart." *À propos* of kissing, I remember on one occasion a strange being arrived suddenly in Ella's room, falling into his arms, and kissing him on both cheeks—he was a man with a thick head of hair. A young lady, aged seventeen—a relative of Ella—was present, and seemed much surprised at the proceedings. Afterwards she said to Ella, "Who was

that dreadfully odd man who kissed you?" "Why," he remarked, "that was the great Rubinstein; he has just returned from America with £8,000 in his pocket." "Oh," said the girl simply, "I wish he had kissed me too." Ella had some good violins and violas, all of which he parted with. He used to lend them to poor artists of talent who were occasionally engaged at the Musical Union as an introduction to the public. One day he said to me, "I shall leave you that head of Paganini by Danton; it was given me by the late Mr. Mitchell, of Bond Street." A year or two afterwards he brought me the head. "I shall give it you now," said he; "I don't feel as if I were going to die yet awhile; you had better take it." I did so, and had two views of this most powerful and poetical conception of the immortal violinist's head engraved in "My Musical Life," in illustration of the chapter on Paganini.

One other memorial of Ella, which properly belongs to me, I do not possess; it is an interesting frame with an early portrait of Wagner and a transcription of the Pilgrims' Chant in the *Tannhäuser* Overture. I took it to America with me in 1885, but restored it to Ella on my return, on the understanding that it was to be mine; in token of which he permitted me to inscribe my name on the back. It was the subject of conversation between us about six weeks before his death, when he remarked, "H—— wants that frame desperately." "Mind you don't let him have it." "Oh, no," says Ella, "I told him it was yours." On his death I applied to his executors for my frame, but was refused. They had "other instructions." Fortunately I cannot be deprived of Paganini's precious head which Ella gave me some years before he went blind and retired. But to resume.

In 1821 Ella became a member of the orchestra of the King's Theatre. The first night he played in the orchestra George IV. came in state to witness the *Barber of Seville*. This was in 1821; there were but fifty in the band; in 1848, through Costa's influence, that number had been increased to eighty-two. It was in 1836 that Costa first used a *bâton* to conduct the opera. Chelarde, who came over the year before with a German opera company, had introduced his practice, the merits of which are so obvious, and the adoption of which has since become universal.

For twenty-seven years Ella held his post under the direction of his devoted friend Michael Costa. In those years Ella came across every musician of note then before the public, heard every singer, and assisted at most of those great *débuts*—of Grisi, Mario, Alboni, Jenny Lind, Lablache, Tamberlik, Persiani, Paganini, &c.—which have since become historical.

He was able to say, "I am a part of all that I have seen (and heard)."

I will now indulge in a bird's-eye view of Ella's career as a whole before dealing with a few incidents and anecdotes which I have gathered from his conversation, and which will enable the reader to put a little light, shade, and colour into the slight biographical outline, which, however, I must shortly preface.

It was Ella's custom on each birthday to gather about him the warmest, oldest, and best of his friends. For several years I was a happy guest at these memorial dinners. Sometimes I sat between Sir Michael Costa and Tom Taylor, at others between Millais and Professor Owen; at other times I have noticed Frederick Lablache, Lord Clarence Paget, Sir Arthur Ottway, Seymour Haden, and many other distinguished men present. On these occasions I have heard rare talk of the past, which made me sigh for a reporter or "a chiel amang us" somewhere, just to take a few notes behind a screen.

To these entertainments everyone brought something — the turkey, the fish, the game, the fruit, all came from old friends. Books, portraits, and telegrams arrived, along with numerous letters from various illustrious people abroad, wishing the Professor happy returns of the day.

In 1877 I was asked to make the usual speech of the evening proposing Ella's health, and it was understood that the speech was to contain a brief summary of Ella's life and work. He was in his seventy-eighth year. His sight was almost gone. Many of us felt that probably this would be the last anniversary dinner which he would have the courage to summon, and so it turned out to be. Many of his old friends had dropped out, till it might almost be said, in the words of Longfellow,

> That only the dead seemed living,
> And only the living seemed dead.

Indeed, in spite of the admirable cheerfulness and composure of our host, there was that night something pathetic about the memories and anecdotes that passed from mouth to mouth, mostly dealing with friends and celebrities dead and buried.

Amongst some of Ella's letters to me I find the following record of my speech on that night, in part of which I give an account of the origin of the famous Musical Union:

"On this night Professor Ella can look back upon a managerial career of thirty-five years—years of uninterrupted success and happiness to himself and benefit to the musical world. Thirty-five years

ago, what was the condition of music in England? The Lyric Drama was well represented by Italian Opera, Oratorios by the Sacred Harmonic, and Orchestral Music by the Philharmonic Society; but Chamber Music, though cultivated within a limited circle, was to a great extent ignored by the public. Artists of European celebrity arriving in this country received an honorarium wholly inadequate to the expenses of their journey, and few even ventured to organise a concert, which was certain to entail pecuniary loss. Mr. Ella saw his opportunity. He attracted to him, by his wide social popularity, his close intimacy with the aristocracy, his command of the public, and his devotion to art, the most illustrious and distinguished musicians. These attended his private *réunions* held weekly; they played for the pure love of art; they were heard and admired by the *élite* of art, literature, and science—by the nobility, and even royalty. Mr. Ella then conceived the idea of founding a society which should give these eminent artists the opportunity of displaying their talents before the public in this beautiful, though comparatively neglected, branch of music. Thus the Musical Union rose, and in the last thirty-five years some 240 artists have received liberal remuneration for the exercise of their talent, and many thousands of pounds have been disbursed in fostering a taste for chamber music, and throughout the land chamber music has become popular. Numberless societies have since sprung up, all owing their existence to the impulse given by Professor Ella.

"The high position held by our veteran host I can hardly better illustrate than by alluding to the numerous telegrams and letters which he has this day received: from Auer at St. Petersburg, from Vieuxtemps at Algiers, from Arthur Napoleon at Rio de Janeiro, and from many an artist elsewhere abroad. The high position held by our veteran host is amply evidenced by the number of kindly messages from friends in England, and last, but not least, by the beautiful etching from the hand of Mr. Seymour Haden and the fine expressive bust, executed and presented by Mr. Thornycroft to Professor Ella—both of which works we have all so much admired to-night.

"Notwithstanding a partial loss of sight, from a necessary surgical operation, an infliction borne with admirable serenity, we are glad to see our friend in the enjoyment of his usual good health and spirits on this—his seventy-eighth—birthday."

I have often urged Ella to write his reminiscences in a connected form. His volume of musical sketches is a rich mine of texts; but they remain texts, and I have heard him tell a hundred amusing

stories not to be found there. Here is one. When Paganini played at the Opera House the unfortunate drummer was so nervous that after his customary rest of several hundred bars he came down wrong—with his rare rataplan. The rage of the great violinist of course made things worse. The drums had to come in with two taps after the opening phrase in Paganini's great B Flat Concerto. The great violinist twice laid down his instrument, and twice the unfortunate drummer, through sheer nervousness, came in too late, and Spagnoletti, the conductor, then sent the copyist to take his place, which he did with success. On another occasion, when Paganini played the "Clochette" Concerto—where a little bell has to be struck—Lablache volunteered to strike it; on the second occasion Costa struck it; and on the third, Ella successfully aspired to the honour.

Ella often told the story of Dragonetti's dog, who for several years lay at her master's feet in the orchestra, but one day the well-behaved animal, who never opened his mouth when awake, happened to fall asleep in the middle of one of Madame Grisi's scenes, and, dreaming of burglars or beggars, set up a loud somnambulic howl. The Professor did not say whether the opera happened to be *Sonnambula*—probably it was not; but, at any rate, the offence of this "sleeping dog" did not meet with any indulgence, and that was the poor animal's last night at the Opera. Ella described to me the expression of horror and disgust on the face of Prince Albert on this occasion, and, as for poor Dragonetti, the tears ran down his cheeks; the sudden exclusion night after night of his faithful companion (who never seems to have left him) preyed upon the old man's mind, and the vexation and annoyance of it is said to have shortened his life. However, he died at ninety-one, the dog notwithstanding.

Then what opera singers there were in Ella's fiddling days, with the bewitching Grisi, the polished Mario, the lovely Brambilla, Tamburini, and Lablache, and all these on the stage together as in *La Gazza Ladra*; or think of the great sestett in *Don Juan*, with Grisi, Persiani, Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache all singing at once. Ella came into close relations with every one of them; he has described to me a ball at his house at which were assembled Grisi, Mario, Brambilla, Lablache, Persiani, Madame Dulcken, Lady Bishop, Costa, Westmacott, and Landseer. On that occasion Landseer was struck with admiration at Brambilla's beauty. "Her head," he said, "is the finest thing in the room."

What an experience, to hear the wayward Malibran in her inspired moments, listen to the accomplished Persiani as she threw off those cadenzas which have since become the stock-in-trade of all succeeding

vocalists, to chronicle the now-forgotten triumph of the incomparable Miss Wilson during her brief meteoric career! Of her Ella says, "Neither Sontag nor Jenny Lind ever produced a greater sensation!" She told me herself that the year of her *début* she made £10,000. Every night she would sing to an insatiable public "The Soldier Tired" three times, and always with the same electrical effect. After encoring her, the pit rose in a tumult of ecstasy, shouting and waving hats for some time, whilst acclamations rang from every part of the house at Drury Lane.

When, in 1845, Ella established the Musical Union, retiring from active orchestral work, he was entering on a far larger and more important sphere. It was from this moment that his influence and character commenced to make itself felt. He conquered slowly but surely, throughout the length and breadth of England, through the powerful persons who soon gathered about him, and became at his instigation enlightened patrons of the best music and musicians. About the year 1844 Ella's house in Mortimer Street began to be generally known to musicians, and, like that of Moscheles, it was a real musical home for talent, native and foreign—and what talent! I have sometimes, in thinking of that little room, conjured up the ghosts of the past, whilst Ella has said to me, "There sat Mendelssohn, Lablache, Thalberg, Meyerbeer, Ernst, Vieuxtemps, Sivori, Moscheles, Dragonetti, Piatti, Sainton, Joachim, Offenbach, Gounod, Rubinstein, Döhler, Puzzi, Benedict," until my breath was taken away at the very thought of such a galaxy of talent and genius. The novel idea of organising chamber concerts for the public was first conceived at Ella's private *réunions*, and his Musical Union took form in the following year, 1845. It was uphill work at first, but it had in it the germs of success. A lesser artist would have been discouraged. Ella lost £80 by the first year, but he had powerful patrons. His committee-men were all practical musicians—the Duke of Leinster double bass, the Earl of Falmouth violin, Lord Liverpool, Lord Westmorland, Lord O'Neile, Lord Saltoun, Sir George Clerk, and others, all of whom understood music and played themselves. He numbered amongst his real and personal patrons the Duke of Cambridge, the Dukes of Roxburghe and Beaufort, and the Duke of Wellington. In the third year Prince Albert became president, and the Duke of Edinburgh remained president to the end. Out of similar elements was formed the charming Società Lirica, which started in Lord Saltoun's house in 1826, and was carried on until 1876, a society in which all the noble families in England in the

least addicted to music at some time or other took part. Arranging and rehearsing for the Società Lirica was Ella's chief occupation when not engaged with the Musical Union. Ella himself was a new type of *entrepreneur*—a good diner-out, a capital talker, a genial wit, a highly cultivated man. It is this happy combination of agreeable qualities which more than anything has enabled Ella to do for the cause of music what he has done. He was welcome everywhere, always had a good story, a polished address, and an appropriate repartee

During the thirty-eight years of their continuance, over 80,000 persons attended the Musical Union concerts, and seventy-four pianists, including Rubinstein, Mde. Schumann, and Bulow; 102 players of stringed instruments, including such violinists as Ernst, Joachim, Vieuxtemps, Auer, and Papini; and twenty-seven players on wind instruments, were introduced.

Ella was a liberal paymaster. He presented his favourite *virtuosi* with silver cups, and the ladies with dresses and bracelets, in token of his esteem and admiration, and he secured the hearty friendship of the numerous artists whom he engaged. I have known Rubinstein to come expressly from St. Petersburg to play at his benefit, and play nowhere else, and then refuse an honorarium; and I have known Bulow behave in a similarly handsome manner.

The Monday Populars are, perhaps, the most striking fruit of Ella's labours. He created the taste, he sowed the seed, and others have reaped a far larger harvest than ever fell to his lot. His analytical programmes were always given away. They were models of criticism, and were, indeed, the precursors of that vast programme literature with which all concert-goers are now familiar. The Musical Union appealed intentionally to a limited circle; it was select and educational, and rather expensive; but it retained its hold over the musical public, and continued to be remunerative to the end. Its quality has never been surpassed, if ever equalled. Ella was a vigorous disciplinarian; he spared no expense, he knew what he wanted, he was determined to have it, and he got it.

I only knew Ella in the days of his old age, but he is one whom age could not alter. "L'âge est le tempérament," he was fond of saying—a *mot* of Rossini's, I believe. His spirit remained young, his mind and body active, and before he completely lost the use of his eyes no one, in spite of his deafness, was better fitted for all the pursuits and social enjoyments of a refined life. His vigour was astonishing. He seemed never tired. I have travelled through a long night with him on my way to Bayreuth, and, although the day had been intensely hot, Ella conversed with me all through the night with unabated

energy, and after an hour's sleep towards morning he seemed as fresh as a lark. I remember him in 1877 at Nuremburg. Ella, Richter, and myself spent an evening all together. His talk on Wagner was excellent, his sympathies were ever open, his taste widely catholic ; he was as teachable and willing to learn at seventy as at seventeen—his mind equally received new impressions. There never was anything of the clique about him ; he could sit and enjoy Strauss's dance music, and applaud a good French or Italian opera as well as a Beethoven symphony. He was particularly partial to the veteran Auber, and never joined in the Mendelssohn—and, I must add, Wagner—depreciation of Meyerbeer ; and, lastly, he sat patiently to be enlightened by Wagner at the great Bayreuth Festival in 1877. He never was a Wagnerite ; he never pretended to like all that he heard in Bayreuth ; but he saluted the genius of the new master with a perfectly correct and infallible instinct. On being asked what he thought of Wagner's operas, he replied, as he sometimes did with sententious care : " History tells us," said Ella, " that Euripides, having presented Socrates with the writings of a celebrated philosopher, famed for his obscurity and involution, as well as his wisdom, Euripides inquired afterwards his friend's opinion of their merit. ' What I understand,' said Socrates, ' I find to be excellent, and, therefore, I assume that to be of equal value which I cannot understand.' Well," said Ella, in 1859, when public opinion was far less advanced than it is now, " under the shelter of Socrates, whilst an ardent admirer of his orchestral combinations, I reserve my opinion of Wagner's declamatory treatment of the lyrical drama." It would be a good thing if other people, with less right than Ella to speak, occasionally indulged in similar reservations.

Ella's vividness often impressed strangers with the idea that he was a comparatively young man. He told me that he was once travelling by train with the window open, when a middle-aged lady asked him if he minded it being closed. He immediately complied with her request.

" Sir," she added, " I presume you are English—the English are very fond of air. I thank you."

" Il n'y a pas de quoi, madame."

" Perhaps," rejoined the lady, " when you arrive at my age, you will be much more sensitive to *courants d'air*, which your countrymen seem to affect."

" It is not usual, madame," said the gallant Ella, " to inquire a lady's age, but perhaps you would not mind telling me about what is the age you may have arrived at? "

"Monsieur, I am forty-six years old."

"Madame," says Ella, with a bow, "it is now just twenty years since I arrived at that age."

"Mon Dieu, monsieur! Vous si gai, si spirituel—impossible, monsieur. Je ne vous crois pas," said the lady, with a certain blunt flattery, that in my private opinion was not unacceptable to a sexagenarian.

It was impossible to be in Ella's society without picking up many gleams of anecdote and many glimpses of interesting personality.

"In company with Lablache and Ivanhoff," he related, "I visited Malibran only a few days before she died.

"'Ah,' said Lablache, as we came away, 'il y a trop d'esprit pour ce petit corps.'"

Lablache was a great favourite with Ella, as indeed he was with everyone, on account of his *bonhomie* and ready wit. A gentleman once called on the great basso, and, pretending to want to take lessons, deposited a handsome cheque on his table, and made an appointment for Lablache to wait upon him that same evening. The artist, on arriving, found a brilliant company assembled, all in evening costume, and on inquiry whom he was to give a lesson to, the gentleman said, laughing, "We want you and your talk, not your lessons; you are so droll."

"Il y avait deux choses à faire, disait Lablache. Me fâcher et tendre l'argent, le garder et rire de l'aventure. Ma foi, j'en ai ri."

Lablache had a passion for collecting snuffboxes; his collection fetched thousands of pounds when it was sold in Paris after his death in 1858. He had boxes in gold, lapis brilliant with diamonds, pearl, malachite, horn from nobles, literary men, and half the crowned heads in Europe. Her Majesty Queen Victoria, who always recognised musical talent, and was very partial to Lablache, certainly one of the most accomplished artists who ever lived, once said to him, "Is it true, Signor Lablache, that you have a large collection of snuffboxes?"

"Yes, your Majesty, I have one for every day of the year—three hundred and sixty-five."

"Nevertheless," replied the Queen, "your collection is not complete," and she presented him with one more, as she said, "for leap-year."

Ella was entertained on many occasions as an honoured guest in Paris, Rome, Vienna, and Berlin. His name and kindly patronage of foreign artists ensured him a welcome in all foreign musical circles. He has often said to me, "Depend upon it, part of my

success comes from my having travelled. I have spent about five years on and off in Germany, Hungary, Austria, Italy, and France. I have seen all the Conservatories, studied all the foreign methods, and can speak a little of all the languages—and I have made friends with foreigners in their homes."

At Vienna, Prince Czartoryski, who had placed his box at the Opera at Ella's disposal, received from him an interesting letter, in which the Professor extols the church, choral, and orchestral music, and he concluded with, "I beg to offer to the Conservatoire a volume of my 'Analysis of Chamber Music' and the sum of one hundred florins, to be presented to the pupil who shall obtain the first violin prize during the coming year at the Conservatoire." Adolphus Brodsky, the Roman violinist, won the prize. At Paris, Ella was frequently to be met at Madame Erard's Château la Muette, Passy. It was from this *château* that Louis XIV. issued the "Edit de la Muette." The original structure lies almost buried under the modern additions. The park is very fine, and the place is inseparably connected with the name of Marie Antoinette, and I must add that of the great Sebastian Erard, the illustrious author of the finest modern pianoforte action. At the weekly receptions of Madame Erard—the most charming of hostesses—the highly artistic traditions of "La Muette" were kept up. This accomplished lady was in the habit of receiving all the most famous artists and the *élite* of Paris at her musical and artistic *réunions* every week. There Ella met Rossini, Auber, Berlioz, Dumas, Costa, Gounod, F. David, Balfe, Lübeck, Jules Janin, Thalberg, and I know not whom beside. Where shall we look in England for such a centre of art and music? In London such cults degenerate into cliques full of insufferable affectation and narrow conceit. We have good musicians and great painters, but the level of popular appreciation and artistic feeling is still very low, and there is nothing large, catholic, and genial about our musical or artistic circles. In London, musicians are asked to great houses to amuse the company. There the musician too often finds himself on a level with the street acrobat, between whom and his gaping admirers there is no kindly sympathy nor care for his existence.

In Ella's character, beneath all his love of the aristocracy—and it was considerable—and his knowledge of the world—and it was extensive and peculiar—there was an admirable simplicity and real seriousness.

Ella's deference for religion has always been as pronounced as it was unaffected and sincere, and no Lord's Day passed without his requesting some friend to read out to him a portion of the Church

service, when he could no longer read to himself or attend with any profit the public offices of religion; and, remembering this, I quote with all the more pleasure and approval his words on Sunday music for the people: "I hope no one will be shocked if I express a preference for hearing occasionally after morning religious service two hours of sublime instrumental music to seeing monkeys and hippopotami at the Zoological Gardens."

When I last visited the venerable Ella, a few days before his death, he was in excellent health and good spirits, but somewhat subdued and quieter than usual. I found him sitting, as usual, in his little front room on the ground-floor. The walls were covered with innumerable photographs and autographs which he could no longer see, but he expressed himself happy in the *entourage* of all those celebrities who had been his friends, and most of whom had passed away before him. There were Rossini and Auber, Ernst and Mendelssohn, Wagner too—for Ella was one of the few who, like Ferdinand Praeger, recognised the merit of that much-tried composer in 1844, and on that occasion wrote in his album the now famous phrase of the "Pilgrims' March" in *Tannhäuser*, which I had reformed after he had promised it to me in 1885. Ella's cabinets were filled with rare books and scores of the library of the Società Lirica, operas, symphonies, cantatas, all scored and arranged for chamber practice by the Professor in his long working years. He expressed his intention of leaving a good deal to our public museums. He enjoyed to the end the best reward of a life well spent—a good conscience and the love and respect of many faithful friends.

H. R. HAWEIS.

A BORDER RAID.

WHEN the glare of summer sunshine and the rush of summer tourists is over, when the autumn winds are sighing through the woods, and the heavens and the hills are soft and grey, then is the time to see the "dowie dens o' Yarrow." In the end of October the coaches have ceased running, the tide of sightseers has ebbed, and nature is left, lonely, to her own sweet spirit of reflection. Then best can be summoned back in thought the scenes of bygone days—the deeds of dule and sorrow, whose story seems so native to these grey and rounded hills, and to the loneliness of their wan waters. Then, too, the great shadows that slowly move along the mountain-sides complete the harmony of thought and scene.

The hills of Yarrow are peculiarly reminiscent of the past ; and the memories that haunt their aspect, like thoughts in the sweet, sad face of his mistress, can only be read by the lover of them who wanders there alone. Here, each in his own time, have come the poets, to catch with their delicate instinct the subtle, sweet melancholy that lingers, like an old and nameless fragrance, amid these solitudes—the memory

> Of old, unhappy, far-off things,
> And battles long ago.

Here every summer, year after year, comes the quiet angler, most reflective of men, whose pleasure is not more in the lapse of the brook or the leap of the occasional trout, than in the old-world thoughts that rise to people his reverie at every turn of the stream. And here sometimes by the fire in one of the little inns, when the autumn dusk has fallen, the ordinary tourist, fingering through some old book of Border story, suddenly has the veil lifted, and catches a transient, far-off glimpse of the inner beauty of mediæval life, woven of love and sorrow.

On foot and alone, or with a single congenial friend, is this storied and solitary valley-land best to be visited : for the spots are many where it is pleasant to linger and to leave the beaten track ; and the pages of Hogg and Scott, the ballads of more ancient bards,

the lines of Wordsworth, and the diary of Burns, with the fitful narrative of history and the unchronicled local legends, form company enough. Nowhere, perhaps, is the wanderer better pleased to be left to his own reflections than among these lakes, and glens, and streams. They are the Provence of Scotland, and about them remain, still undisturbed, mellowed only by the lapse of time, rich memories of ancient Border chivalry.

When the traveller, brought by rail to the upland strath at the foot of the mountains, grasps his staff of stout hazel, and sets out from the steep street of Moffat village, he seems to be setting foot into the Past itself. On Moffat bowling-green it was, he remembers, that the meeting occurred between the Rev. John Home and James Macpherson, the Highland tutor, which led to the discovery and preservation of the works of Ossian, the Celtic Homer; a circumstance by itself suggestive of the pregnance of forgotten haps. Before the traveller, wrapt in mystery and sadness, lie the defiles among the hills, with the lonely road winding upward, to be lost in their recesses. And everywhere around, from the upland solitudes that climb into the blue to the yellow vistas of late-shorn strath, the landscape is eloquent of a past that has filled many pages of history and poetry with a strange glamour of romance. Few trees are to be seen, and the only evidences of human presence are the humble shielings lodged at far intervals under the mountain-side. The foam-flecked Moffat Water that comes down beside the road seems telling its own tale of silent tarns far up among the hills, and of glens known long ago in story. Is not its feeding torrent on the left the Craigieburn, made terrible once by the name of the Black Douglas, and only brightened afterwards to posterity by the dwelling there of that "lassie wi' the gowden locks" whom Burns saw and sang? Was not the nearer of the two little cottages, farther on, the scene of one of those lurid flashes of mirth that ever and anon flared across the life of the sad-fated peasant-bard, when, with "honest Allan," he strolled up from Dalwhinnie, and induced Willie Nicol, the Edinburgh schoolmaster, who was rusticating here, to "brew a peck o' maut"? And was not the farmhouse of Bodsbeck, where the road branches to the right, the haunt of the Brownie chronicled by Hogg? Memories like these add to the landscape that human interest which is the charm of old countries, and the lack of which makes to the reflective traveller the dulness of newer lands.

Within the pass here the air itself seems lonely. On each hand rise the mountains, huge and dark against the sky, while the stillness is only broken by the distant rushing of the waters in their rocky bed

below, and occasionally by the far, faint bleat of sheep. High on the hillsides, like silver threads after the heavy rain, appear the slender torrents, each singing to itself, doubtless, its own quiet tune. And once and again sweep, wide and clear across the road, the waters of some swollen streamlet.

Details like these, as the shadows of the night begin to fall, become ever more expressive of the awe that dwells amid the solitude of the hills; and amid such surroundings one ceases to marvel that the poetry of mountain lands is so generally cast in a plaintive key, for sombre and remote from boisterous mirth are the emotions that they stir within the heart.

Presently, as the road ascends higher and higher among the hills, mists begin to drift together, grey and silent like ghosts, in the glens; the air grows colder, and the solitude more desolate. The outer world is shut off behind, while in front the mountains, dark and threatening, guard the narrowing pass. The latter might almost serve for that passage to Elfland long ago followed by Thomas of Ercildoune with the Queen of Faerie, when, as the ballad tells—

> They rade on and further on,
> And they waded through rivers abune the knee,
> And they saw neither sun nor moon,
> But they heard the roaring of the sea.

Even the last detail is all but fulfilled here, for from the recesses of a rugged ravine on the far left there comes through the gathering darkness the sullen roar of a waterfall. It is the famous "Grey Mare's Tail," the highest waterfall in Scotland, pouring its torrent in an immemorial dirge beside the "Giant's Grave." The cataract descends from the dark Loch Skene, on whose lonely islet the earn still builds her nest.

Notwithstanding its remote desolation, however, this region is by no means lacking in human memories which are stirring enough. Many a fugitive Covenanter has sought refuge amid its wild glens. In the sombre recesses of these hills the persecuted people, like hunted deer, held their conventicles; and at the door of the little Birkhill inn, then merely a shepherd's shieling by the road, tradition runs that four of them were shot by Claverhouse; for determined folk they were, whom some might call obstinate, and folk who, for freedom's sake, would budge not an inch from the line of an opinion, even when that opinion might be some little-consequent matter of detail.

A solitary spot is that little dwelling of Birkhill, and the shepherd's wife there has been sore put to it more than once by later marauders than Dundee's dragoons. They tell how a rough-handed

tramp entered the humble doorway one summer afternoon, and, seeing only a single woman in possession, threatened to make free with the movable property. He was about to lay hands on one of the hanks of yarn that were hanging from the kitchen rafters, when Janet, the shepherd's wife, stopped him with the sudden question, "My man, did onybody see ye come in here?" The fellow gruffly answering "No!" the good woman, with ill-boding energy, rejoined, "Then deevil a ane 'll see ye gang oot. Lassie, bring me the axe!" The tramp at this point, they say, proceeded to display an unusual amount of activity in disappearing up the road, and the worthy Janet made no endeavour to call him back. The inhabitants of so lonely a spot have need to be able to care for themselves.

Less and less grows the light as the road ascends, for the night falls fast among the mountains; and more and more impressive becomes the silence, as the rushing of the stream in the channel below diminishes towards its source. At last there is no sound but the gentle sigh once and again of the wind rising out of Yarrow—the summit of the pass has been reached. Presently the streams begin to run downward with the road, and the first steps have been taken in the cradle-land of the Douglas.

Mournful memories of bygone glory linger here about the springs of Yarrow. The air itself seems sighing for the memory of "Douglas! Douglas! tender and true." Yet long, long it is since the valley used to rise and follow that chivalrous race of king-makers; long, long since the hoofs of the Douglas steeds rang here in haugh and dene, and long since the vespers floated up the dale from the bells of St. Mary's Kirk. Close by these springs of Yarrow the monks of Melrose long ago had a chapel, and at Chapelhope farm near, silent now in the darkness, the ring of carbines once and the shriek of a woman proclaimed a terrible deed, when the Flower of Yarrow of her day, who had waited ten years for her lover, saw him torn from her side at the bridal moment, and shot for his subscription to the Covenant. The pitiful story has been woven by Hogg into his "Brownie of Bodsbeck." It is one of the tragic episodes which enrich with their memory every mile of Scottish soil, and which make of the Borders and the Highlands the natural home of romance.

The mountains on each hand have become only great black shadows in the darkness; but when the mists lift, and the wind, blowing soft and heavy out of the east, drives back the curtain of rain, a steady light, the promise of all comfort, appears shining among trees far in front. But see! low on the right, rushing dim and sullen in the darkness, lies the "wan water" of which the ballads

speak. It is the Loch o' the Lowes—an eerie sight enough, with its bodeful lapping and its drifting streaks of foam. The rush of a descending stream makes itself heard under the road among the shadows, and once or twice a few drops of rain are scattered from the edge of some trailing cloud; then a path turns off to the right, and there, on the narrow neck of land between this upper sheet of water and St. Mary's Loch, glows the welcome light of Tibbie Shiels' Inn.

And bright, after the outside darkness, seems the pleasant fire and lamplight in the little low-roofed room; and hospitable sound the voices that come along the clean stone passage from the kitchen. Many a famous angler has been housed under this humble roof; for the loch and its streams are historic fishing-ground. Here, many a time, has come the great Christopher North—not the "musty, fusty Christopher" Tennyson has called him, but the large-souled poet, who could land a salmon or a sea-trout as well as he could draw tears and laughter with a Border tale. Here "the Shepherd" and he have foregathered for many a hearty supper after long, quiet days by the lochside; and the cosy parlour was the scene of at least one of the famous *Noctes*. And here it was, on the morning after one of these great carousals, that Tibbie was startled by the Professor shouting to her to "bring in the loch," as he was "here at the back o' Jeems, and unco dry." The ancient hostess, a celebrity in her day, is now no more (many a bit of sententious wisdom she would impart as she sat in her latter days by the ingle neuk); but a comely lass, fresh-coloured and kindly-voiced, does for the stranger the first hospitalities of Yarrowside.

In the inn at this time of year the visitor may find perhaps a single guest or so besides himself—some solitary angler who, wandering the countryside, rod in hand, for a week, has exhausted his stock of news and literature, and who, over the pipe of peace by the evening fire, is glad to fraternise with new-comers from the outer world. And for the viands—never, surely, was a meal so welcome as supper here, after the "caller" air of the hills; and the steaming tea and smoking ham and eggs, with the thick white scones and fragrant butter, disappear with startling rapidity. Afterwards, when the house has gone to rest, it is pleasant to lie in the little recessed bed (for parlour and bedroom are the same thing), and watch, before falling asleep, the red fire sink on the hearth, hearing nothing but the gentle pressure of the wind sometimes against the deep-set casement, and conscious that the first steps have been taken in the land of Border story.

GEORGE EYRE-TODD.

PANTOMIME ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS AGO.

NOTWITHSTANDING all that has been written about Pantomime, it is extraordinary how little we really know respecting the remarkable changes which have taken place from time to time in the structure of the great holiday-entertainment. The slight researches into this department of theatrical art made by a few historians of the calibre of the late Mr. Dutton Cook are as a drop of water in the ocean. Indeed, the work has been left, for the most part, to the tender mercies of the much-worried journalist, who has contented himself, year by year, in taking down the nearest Encyclopædia and firing at our heads sundry learned disquisitions on the Roman Pantomimi, and the improvised comedy of the mediæval Italians. Mercy me! Just as if things were not indigestible enough already at this festive season!

In this fast-living age it is indeed a far cry to Grimaldi; and Rich himself, the father of English pantomime and first of native harlequins, appears to us to have flourished somewhere in the Dark Ages. Of Grimaldi and his times we know something, thanks to the "Memoirs"; but of Rich and his pantomimes only the slightest information is extant. It may not be unadvisable therefore to give here a copy of the very scarce printed "book" of a pantomime which enjoyed some favour towards the close of the reign of George I. The brochure is a veritable curiosity, and valuable at that, because it goes to show the exact nature of the "entertainment" at which Hogarth and Fielding levelled their barbed shafts.

In 1726 then—or about a couple of years after pantomimes had first come into vogue—John Thurmond, a dancing master, composed a sort of sequel to the celebrated "Doctor Faustus," the argument of which set forth, whimsically enough, that the necromancer in making his will shortly before his death constituted his faithful servant, Wagner, his sole heir, and bequeathed him amongst other things the use of the Spirit Abericock. It is by the

aid of this peculiar legacy that Wagner, in the character of Harlequin, effects the numerous magical surprises which occur in the pantomime.

"The Miser; or, Wagner and Abericock," was produced at Drury Lane with the principal characters represented as follows :— *Miser*, in the character of a Quaker, Mr. Cibber, junior; Wagner, in the character of Harlequin, Mr. Clark; Abericock, the Spirit left him by Faustus, Miss Robinson, junior; Peirot, the Miser's starved Servant, Monsieur Roger; Harlequin's Servant, *a Clown*, Mr. Harper; Miser's Wife, Mrs. Wetherett; Miser's Daughter, Mrs. Tenoe. This cast calls for some comment, but our remarks must be reserved until the narration of the action of the Pantomime be given in full.

"After the Overture," says the *brochure*, "the Music ceasing, the curtain rises and discovers HARLEQUIN asleep in Faustus's study. He walks in his sleep dreaming of his mistress; uses actions of courtship and, in imagination, places a chair for her : supposing her seated, and going to sit down himself, he falls on his breech, which wakes him. *The Music plays a sprightly tune.* HARLEQUIN is surprised, recollects himself and runs to a globe that stands on one side of the study; he turns it round several times : part of the globe opens, and HARLEQUIN takes out of it the little Spirit, ABERICOCK, in the habit of a running footman. Harlequin relates his dream to the Spirit and entreats to see the picture of her of whom he dreamed. The SPIRIT, from among the books, draws out a large folio, opens it, turns over the leaves, and on one side shows the picture of the Woman's head and neck, dressed like a Quaker. Harlequin is delighted.

"The Spirit turning the leaves again, hides the Woman and shows the picture of a Harlequin, dressed like a Quaker also; then the leaves vanish and both the pictures appear to view. The SPIRIT instructs HARLEQUIN to put on the Quaker's habit, and assures him of success in his addresses to the woman; then sits on a book placed on a stand which vanishes with the Spirit. HARLEQUIN goes off and the curtain drops.

"The Miser's Wife and Daughter cross the stage as returning home; they go into the house, shut the door, and HARLEQUIN enters in the habit of a Quaker just before the women are gone off, and looks wishfully at the daughter, who is the person represented in the picture in the foregoing scene. HARLEQUIN is followed by his servant with a cloak-bag. HARLEQUIN reads the bill fixed over the door, viz., 'Lodgings to be Lett' (*sic*). He then knocks at the door. A servant opens it. HARLEQUIN enquires for the master and is conducted into the house.

"The scene changes to the Miser's chamber. The Miser is discovered gazing with joy on heaps of gold, &c., placed on a table before him. His action expresses wealth to be the treasure of his soul, the delight of his eyes, music to his ears, and that it gives beauty to his form and makes him great, &c. PEIROT at the same time is discovered roasting an egg, and he expresses his violent hunger and hopes of food. After the Miser has employed himself in opening several coffers &c. filled with treasure of several sorts and laid by the money discovered on the table, one knocks at the door; the Miser orders PEIROT to open the door and carefully locks up his coffers &c. PEIROT conducts HARLEQUIN in, who acquaints the Miser he wants to see his lodgings. The Miser promises to shew them, and leads him out, regarding him cautiously. PEIROT follows. The Scene changes to another apartment.

"The Miser returns with HARLEQUIN and asks his approbation of the rooms he has seen, and crosses the stage to shew him more. The daughter peeps in and as the Miser passes on HARLEQUIN makes love to the daughter, who draws in her head whenever the Miser chances to turn to HARLEQUIN. The daughter shows her approbation of HARLEQUIN and they all go out.

"The Scene changes and discovers HARLEQUIN's apartment, the Clown blowing the fire. HARLEQUIN enters, leading in the Miser's daughter. He courts and entreats her to sit down, gives orders to his servant, who draws ABERICOCK out of the portmanteau, who with his wand strikes a table, and a collation immediately appears thereon. Then the Spirit conjures and four Quakers appear and join in a dance, at the beginning of which the women appear coy, &c. A Cupid descends and hangs over their heads; they are all inspired with love, and HARLEQUIN and the daughter join in their dance to a sprightly tune; at the end of which the four Quakers, who are spirits, sink and Cupid ascends. The daughter begs the Spirit of HARLEQUIN, who orders ABERICOCK to attend her. Then PEIROT enters, is surprised to see the familiarity of the daughter and HARLEQUIN, and is returning to inform his master, but is withheld by the Clown, who shows him the provision on the table. PEIROT rejoices in hopes of food, prepares to fall to, when the Miser enters and starts, seeing his daughter there. The Spirit waves his wand and one of the pictures that hangs in the room falling down discovers a heap of riches falling out of drawers &c. Each character gazes on the cause of his darling passion; and the riches, the table, and the daughter moving slowly off the stage, they are followed by the Miser, PEIROT, and HARLEQUIN, the Clown laughing at them all.

"The Scene changes to a large Hall.

"The Miser and his Wife enter ; he gives her a candle, orders her to go to bed whilst he sees the house secured. He goes off. Fastening of doors is heard. He returns with his keys, and crosses the stage as to bed. The stage is darkened. The Miser appears in shadow through a transparent window undressing. The bedcurtain is drawn back, and his wife beckoning, he goes to bed, puts out the candle and the shadow disappears. Then PEIROT enters, endeavouring to strike a light but can't. Harlequin follows him with a dark lanthorn, the light of which strikes on a roasted turkey, which appears on the scene to PEIROT's view, which he going to seize it, vanishes. HARLEQUIN plays several tricks to tease PEIROT, which conclude the scene.

"Scene changes to Miser's garden. The moon is seen to pass thro' the horizon. The Miser enters half undressed, as newly risen from bed, with a candle in his hand, and a casket of jewels under his arm. He pries cautiously about, lest anyone should see him. Then removes a stone in the garden, hides the jewels in a strong box, wherein is a hoard of gold. Secures the place, and goes off sleepy, as returning to bed. HARLEQUIN, who followed the Miser and watched him from his first entrance, goes to the place, removes the stone and takes the box of money and goes out. PEIROT enters and sees him and signifies to himself he'll tell his master.

"Then the Scene changes to the Hall. HARLEQUIN enters, gives the strong box to his servant, and signifies he'll be gay with wine and women. The daughter watches him, and being jealous of him, calls PEIROT, and with much persuasion, prevails upon him to personate HARLEQUIN to counterplot him. The Spirit changes PEIROT into a HARLEQUIN.

"The return of HARLEQUIN and their variety of actions and attitudes, HARLEQUIN mistaking PEIROT for his shadow, is the conclusion of the scene.

"The Scene changes to HARLEQUIN's apartment ; the daughter enters and beckons, and both the Harlequins come on. The Spirit descends, seizes the false HARLEQUIN by the legs, flies away with him, and throws him from the top of the house in his proper habit of PEIROT, and HARLEQUIN carries off the daughter.

"The Scene changes to the Street. Numbers of people cross the stage going to the Fair. HARLEQUIN follows them.

"The next is a Scene of the Fair with booths, parades, and variety of actions. Harlequin enters, runs away with a number of toys, and is pursued off.

"The Scene changing to the Street, HARLEQUIN is still pursued and deceives the people by a device. PEIROT enters with a bag of money which he has been to receive for his master. The clown enters, dressed as a lady of the town. A scene of courtship passes between them; during which HARLEQUIN, in the habit of a nurse, takes an opportunity of changing the bag. PEIROT and the clown part amorously. On hearing a child cry, PEIROT examines his bag and finds an infant in it, and runs off frightened, &c.

"A strolling actress, an orange-wench, &c. run across, pursued by a coachman, who follows for his fare. HARLEQUIN knocks him down and runs after the women.

"The Scene changes to the Tavern. Harlequin and the beforementioned appear, making merry. An actor enters, tells them they are waited for, to have the droll begin. They take leave in a hurry. The Spirit conjures, and causes the daughter to appear; she reproves HARLEQUIN and his man, who shift their habits and appear in their proper characters; the daughter being reconciled, HARLEQUIN leads her home.

"The Scene changing to the Garden, the Miser enters, stealing with pleasure to his hoard. Missing his money he almost runs distracted; they all enter to him. The daughter accuses HARLEQUIN of the theft, who promises to return the money on condition the Miser gives him his daughter. The Miser giving his consent, receives his money, and they all go out; and then are discovered in different positions, according to their several passions; HYMEN hanging o'er the heads of HARLEQUIN and daughter. The Spirit enters, and conjures an entertainment for the celebration of HARLEQUIN's nuptials."

Consistency does not appear to have been a virtue possessed by pantomime writers, even at this early period. Surely Thurmond must have known that no miser of the nature he has indicated would be foolish enough to put a bill up in his window bearing the legendary device, "Lodgings to be Lett." We do not refer here to the spelling, which was perfectly rational at a time when men holding positions like Hogarth and Rich were as unlettered as the veriest bog-trotter—only to the act. The reader will have already remarked that the purely human elements of the piece have been borrowed from Molière's "L'Avare;" but he may not be aware that the same theme was infinitely better treated in a little pantomime produced at the dingy Théâtre des Funambules in Paris some forty years ago.

Several interesting deductions may be taken from this authorita-

tive *scenario* of the early Drury Lane pantomime. In the first place we can see what were then considered the more important characters, the favoured ones being treated like a star in the play-bill to double capitals. Judged by this ruling, the pre-Grimaldian clown must have been reckoned very small potatoes. Similarly it may be inferred that the early pantomimes were performed entirely in dumb show like a modern comic ballet, with a running musical accompaniment throughout. Again, there is little reason for doubting that the Christmas entertainments of Rich's day were performed in acts like any ordinary drama. The comic action not being too clearly defined, it is probable that a great deal was left to the improvising genius of the actors. Nevertheless, some of the stage "business," vague and all as is the description, distinctly points to the hoary antiquity of many of the clown's antics which amused us forty years ago, and still persist in preserving a vigorous existence.

Of the principal members of the cast in "Wagner and Abericock" a few words remain to be said. Harper, Theophilus Cibber, and Mrs. Tenoe had all been identified with the fortunes of Drury Lane since the spring of 1722. Enough has already been written about the out-and-out blackguardism displayed by the Laureate's "young hopeful;" but Harper, as one of the earliest of our pantomime clowns, calls for more particular mention. Although he had sung comic songs in pantomimes as early as the year 1724, Harper had qualities above mere clowning. He was a jolly, big fat man, and, like Stephen Kemble of later times, could play Falstaff without stuffing. Another capital personation of his was Sir Harry Gubbins in "The Tender Husband," in which he was said to bubble over with "brutal and jolly ignorance." But the hit of his life was made with Kitty Clive in Coffey's ballad farce of "The Devil to Pay" at Drury Lane in 1731. Indeed, Harper's impersonation of Jobson received other substantial recognition besides a very acceptable rise of salary. An engraving of the comedian in this rôle is still to be found in print-shops and old theatrical collections.

Harper's vocal powers earned him considerable popularity in the theatrical booths at the fairs, and made him a decided acquisition to the Drury Lane management. In such parts as that of Ægon in Cibber's "Love in a Riddle" (the first *professed* imitation of "The Beggar's Opera") his worth was great. By the way, it is not generally known that an attempt was made in connection with this piece to introduce the custom which was then flourishing at the French fairs of allowing the audience to join in in the chorus, or indeed to blend their voices with the artists when they thought proper. Harper's popularity

was such that he was deputed to sing the epilogue to "Love in a Riddle" (1729), the first verse running as follows:

Since songs to plays are nowadays
  Like to your meals a sallad,
Permit us then, kind gentlemen,
  To try our skill by ballad:
While you, to grace our native lays,
  As France has done before us,
Belle, beau, and cit, from box and pit,
  All join the jolly chorus.

Harper died in 1742 of "a fever on his spirits."

W. J. LAWRENCE.

A SOCIAL REVOLUTION.

I.

TEN years ago, comparatively few Englishmen were aware of the existence of that great body of their countrymen who are engaged in the arduous and perilous occupation of deep-sea fishing, and fewer still were fully cognizant of the peculiar circumstances of the fisherman's calling, his uncouth habits and mode of life. Nor was this deep-sea trawler himself alive to the fact that, amongst the men and women ashore who benefited by his hard labour and his lonely vigil on the German Ocean, there was a strong feeling of generous sympathy, which only waited to be evoked by a knowledge of his surroundings, his character, his toil, and his danger. It was a case of mutual ignorance, though not, it must be added, of mutual indifference. The trawler in his isolated position had a quarrel with society; his conception of people ashore was formed in the main from the matter-of-fact, money-making "owner" for whom he sailed. He knew little of human joy; in brief, he was a social outlaw, with the outlaw's bitter grudge against society in his heart. For eight long weeks at a stretch he was to be found on the rough bosom of the ocean, pent up in a little trawling smack, and at the end of his voyage he was allowed but seven days with his family (if he had one), in such headquarters of the deep-sea fishery as Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Whitby, Hull, or Grimsby. Nature was known to him too much in her mysteriously cruel moods; he was familiar with peril, sorrow, and death. His whole environment was wild, dull, cold, and cheerless, and the man truly corresponded to the environment. He was reckless in his life, filthy in his habits, coarse in his speech, cruel in his heart, knowing little and caring to know nothing more; careless of danger and peril of the waves; a stranger to religion, and regardless of all moral obligation.

A goodly percentage of the deep-sea fishermen has, for a generation at least, been drafted from the great Poor Law Unions of the country; but, until eight years ago, it cannot be said that these men reflected much credit upon the institutions in which they were

nurtured. We are told, and it is well proved, that the savage who has been brought into contact with civilised society, and introduced to its habits and customs, remains at heart a savage still. He is ever in danger of relapsing into his primitive barbarism. A somewhat similar law seems to have operated amongst the North Sea trawlers, for it was unquestionably true that the youth who joined the fishing fleets from the school of one of the Poor Law Unions as an apprentice, possessing at any rate the rudiments of a secular and religious education, and boasting some slight polish of civilisation, very speedily reverted to the original type from which he had sprung, and was no better, mentally, morally, or physically, than the grizzled seamen who neither read nor wrote, nor cared for aught save the money which they earned, the drunken bout on the "coper" in which they were wont to indulge, or the equally odious debauch at the bar of the dreary alehouse in the busy streets of the fisher town on land. The trawler's week on land was indeed all too frequently a seven days' spell of intoxicated revelry, and drunken dissipation was the parent of drunken riot. The police in those times had rough work to perform in the fishing towns, for there was generally a considerable number of the fishermen in port, and the problem of how to manage them was one of no mean difficulty.

The outward and visible sign of the degradation of the smacksmen at sea was the presence in the trawling fleets of the "coper" or "cooper," a vessel which hailed from a Dutch, Belgian, or German port, carrying a large cargo of tobacco, vile, fiery spirits, and books and prints of unutterable degradation, demoralisation, and filth. The tobacco was of course an innocent luxury; indeed, it was a positive boon to the cold and benumbed smacksman as he paced the deck in the icy-chill night, or handled the fishing gear in the dim, dreary dawn. Against this luxury nothing need be said; but the tobacco was only a bait to entice the fishermen to an indulgence in the abominable aniseed brandy which literally turned those who drank it into furious madmen, and was the prime agent of much sorrow, sin, and crime on the distant sea. Of the effects of the loathsome literature which was put into circulation it is impossible to speak. Only a Juvenal or a Martial could adequately undertake the task, and there is nothing, even in the pages of these satirists, which exceeds in hideousness the "yarns" which the older smacksmen, who were familiar with the former state of things, are able to spin.

Much of the hard-earned savings of the men and lads found its way into the well-stocked coffers of the foreign coper. But it was not money alone. Fish, nets, ropes, were stolen and handed to the

Dutchmen in exchange for the fiery drink. Many a boat manned by drunken oarsmen foundered on that wild sea during its return journey from the "coper;" many a man, after behaving like a demon amongst the crew in his own smack, has sprung over the bulwarks, and ere a restraining hand could prevent, sunk like a stone in the dark waters. If ever a degrading and inhuman work was done amongst a large body of hard-working, struggling, suffering men, such a work was most cruelly and effectually performed by the nefarious coper traffic amongst the ill-starred deep-sea trawlers on the German Ocean!

Moreover, there was nothing to counteract this baleful influence. In the smacksmen's intellect were no ideas at play which could act as a lever to raise them above the debasing influences of their position. There was no higher nature within them—or if there was, its presence was unrecognised and its power unfelt. There were no books for the men to read, and it is nearly certain that if books alone had constituted the chief attraction to a common centre, the fisherman would have remained aloof, stoical and uninterested. Not that a latent desire for amusing and instructive literature was absent from the minds of such as were able to read; it will be proved by-and-by that when happier agencies came into operation such a taste did speedily manifest itself, and if we may judge from the tons of miscellaneous literature which are now annually distributed on the North Sea, the appetite for reading can be described as little short of prodigious in its voracity!

The trawler in his quondam state was deeply skilled (as he continues to be) in the mysteries of his craft; he knew how to manage a vessel and the tiny society forming its crew; but of the greater society at home, the English democracy of which he formed a part, he was nearly as ignorant as the African Hottentot. One instance of his political apathy may suffice. A trawling smack which had put out from a seaport on the southern coast, and was either on its way to join the North Sea fleets, or engaged in what is known as "single boating" in the Channel, was hailed by a passing Australian steamer. Exciting events had been transpiring in the Imperial Parliament, and an ardent politician on board the steamer who was yearning to hear the latest intelligence, cried "What's the news? Is Gladstone out?" The reply was "Blest if I know! he never did anythink for we; ha'e ye got any grog?"

The trawler was ignorant of religion, though there was a vast substratum of religious emotion and fervid enthusiasm as yet untouched in his soul. He was blind to the beauty and dead to the

terror of that mighty Nature which was above and around him on the far away sea. Sunrise in the early morning, starlight on the blue waves, the sea outspread at noon like a sheet of glittering crystal, had no inspiration for him. He took as a matter of course even the terrible gales of autumn and the boisterous wintry sea, the wind rattling in the shrouds, and all the wild havoc that was wrought in a big fleet during a tempestuous night on that desolate strip of ocean. The danger, disaster, and death were simply a part of the price which he and his mates had to pay for the fish which were obtained through their efforts on the Dogger Bank. And so the trawler toiled and struggled and suffered. Living a lonely, dangerous, strange, unsocial life, he dragged out his weary existence, till perchance, at last succumbing to the war of the elements in the dark mid-sea, he sank to his grave on the bed of the ocean, "unwept, unhonoured, and unsung."

II.

The second picture is of a different sort. According to the concurrent testimony of all who formerly knew anything of the peculiar character of the deep-sea fishermen, and who have recently visited the trawling fleets on the North Sea, a most startling and altogether wonderful change has come over these men. Such testimony is accorded alike by devout enthusiasts, by critical men of the world, and even by persons who say that with regard to religious questions they are "as impartial as ancient Romans." This change is at once religious, intellectual, and social, and its genesis will now be set forth.

In the year 1881 a professional man who was then comparatively unknown, though engaged for some years in amateur mission work, went out by steamer to the great fishing fleet known as the "Short Blue," having been led to undertake the journey through a hint given him by the secretary of one of the largest smack-owning associations in the metropolis. The impressions of the deep-sea trawlers which were formed on the occasion of that first visit have been graphically described by this stranger in the fleet: "Our arrival was the signal for a wild scramble to gain possession of the empty fish trunks which the steamer had taken out from London. Boats manned by crews as rough, unkempt, and boisterous in manner as appearance, put off from all the smacks, and our deck soon swarmed with some 400 of the wildest fellows I had ever seen. Amongst the 1,500 hands in the fleet . . . . the great majority were utterly careless and godless, and on that afternoon some of them appeared to indulge in language more coarse and profane than usual." Facts were learned in abundance as to the fearful influence of the foreign "coper," and the

visitor likewise saw with his own eyes ample proof of the intense physical suffering that was heroically endured by the fishermen, and which was entailed upon them by reason of the numerous accidents which occurred in the discharge of their duty—suffering which was rendered doubly acute through the entire lack of any means of medical or surgical relief. The experience as a whole was unmistakably saddening, and the condition and needs of the smacksmen, then disclosed, were anxiously taken to heart, with the result that after weeks and months of careful thought and persistent endeavour, Mr. E. J. Mather—the visitor referred to—resolved that the only way to deal with the "coper," to reach the men as they ought to be reached, to provide means for alleviating the physical pain, and generally to promote the cause of social and moral reform, was to send into the North Sea a vessel to cruise with each trawling fleet in the same manner that the "coper" cruised; a vessel which would in every respect supply the antidote to the poison which had been scattered broadcast amongst these toilers of the sea. Such was the solution of the problem upon which Mr. Mather, by a happy stroke of genius, decided. But one thing was essential to the prosecution of the scheme, and that indispensable requisite was money. Personally, Mr. Mather was unable at the moment to provide the means for the execution of his plans, and he had at that time but a limited *clientèle* to whom he might have appealed for assistance in his contemplated undertaking. As a matter of fact he applied to no one, beyond indicating in a general way to a friend the ideas which he cherished. This friend volunteered a contribution of one guinea towards the purchase of a fishing-smack which should be sent into the North Sea for the purposes which had been hinted at by Mr. Mather. The donation was declined with thanks, not because the motive of the donor was unappreciated, but because Mr. Mather no doubt thought that it would take a good many sums of the amount of one guinea to make up £1,000, the estimated cost of a suitable trawling-smack! A day or two after, however, this same friend placed in Mr. Mather's hands a cheque for £1,000 to purchase and equip the desired mission vessel. So far the problem was in a fair way towards solution. But the difficulties were by no means fully surmounted. Failure was prophesied by all sorts of people. Smack-owners maintained a benevolent neutrality when they did not actually help, but their prognostications were decidedly gloomy. Nearly all the smacksmen who had a rudimentary idea of the actual work which was in prospect likewise foretold a disastrous issue; and others, who thought that some fresh agency for making money out of them was

about to be introduced, were openly hostile. But the originator of the scheme was possessed by his idea, and he calmly, though energetically, pressed forward his preparations, and accordingly the first mission vessel, the "Ensign," sailed from Yarmouth in the month of June, 1882, and proceeded to join the Short Blue fleet. From that day to the present hour the history of this undertaking discloses the record of an enterprise which at times, indeed, bristled with trials, but which proved in the main an unbroken, and ultimately an unparalleled success. Moreover it is well to note that the results which have been achieved, though contributed to by many persons, from the Queen on the throne down to the humble and pious smacksman in the North Sea, are yet in all essential elements chiefly due to the insight and the indomitable will of one individual—the man who conceived the enterprise, pressed forward the work, and founded the institution which now exists to maintain that work.

It was originally intended that the mission vessels should trawl for six days in the week in order to contribute towards their support, but the experience of six years has abundantly proved (1) that in the present depressed state of the fishing trade very little profit accrues from the trawling, and (2) that it is now impossible to carry on the mission in its extended ramifications conjointly with fishing operations. The Council of the institution have therefore decided to discontinue trawling on all their vessels. Of these ships there are now ten cruising amongst the fleets, and another, a large hospital vessel, is on the stocks. All these smacks are the unencumbered property of the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen, and have been paid for out of moneys generously contributed by the public. The income of the mission during the first year of its existence was about £90 ; last year (the seventh of its history) the free contributions exceeded £23,000. Truly a goodly seven years' financial record ! Meanwhile the mission has become an Association duly licensed by the Board of Trade, and governed by a Council of fifteen members, though the founder of the institution still continues to direct its affairs.

And now as to the work which has been done. At the outset it is interesting to observe that almost everything which is now undertaken was not only contemplated at the initiation of the enterprise, but was in actual existence, at any rate in embryo, from the very first. At its commencement the undertaking was (*a*) religious ; (*b*) intellectual ; (*c*) medical ; (*d*) social ; and (*e*) sanitary. It continues so to the present moment, under a vastly extended organisation. It may be well to describe briefly the character of the work under each of these aspects.

I. Religious.—The ministrations of the society are entirely unsectarian, efficient aid having been cheerfully rendered alike by Churchmen and Nonconformists. The skipper of each vessel is himself a missionary, but at such seasons as are favourable for the holding of general religious services he is assisted in his efforts by some volunteer clergyman, Dissenting minister, or experienced layman. The mission sets up no cut-and-dried theological formulæ as a standard of belief, but the trawler's creed is in the main strictly evangelical, and his spiritual nature is nourished and sustained upon the same doctrines which produced and rendered noteworthy the ardent spirit of Puritan England. That this faith, with its systematic and straightforward teaching, is still a tremendous lever, is proved to the hilt by the moral success which it has obtained amongst the North Sea trawlers. A few years ago, the pious, sober, well-conducted men throughout the whole of the fishing-grounds might have been counted upon one's fingers, but now the number of such in each of the fleets is simply surprising, and, in proportion to the entire population, can almost be regarded as beyond precedent. The critic of this movement may be a believer or he may be an unbeliever, a devout enthusiast or a philosophic sceptic; but be he what he may, he cannot deny the beauty of unselfish character and magnanimous conduct. It is not a sterile creed, a dry doctrine, or a gorgeous ritual which has been communicated to the smacksmen; it is no mere system of religious knowledge; it has ever been declared, in the words of the greatest of all the Puritans,—

> Add
> Deeds to thy knowledge answerable; add faith;
> Add virtue, patience, temperance; add love,
> The soul of all the rest.

And the results have exceeded the most sanguine expectations. Says a recent visitor to the fleets, "If any one can see, as I have seen, 150 strong fellows assembled on the deck of a mission vessel; if he can notice the rude but subtle courtesy, the absence of vulgar horseplay, the hearty, merry kindliness that is made manifest among the friends, then he will own, as I do, that a strong civilising influence has been at work." And again, "I have seen a set of ruffianly communities gradually transformed; I have seen things that are worthy and of good report winning reverence instead of mockery; I have seen two great towns turned into quiet, orderly places, by the influence of a mission which has indirectly softened the manners of the worst dare-devils on the North Sea." What testimony could be heartier or more conclusive?

II. Intellectual.—In other days the mind of the fisherman was a blank. He moved in a strictly circumscribed groove; he was intensely conservative, and his conservatism was akin to that of the uncultured savage, who knows little and cares to know nothing more. Many of the men could not read; as a body they were strangers to nearly all the subjects of vital interest which for long have been agitating the minds of the English people. But the influence of the mission has been educative in the baldest and most literal sense. Schools even have been kept on the mission ships; big men have pored over the alphabet; a vast quantity of miscellaneous information has been communicated by the various agents who have been engaged in the work; "yarns" have been spun on all sorts of subjects; the newspaper has been put into circulation; enormous quantities of books, theological, didactic, instructive, and amusing, have been distributed and eagerly read; so that now the North Sea trawler is a vastly different personage from what he was in the days when "Blest if I know! ha'e ye got any grog?" was indicative of his intellectual condition.

III. Medical.—The smacksman is a great physical sufferer. By that is meant not merely that he is subject to much discomfort in the performance of his ordinary duties, by reason of inclement weathers and tempestuous seas, but painful accidents of many sorts are of everyday occurrence. He is also greatly troubled with sea-boils on the wrists and other parts of the arms, chiefly brought on through the continual chafing of the oilskin coat which he is compelled to wear as a protection from the gale and the storm in the North Sea. Poisoned fingers likewise are a source of much discomfort, and these are generally the result of injuries received from fish-bones, in cleaning and preparing the fish for transit by steamer to the metropolitan markets. In addition to such minor troubles, there is a vast amount of really serious suffering and disease amongst the deep-sea fishermen. That this must inevitably be the case will be readily understood if a moment's consideration is given to the numerous ailments which prevail in a large village ashore, even under the most favourable sanitary conditions. Now a country village of any pretensions whatever has its doctor, and it is certain that the medical officer would not be there were his services not in considerable demand. But in the North Sea there are from twelve to nineteen of such floating villages, and when it is borne in mind that arduous labours, rigorous climatic conditions, manifold dangers, and a dietary which is too uniform to be really wholesome, are all against the physical health of the trawler, it will without difficulty be realised

that the necessity for the skilled assistance of medical men in these large seafaring communities is infinitely greater than in similarly populous centres in rural England. It is not therefore to be wondered at that the pressing need of such relief was one of the very first necessities which presented themselves to the mind of the founder of the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen, when he paid his earliest visit to the fleets during the year 1881. In the thrilling, picturesque, and comprehensive narrative contained in his book "Nor'ard of the Dogger," there is abundant evidence that the enterprise which he planned seven years ago was not merely a crusade in the interests of religion, but equally and contemporaneously a distinctive plan for the physical amelioration and aid of the suffering smacksmen. Hence the mission ships which have been sent into the North Sea have always carried a large assortment of drugs and surgical appliances; the skippers have been instructed by a skilled physician in the elements of medicine and surgery; and the consequence has been that hospital and dispensary work on the various mission smacks has, so far as circumstances allowed, been efficiently discharged from the commencement of the undertaking. It has been felt, however, for some time that a considerable development of the society's operations was peremptorily required in the interests of the fishermen. The Council of the institution have therefore, as already stated, decided to discontinue trawling on all the mission vessels, and to convert each of them into a floating hospital; to provide cots for the reception of in-patients; and to establish quarters for a properly qualified resident surgeon. The mission ship will thus at once be a church, the depôt of a free library, and a floating hospital, where the assistance of the best medical skill can be obtained "without money and without price."

IV. Social.—The changes already depicted may all be suitably dovetailed into a general scheme of social reformation; but it must be added that the trade of the "coper," so far as that trade was harmless and a requirement of the smacksman, has been superseded by the selling of excellent tobacco free of duty at one shilling per pound. The drunken habits of the men and lads have been reduced to a minimum, community of feeling has arisen, the influence of the kindly social spirit has gone abroad; the smacksmen are better off financially than they were; families have benefited; the work of the police on shore, which erewhile was so trying, has been immensely lightened; and altogether it may truthfully be said that little short of a peaceful social revolution has been wrought in the fleets.

V. Sanitary.—A score of pages might be written under this

head, but perhaps the brief testimony of two competent and impartial judges may be sufficient for the present purpose. Dr. Bately, the port medical officer at Yarmouth, writes:—"I am not aware of any port sanitary authority having a vessel at sea on the look-out for sea-borne sickness. And to effectually prevent such contaminating the shore, it must be met with at sea, and conducted to isolation without touch of any one on land. From personal experience I know these mission vessels are capable of performing this service, and they have done it, and I hope they will do it again whenever occasion arises. I look upon this sanitary service these vessels perform as a most important supplement to the arrangements our port sanitary authority has made, and not the authority at this port merely, but at all others sending smacks to the North Sea fleets. I again say these vessels are doing a national sanitary service, and I am glad of it."

A country vicar who knows the smacksmen well has declared: "On the occasion of my first visit I found many of the smacks very dirty, and the men, too, not so clean as was compatible with the exigencies of their calling. All this has now become changed; the vessels are clean, and the personal appearance of the men far better attended to. On my mentioning this change to one of the fishermen he remarked, 'You see, sir, we have had the mission smacks. The men on board are nearly all total abstainers, and keep themselves respectable. They have set a standard of respectability, and we feel we must not be behind them.'"

Such, briefly told, is the result of the efforts of the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen to elevate morally and socially the floating populations of the North Sea. Well might the work be described, as it has been, as the most successful philanthropic enterprise of the latter half of the present century. This work, which has been performed at the instance of the Mission, and through the means which have been so readily contributed by the generous British public, has been in the truest sense a service to humanity. As it was said of the Emperor Augustus, that he found Rome brick and left it marble, so may it be said of this Mission, that it found a large and important body of Englishmen dead to their highest interests, sunk in deplorable ignorance and almost savage barbarity, and in seven brief years so succeeded in raising them in the scale of moral and intellectual being as to make it possible for the cynical man of the world to forget his cynicism and describe the movement as "a very beautiful and wonderful social phenomenon."

ALEXANDER GORDON.

PRISONS AND PRISONERS.

RECENTLY, in coming Londonward from the west of England, we spent a Sunday at Salisbury, and heard in the grand old cathedral a very eloquent sermon from Canon Slater-Brown, on behalf of the Free Schools of that city. In the course of his sermon the learned Canon connected the endeavours of the Secular party to shut out religious education from schools with the great increase of crime and of the prison population, and dwelt at some length on that point. But here more discrimination was needful than he brought to bear. One of the most remarkable of recent social phenomena is the extraordinary *decrease* of the prison population. The numbers in the convict prisons here during the past few years dropped from something over 10,000 to 7,445. In 1877 the daily average of prisoners in the local prisons of England and Wales was 20,200; the descent has been steady, till in 1885 it was 16,600; the presumption is that it is now under 16,000. In some prisons the staff has been reduced, and at Portland, where formerly there were two deputy governors, Mr. Corbett is now found equal to do the whole work.

The number of those sentenced yearly to penal servitude shows the same tendency. It was about 2,500 in 1865, and it has now fallen under 2,000; whilst the total number of sentences, which in 1865 was nearly 15,000, in 1885 had fallen to 11,500, and it is probably now much lower. The decrease in the number of women sentenced to penal servitude is still more remarkable. In 1883 it was 186; in 1887 it was only 85.

Sir Edmund Du Cane dwells on these facts in the report for 1886–7. Some persons account for them by saying that the judges are inclined to shorten sentences; but certainly the "gaols" are not so increased in numbers as would be the case were this the whole explanation of the matter. Recently the newspapers have, on the contrary, dealt very severely with Justice Day and other judges for the severity and the length of their sentences.

Our idea of the matter is that crime, under various influences, among which education should not be forgotten, is changing its

character, undergoing a gradual transformation. The crimes with which the police can most directly deal—crimes of violence of a certain kind—are less common, or are accompanied by elements that render them more difficult of detection. Intelligence and education are telling on the criminal population, and on the population constantly on the verge of crime; and if we cannot say, as high officials are inclined to do, that there are fewer criminals, there is a vast deal more undetected crime, particularly of certain classes. Were we to say how many known criminals there are at this moment at large, it might only make our readers uneasy; but, according to the judgment of an expert, it is ten times larger than the number of troops that could be mounted and mobilised by the War Office within a week.[1]

This only reveals to us how insistent are certain social problems. "The poor ye have always with you," and the poor are constantly being edged on by their very necessities to the borders of crime. When employment is easily obtained and wages are high, it is urged by those who have studied the subject that crime invariably is lessened; and that the wave as certainly rises when things are depressed and wages are low. The very noticeable decrease in the prison population is all the more remarkable in that it is coincident with a period of great depression, when works on every hand have been closed, and employment very hard to find. We believe that no other sufficient explanation of the matter is to be found than that which we have just suggested.

Many and varied explanations have been given of the increase of undetected crime amongst us, and the inability of the police and the detective force to cope with the cunning of criminals. A good deal must, no doubt, be laid to the peculiar aversion Englishmen have always felt to interfere with the freedom of the individual. Here, at all events, it is not true that "the individual withers, and the world is more and more." Society perhaps gains something in a certain independence and self-reliance, but it as certainly loses in its inability to supervise, to register, to exercise such espionage as is found possible in some other countries, where individual freedom is less esteemed, or, at all events, less insisted on in actual fact. Mrs. Lynn Linton, in a recent article in the *St. James's Gazette*, takes this view, and piquantly illustrates it, as we should expect:—

[1] We may as well be exact, after all: 35,250 is the number of habitual criminals known to the police now at liberty; and if we add another 20,000 for the young and those who are hovering on the brink of crime, or who, having committed crime, remain undetected, we shall certainly not much over-estimate. Such an army!—amounting at least to 55,000 on the lowest estimate.

We must take the good with the bad of our own arrangements. We will not suffer ourselves to be policed. We will not submit to any form of registration, save for the purposes of party and the elemental circumstances of birth, death, and marriage. Our criminal classes, male and female, are as free as our saints and heroes ; and only when they have overtly offended against the law are they brought within its jurisdiction. Prevention by any form of legislative repression is against the genius of the nation, and if, as lately happened, common sense and the general good framed certain enactments, hysteria, sentimentality, and class-partiality tore up the paper, and flung the fragments to the winds. For to this hysteria, this sentimentality, all coercion is anathema maranatha. . . . How, then, can we have a sharp-sighted detective police when we put them into blinkers, and will not let them see beyond the straight line of their one beat and the open street? If we want them to be more acutely trained, we must give them more facilities for learning; if we want them to catch criminals, we must give them more means of detection. As things are, it is too much to expect of them second-sight and the *clairvoyance* of "sensitives." With a floating, unregistered, and absolutely free population, ebbing and flowing like the tides, coming no one knows whence, no one knows how, going no one knows where nor when—how can an astute murderer be discovered, one who has evidently thought out the whole subject and calculated the chances of fortuitous detection against the long odds of systematic *laissez-faire*? If he is a foreigner, he has an absolutely free hand ; if he is a native, whatever his past may have been, failing a ticket-of-leave, the police have no business with him.

Here Mrs. Lynn Linton is, of course, not acquainted with the conditions of the Habitual Criminals Act, or chooses to ignore them ; but, notwithstanding its good intentions, and the efforts of Sir Edmund Du Cane and others to keep more perfectly in view those who are known to the police and suspect, still, in practice, things stand pretty much as Mrs. Lynn Linton puts them. We must indeed pay for our deep aversion to coercion and centralisation ; and one item of the long bill is the existence of such a large number of criminals or suspects at large, in one shape or another, without supervision, to prey upon the community.

The social problem, therefore, becomes only more complicated, and is by no means rendered clearer. The public should be more than ever interested in the matter, and if possible enlightened ; so that the men who are dealing at close quarters with our lapsed population should have behind them the uplifting force of a strong and well-formed public opinion. Doctrinaires and theorists are by no means wanting in this as in other fields : but it is only prudent common sense and good judgment, enlightened by acquaintance with the facts, that can really be helpful and influential in the direction that we mean. To aid in this result, though even in a very slight measure, we purpose, with some recent prison reports and Mr. Tallack's well-meant, if somewhat discursive volume—"Penological and Preventive Principles"—in our hand, to discuss

some leading questions connected with the subject, and also to indicate by the way some results of a series of visits recently paid to all the most important prisons in the kingdom. We shall take as our starting-point the long-vexed question between the Howard Association and the Prisons Board as to cellular and solitary confinement *versus* associated prison labour in its many forms.

Mr. Tallack, as the mouthpiece of the Howard Association, contends for a system of absolutely solitary confinement—in the case even of "convicts" extending throughout the whole term of their sentence. The argument used in favour of this style is that, under associated labour in any form whatever, corruption of the men by each other is inevitable. From a theoretical point of view doubtless this is a good plan, but from the practical side, we fear, it is simply impossible. First of all, unless all the work of kitchen, bakery, wash-house, &c., is to be done by hired servants, you *must* associate a certain number of convicts to do these essential services for the prisons, and certainly these cannot be done in the cells. Secondly, such labour as can be accomplished in cells is at once the least remunerative, and that which must interfere most directly with industries outside—weaving, mat-making, shoemaking, tailoring, and a host of other handicrafts, in which machinery and the division of labour have done most to reduce the margin of profits. Thirdly, it has been found that the human constitution will not stand the strain made upon it by any such system of isolation as can be really effective in preventing chances of corruption as alleged, especially in long sentences of penal servitude. Fourthly, the practical result is that, on discharge, the man who has been kept for years in a cell, seeing no one but warder, chaplain, and doctor, is less able to fight his way amongst others, and to take his part in associated work, than the man who has worked alongside of others during, at all events, the later stages of his imprisonment.

To show how utterly impossible it is to carry out the solitary confinement principle in its integrity, the writer of this article in 1875, in a tour of visits to prisons, turned into Devonport and spent some time there in the gaol. This gaol was one of the most praised by Mr. Tallack, constantly referred to and cited by him as a model prison, where the best method was practised, and the best results obtained from the cellular system. And what did the writer find there? Men in bands or gangs working in association in kitchen, in bakery, and wash-house, and in the execution of repairs about the building. As to the wash-house, not only were the prison clothes washed there, but washing was taken in from other institutions, and for ships in

port. On asking for an explanation of this in the light of Mr. Tallack's remarks oft repeated, the answer was simply such as was expected. The worthy governor of Devonport gaol, Mr. Edwards, could not afford to neglect all chances of making his prisoners as nearly as he could self-supporting. That was made more and more impossible the more strictly the cellular system was adhered to. The expenses of wardership must be increased in the constant conveyance of tools, materials, &c., to and from the cells, with the additional disadvantage that health can hardly be so well maintained in the case of men who sleep in a contracted area where they also work, and work too at crafts which are especially dust and dirt creating. Again, exercise is a most important matter; and as the eye has a language, and signs are very efficient between the members of the class from which the prison population are drawn, on the strict cellular system each man should be separately exercised, with a warder to watch him. It will thus be seen at once that you would need almost as many warders as prisoners, as well as an almost boundless area of separate exercising grounds; and that the discipline of that moral influence, the exhibition of which is as remarkable as anything connected with the prison system, namely, the government and direction of one hundred men, many of them of the worst types of humanity, say by nine or ten men, would be lost in its salutary effects in many directions, as to infusing discipline, sense of order, moral and physical superiority, &c.

To show how far a writer may allow himself to be partial, we find Mr. Tallack giving a prisoner's testimony to this effect: "My convict life was a hell upon earth, through vile prisoners and spiteful warders. I complained of my associates, *and begged repeatedly for a cell apart from them.* This was refused, and I was told association was a part of my punishment." Now, this must refer either to a very remote period or to some special and exceptional position. Every convict enjoys the luxury of a cell of his own, in which he rests and sleeps and eats; and it is well known that one of the greatest difficulties is to prevent them from communicating by signs from cell to cell. The ingenuity used to defeat all the watchfulness of governors and warders in this way is astonishing. But a convict at any of the prisons enjoys absolute seclusion from seven at night till six in the morning, with intervals amounting to an hour and a half through the day. Within certain limits, he can have what books he pleases to ask for from the library; and, though no pens or paper are allowed save when he has earned his right to correspond with his friends, he has a slate on which, if so inclined, he could exercise in some

measure any literary faculty he has. Many prison rhymes—some of them marked by unexpected force and tenderness—we have copies of, which in this way first found their record: memory did the rest.

The only exception to this is in the infirmaries, where convicts suffering from certain serious diseases are put in wards in association, because it was found that in such cases separation was an intensifier of the disease, and association in some cases nothing short of a medicine.

Much more true to the facts is the confession of a prisoner who was next day to go out on his ticket-of-leave from Dartmoor prison, whom we saw only the other week, and with whom the governor allowed us to converse, a kind of privilege accorded only in such circumstances, and to a well-behaved prisoner. He was a young man, arrayed in blue serge, of the special class, his beard and whiskers grown, and with little of the look of a convict—well-featured, intelligent, and fairly well-educated. On being asked if he had any complaints to make he said that he had none—only some difficulty about some special light-labour allowance which, on some exceptional and technical ground, he had not yet learned that he was to receive, though he thought himself entitled to it; but he had been well-fed, well-clad, and had enjoyed good health, and had not failed to benefit by the schoolmaster and the library. "I believe," he said, in answer to another question, "that a man, if he is careful and behaves himself, and does his best, can get on in prison just as he can in the world outside." He added, with none of the pretended innocence of the old hand, that his one desire on reaching home was to work hard if he could but get work, and to do all that in him lay to retrieve the past;" and the little that we could do was willingly done to aid him in this.

This man's remark, about it being possible to get on in prison just as in the world outside, is the true version of the facts. The whole system, as it has been improved and developed under the direction of Sir Edmund Du Cane, has had in view to reduce the purely penal element, to educate the men to self-reliance, self-respect, and, as far as it could be done consistently, to make the men, as it were, the architects of their own fortunes here as elsewhere, as indeed there could be no chance of comparison or emulation in the same sense. This result could not be reached under any form of cellular imprisonment. Convict prison life, in this respect, is an image of the mighty world, and the qualities that tell in ordinary life finally tell here too. Good temper, self-control, the habit of obedience, and the power of looking to ulterior and deferred benefits, are the

secrets of success, and pretty well all that the heads of the prisons have been able to do has been done in this direction.

The pressure of the problem lies exactly here. Solitary or cellular imprisonment has no sort of likeness to any kind of life outside. In removing a man so entirely from communication with his kind, you necessarily stunt certain elements in his nature. Even if on the moral side you reform him, you weaken his adaptability, his powers of meeting and mixing with others. Goethe said that those who kept apart from the world were sure to misjudge it, and become unfit to act in it, and to exercise their talents to any advantage ; and this would apply with the fullest force to the better and most deserving of the poor men who find themselves in a convict prison.

The broad results of our convict prison system are that, in the various stages, the well-conducted men gain for themselves all the privileges they enjoy over their more depraved, unmanageable, or less fortunate fellows. How this has been attained will perhaps be best seen by a hurried glance at the system from first to last.

Every convict, on being taken from court, is conveyed to one or other of what are called solitary prisons, of which Wormwood Scrubs is at present the typical pattern. Here, for the first nine months, the prisoner works alone in his cell at such industry as he is capable of and can be so pursued. At first the most uninteresting form of the work is given to him ; but if he is industrious he may soon improve his circumstances. His nine months completed, he proceeds to an associated labour prison ; to heavy labour or to light labour, according to the doctor's report on his physical condition, which also, within certain limits, determines his dietary. Heavy labour, as pursued at Chatham, Portland, or Dartmoor, in its first stage consists in excavating earth for the basins of docks or for the foundations of buildings or piers, in quarrying, or in the more trying manual departments of agriculture, with the spade or the pick—several thousands of acres of worthless moorland having been thus reclaimed on Dartmoor. If well-behaved, after a certain period he is at liberty to petition to be engaged in more interesting skilled labour, or to take up his original trade, if a blacksmith, or a carpenter, or tinsmith (for prison vessels are constantly wanted or need repairing), or if without a trade he may choose the trade which he would prefer to learn.[1] If his record is good his name is put down for the opening in succession. Once started in this, all that he

[1] Light labour consists of tailoring, shoemaking, sewing hammocks for the navy, or making bags for the Post Office and such work, and the same principle of marks &c. applies to it.

makes in excess of a certain number of marks, which are reckoned up and accredited to him each day, carry with them a fixed money-value ; and if he keeps clear of such offences as imply a sacrifice of these (the most common of which are talking to fellow-convicts, insolence to officers, insubordination or disobedience to orders), he is really laying by a small amount week by week to stand him in good stead, and start him in life when he is a free man again. His marks as they gather advance him from class to class, each of which carries some additional privileges, as in extended choice as to food, more frequent writing of letters and receipt of letters, and the receiving of more visits of friends ; and each class carries its own badge, till finally the man is advanced to what is called the special class (clad in blue serge), when the period of imprisonment is within a few months of termination, and when the date of discharge under ticket-of-leave is fixed.

These special-class men are, in many instances, allowed comparative freedom, working alone often in remote parts of the grounds, their temptation to ill-behaviour or to escape being reduced to a minimum, as they would sacrifice all the benefits they had won, as well as the money earned, would lose their class and their marks, and be compelled, on being captured, to work out the original term of sentence. The fact is, they seldom or never try to run away. When Major Arthur Griffiths began to build Wormwood Scrubs prison, all that had been already done by outside labour was merely the erection of a wooden fence by no means high round the site, and the setting up of some corrugated iron huts for the men to sleep in. The first labourers consisted of these special-class men, and of selected men of the first class, who did all the initial work on that beautiful piece of prison architecture, in which the chapel is really a finished specimen of the builder's art, and entirely the work of convicts.

The ticket-of-leave is the final development of this principle in our system. The man then becomes a prisoner at large—on his parole, so to say—he must report himself regularly either to the police or to the Discharged Prisoners Aid Society, under whose charge and surveillance he has elected to be placed. Whatever may be urged in detail against the ticket-of-leave system, it is the consistent development of the principle which, as we hold, lies at the basis of the whole scheme—which is, as far as may be, to make punishment reformatory, and to re-establish men in habit and character by making them feel that to a great extent their fate is in their own hands.

Only one exception has to be noted ; the "lifers," as they are

called, that is, men who have received a sentence of penal servitude for life, cannot rise into the special class, because the period they have still to serve can never be determined; a special warrant of the Home Secretary, which is most often acted on at once, being necessary to their discharge. But, except in this particular, the "lifers" have the same inducements to good conduct: lighter work, better rations, and the gradual accumulation of good reports, which alone would give force to any petition for discharge to the Home Secretary, after twenty years of imprisonment.

Every benefit, every advance made by a convict, is thus won by his own industry, steadiness, and good conduct generally. In the language of Scripture, "To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken even that which he hath." This is most literally true, and especially of the recalcitrant convicts. They never earn their right to advances, and are kept on the hardest labour, have no choice in the matter of diet. The lightest form of punishment is to have a certain number of marks taken away; the next to be put on bread and water for twenty-four hours or forty-eight, or even for three days in a penal cell—less attractive than the ordinary cells, but now seldom totally or nearly dark as in days not long gone by. These punishments are in the power of the governor; anything beyond that—birching, flogging, &c.—must only be awarded by the directors, and this must wait till their next visit. In looking on a gang of convict labourers at the heaviest work—excavating clay or quarrying—you are sure to see here and there a man with one side of his clothes black or yellow. The black-leg is the man who has assaulted a warder or made a murderous attack on some fellow-convict; the yellow-legged man is one who has attempted to escape. Sometimes they are seen labouring in irons. These are the men that exercise all the concern of the officers. They are desperate men in most cases; having lost hope, they are defiant and reckless, and cannot be trusted; and as they cannot be trusted, doubtless sometimes they do suffer what really appears to them injustice. In listening to the stories of discharged prisoners it would indeed be necessary to have their prison records before one in order to weigh and judge their statements faithfully; and these records are sometimes very ponderous affairs—one in especial we remember to have seen, that of a certain C—— J—— who had begun a career of crime at the age of nine years; and who had been, with only short intervals, in prison ever since. He had been flogged times without number, and punished in all ways, yet nothing seemed to have the least effect upon him.

It thus comes about, and it is a necessity of the case, that while towards the end of the time all is done that can be done to efface the prison mark from the well-behaved, all is done that can be done to maintain it on those who have been found incorrigible in prison. And rightly so, because the presumption is that they will again and speedily lapse into crime; therefore, for the sake of society, everything is done to mark them out to the police and to render identification easy. To restore as great a proportion of prisoners as possible to ordinary life, fitted to act as better men than they were before, is the great aim of the prison authorities; they are schooled, taught trades, receive bounties on work and on good behaviour. On one side the system is reformatory and deterrent, not penal or revengeful; and that it becomes, or seems to become so on another side, is due to a certain proportion of the material dealt with being simply corrupt and utterly unreformable. In some details, no doubt, the treatment of convicts might still be improved; but it is only justice to recognise what are clearly the aims of the men who constitute the Prisons Board, and these are distinctly philanthropic, though their philanthropy is and must be qualified by much stern practical experience.

The existence of Discharged Prisoners Aid Societies in all the leading centres, and the complete sympathy felt towards them by the Prisons Board, is in itself the best proof of what we have said. The prisoners are encouraged to put themselves under these societies, and so avoid the disadvantages that accrue to a man seeking employment with the police, so to say, at his heels; and so long as a discharged convict behaves himself and keeps *en rapport* with the society, he remains practically untroubled by the police. And surely that is a great gain, giving the man who means to work his way back to an honest and respectable life something like a chance amid the frightful competition that marks the labour market in almost every department in our day.

In the Report of the Directors of Convict Prisons just issued—in fact, since the bulk of this article was written—Dr. Gover, the Medical Inspector of Convict Prisons, has published a very remarkable memorandum on separate confinement. He presents in lucid style arguments in favour of a reconsideration of this matter, and advances many facts and figures in favour of separate confinement for long periods. He essays to prove that the allegations of ill-health and insanity accruing from the system hardly have the basis supposed; and he is inclined to advocate seriously a return to this plan. It is difficult to resist the arguments of such an able and experienced

authority, with grasp of all the facts ; but, at all events, *some* of the difficulties in practical detail, which we have urged, remain in effect the same. (1) Separate confinement is a less natural condition of life than associated labour ; (2) it is impossible to carry it out in its integrity; (3) it is hardly possible that it could be re-introduced without great cost at the outset ; and (4) a probability that, under it, the prisons would be much further from being self-supporting permanently.

Mr. Tallack's demand for a more exhaustive and careful classification of prisoners is one which seems to us to have much more of practical reason in it than some of his other positions. And yet he hardly does justice to what has been already achieved in this respect in our prisons, especially convict prisons. So utterly without truth are the bulk of the class who constitute our prison population, that no reliance can be placed on any statement they may make concerning themselves ; and any attempt at a very hard-and-fast system would soon suffer defeat at more than one point from this source if not from others. Here is one proof and illustration of it, perhaps from an unexpected point. Portsmouth is the only convict prison where there is a Jewish synagogue and a Jewish rabbi, with regular ministration and proper observance of all the feasts and fasts, &c. There are a good many feasts and fasts which entitle the offending true son of Israel to exemption from labour, besides the enjoyment of two Sundays in every week ; and it is not wonderful that sometimes astute criminals of a certain type should wish to be ranked as Jews. There is a very fine service, with very good singing at Portsmouth, as our ears have borne witness, and really the Jews' confinement there, with so many favourable exemptions from the hard lot of Christians, can scarcely be so unpleasant as to render it really penal. The cookery, too, is specially done, and well attended to, and if there are fasts the food accumulates ! Among the claimants to the rights of Jewry some years ago was one who occasioned a great deal of trouble. The Rabbi examined him and rejected him, but the man appealed. The Rabbi was firm, however ; he had not been circumcised. His term was short, and he was by-and-by discharged. Before long he was in gaol again, at Lewes, if we mistake not, and there he was accepted as a Jew and enjoyed all the customary immunities. Once more he returned to Portsmouth, under another name, and insisted on his rights as a Jew, urging that he had been so accepted in Lewes gaol ; but although the Rabbi had meanwhile been changed, he was identified, and, in spite of very clever answers and devices, he was here thrust out of the synagogue. This little incident suffices to illustrate the difficulties of classifying prisoners.

Here is another instance, perhaps from a point not so unexpected. We were recently privileged to sit beside the governor of a convict prison while he was hearing the daily "reports." These mainly consist of charges from warders of insolence, insubordination, refusals to labour, or disobedience, on the part of convicts. The penal record of each prisoner is put before the governor as his case comes up. It is scarcely credible, but it is a fact, that about one half of the men on that day told bare-faced lies, and sometimes stuck to them, with the contrary evidence as to the fact in the clearest writing before the governor's eyes. You cannot believe one word the bulk of them say. The only exceptions are the cases of the well-reared unfortunates, who have made a step in thoughtlessness or passion, and these are but a handful of the whole.

The only principles of hard-and-fast classification available would depend too much on the prisoner's own statements at the outset. Instead of this, the principle of Sir Edmund Du Cane is gradually to make the prisoners classify themselves. This, in nearly all respects save one; and in it we gladly perceive a great advance. This is the formation of what is called a "star" class—that is, men who, according to the best evidence available, have never before been convicted of any serious offence. These are, from the first, kept by themselves; are, in fact, mostly in one prison at Dover, and are thus removed from contact with the old gaol-birds and their bad influence. One other line there is, which is rigidly observed—men who have been guilty of rape and similar offences are as much as possible kept apart from men whose offences have only been theft, or embezzlement, or breach of trust. All this is in the right direction; and, after some consideration of the subject, and some study of criminals and prisons, our opinion is that it would be very easy to carry a ready-made classification too far. As it is, black sheep, as we understand, have sometimes stolen into the "star" class, for it is a peculiarity of the criminal that he can convince himself that he is an innocent man, and can easily disown all former offences, if not even the offence which he is practically compelled to admit—the latest one.

One most peculiar thing in Mr. Tallack's scheme is that, while he is a thorough-going humanitarian, he would shorten sentences and make them more sharp and severe. He would, in many cases, give a man two years instead of five (and by the oddest method of proceeding by leaps and bounds, there is no sentence between the two), but he would give him a plank-bed, and would birch or flog him now and then. Speaking of certain crimes of violence, for which a sen-

tence of five and ten years' penal servitude is now given, he says : " By the infliction of from six months to two years of cellular separation, combined, in certain cases, with a series of whippings, not brutal flesh-mangling floggings, but sharp skin-stinging whippings, these criminals would be made to suffer a punishment which would far exceed, in intensity and disagreeableness to themselves, the five, seven, ten, or more years of comparatively lax and social penal servitude now awarded to some of them."

Penal servitude is severe and unjust when it suits Mr. Tallack's argument, " lax and social " also when it suits him. But men of the type of C—— J—— do not seem to be reformed by many and repeated birchings and floggings, and the presumption is that they would only spend a few more intervals of licence and crime abroad were Mr. Tallack's principle accepted. And we do fear that if Mr. Tallack were in every case to see and to study the prison records of the men to whose complaints he listens, he would very often be compelled to lessen his sympathy, his assurance of reform, even by short, sharp imprisonments, with birchings and floggings, and to doubt of the wisdom of his own proposal.

But here once more extremes meet. The very men with whom Mr. Tallack would be most at war—the military disciplinarian prison governors, who regret that the triangle and the lash cannot be brought out at their own sweet will—are here on his side, and not a few sighs we have heard at the loss of good influence through the time which, under the present system, is given to the criminal ruffian to wait and prepare for his punishment.

The associated principle, whatever may be its drawbacks, has the decided advantage of proving, in a definite and impressive way, what a little drill and a little industry can do to lick the riffraff of humanity into shape. Let any one curious on this matter, or doubtful, procure from the Prisons Board a pass to see Chatham or Portsmouth, and stand in the main yard as the gangs come marching in at mid-day from their labour. Close, compact, and steady they come, their tramp that of a regiment; the warders issuing their calls, as, with their party, they near the governor or his deputy who accompanies us, and only when the men open out that they may be the more easily searched (lest any stray utensil might be secreted about them) do we fully recognise that many of these are criminals of the deepest dye we are looking on. And then, when the civil guard—the men who with rifles walk as sentries on the outside of the spaces where the men are at work—gather at the distance from point to point to form a respectable little detachment, do we understand how it is possible

to employ such men in such labour—labour that does yield some result, and can be reckoned up and set against the cost of maintenance.

Such a sight as is to be witnessed in the great quarry at Portland, where nearly 300 convicts are engaged in the various processes connected with blasting, hewing, and polishing stone, once seen is not likely to be forgotten. It is not to be wondered at that the late governor, Mr. Clifton, found it needful to erect at the side furthest from the building a high wall to shut out the spectacle from the gaze of sightseers, who on holidays flocked out from Weymouth to gaze down on the prisoners in the quarry as at some raree-show. Even now they may be seen struggling to mount to the highest point of some vantage-ground to gain a stolen peep over the wall. Lines of rails run from point to point, crossing and re-crossing each other, to make easy the conveyance of the immense blocks as required. The ring of picks and chisels is incessant—the rattle of waggon wheels scarcely less so. The music of the industrial march is heard here unceasing, insistent, clamorous, yet with a kind of rhythm in it softened by distance. One of the chief warders, when we were there recently, told us that the line of the quarry had only in twenty years been run back some four yards, though tens of thousands of tons of stone had been procured. Much of it has been used in the erection of public buildings in London and elsewhere. Under the genial conduct of so able, experienced, and intelligent an officer as Mr. Corbett, the present deputy-governor, the sight is deeply instructive and suggestive as well as startling. As you stand there, you are moved as no result of free labour could possibly move you—the mind reverts to the grim social problems that lie behind all; and, as you look, admiration of method and order is suffused with an indefinable sense of regret and pity.

Much the same has to be said of the quarrying and stone-working of Dartmoor, where the grim granite is made to take on something of the soft touch of art. There we saw on our last visit a beautiful Jubilee monument, which the more skilled convicts had recently finished, to be set up in front of the Duchy Hotel at Princetown—a support for a lamp—the four faces beautifully worked in tasteful design, and with the name "VICTORIA" and some other words admirably cut on the front face of it. Loyalty does not seem to perish altogether under the smart of satisfying justice, for there were taste and skill, and some degree of artistic feeling. And peculiar in some respects were the feelings stirred by turning away, and, in a few minutes' time, finding ourselves among convicts busy in the most

pastoral of all employments—some tending herds of kine and milking them, others busy in harvesting grass and corn ; while, on lifting the eye and looking out to the dim distance, groups were seen in the remote fields busily employing the hoe or the rake.

But in those departments of convict labour which are most conducive to health and most apt to suggest pleasant associations, there is, perhaps, the slightest prospect of profit. Such land as is open to experiments like this, and suited for it, is not of the kind that can speedily be bounteous in yield. If convicts are to work incessantly in the open, in spite of warder and civil guard, practically like free labourers, you must transport them to barren wilds and remote wildernesses. Society demands as much in its own interest. The land at Dartmoor, of which over three thousand acres has been reclaimed, is so peaty, boggy, and poor, that it demands as it were continuous reclamation, always threatening to go back to its old condition, illustrating well Mr. Darwin's doctrine of reversion and degeneration. But in such a fight with the elements you have the chance of developing, at least in the better class of convicts, such rude health, and such quality of endurance, as could hardly be expected under a long-continued cellular confinement.

The problem, indeed, is not easy. There are many elements in it. Confine too much, and you cannot but weaken and dispirit men. Cellular confinement for over two years—imagine what it must be, what it must imply ! It might be a sharp and stern punishment enough, even without the sharp, skin-stinging whippings of Mr. Tallack, but some proportion of your prisoners would infallibly sicken and die, and you would have full infirmaries, which would be all expense and no return in labour or otherwise. And what applies here to men, applies with still greater force to women, for reasons which any reflective person can understand. If not, a visit to Woking will, we think, be convincing. Prisons can never, indeed, be made completely self-supporting, and this because of one reason : you must either limit the work-hours well within that of free labourers' work, or you must have reliefs of warders. Drive your convicts too hard, and you must drive your warders too hard also, and exhaust and prematurely age them. The security for the convicts not being overworked lies in the very necessity of maintaining your staff of warders in fairly good condition and efficiency. Prisons, for these and various other reasons, we can hardly ever hope to see made fully self-supporting ; but the fair way to view that side of the subject was well put to us recently by an officer in responsible position. "You must keep your prisoners anyhow ; and whatever they may be

made to earn is pure gain, and ought to be viewed in this light in justice to Prisons Board and executive. It is clearly the interest of all concerned that they should be made to earn as much as possible." "Money answereth all things," says the good old Book; and even on this score, we fear that the argument of fact is on the side of associated as against solitary labour.

With regard to gaols or local prisons, in which men and women are confined for periods ranging from a few days to two years, a strict classification is impossible under any principle other than mere length of sentence. The majority sent there are for short periods; the community is thus constantly changing. Very slight must be the intercourse that can take place; the formation of acquaintanceship is almost out of the question. The officials of the prisons are alive to the necessity of speedily separating those who may before have known each other or give signs of becoming familiar with each other, and beyond this—a subject which must be left to the discretion of individual officers—you can hardly go with safety or with the likelihood of beneficial results.

For much the same reasons it is here, in most cases, impossible to do much in instructing the prisoners in industrial pursuits as in the convict prisons. The period is, in the bulk of cases, too short. Hence the necessity for maintaining some of the old forms of labour—oakum-picking and the treadmill. The crank—that cruellest, because utterly unproductive form of punishment—has now almost vanished from all our prisons, save military prisons. The treadmill is not much favoured by the most intelligent prison governors: (1) because it is a most inequitable form of punishment; (2) because it is inevitably a source of acquaintanceship. The men are a quarter of an hour on the wheel, and five minutes off for rest, and that five minutes is, in some respects, a "dreadful five minutes" in the way of harm done. And though it may not be generally known that this odd form of associated labour is utilised for the pumping up of water or the grinding of wheat (as at Pentonville), the general opinion is that this could be better done otherwise. As to the inequality, it is no punishment to the old gaol-birds, who are up to the exact kind of step needed, and can take it very easy—the very class that most demand punishment; whereas it does come very hard on all first offenders, who strain and struggle, and often permanently hurt themselves in the first week or two.

The grand line of distinction is between boys and men; all under sixteen years of age are boys, and rigidly kept by themselves; all over sixteen are counted as men, and must be together in certain

kinds of work and at exercise. But the discretion and the judgment of governor and warders, so far as we could see, was well exercised in dealing with exceptional cases, and no little care and attention given to making inquiries about wives and relations.

A thoughtful book has recently been issued on crime and prisons from the press of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, in which many valuable statistics are given.[1] The author, W. L. Gordon Rylands, B.A., is independent enough to formulate some plans of his own, and he deals somewhat severely with the present system as equally failing on its deterrent and its reformatory side. He would fain adopt a system of marks, and would, in fact, do away with definite sentences as to length of imprisonment altogether, making that to depend absolutely on the earning of so many marks. He is even in favour of a system under which the convict would earn by marks, as representing a certain amount of work, all his food beyond what is necessary to keep him from sheer starvation. No doubt, as a matter of theory, this is all very well; but while Mr. Rylands is very severe on the present staff of our prisons—more especially the under-warders—as being inefficient, and in too many cases unworthy, he seeks to institute a system under which this very staff would have new and most responsible duties put upon it. The assessment in marks of the value of a man's daily work is one of the most difficult matters which the warders in public-works prisons, at all events, have to do at the present moment, and it would be a hundredfold heavier were the character of each man's diet to depend upon the daily register. Were any such scheme as Mr. Rylands argues carried into effect, we venture to say that it would simply be fonnd unworkable in practice. Has Mr. Rylands considered why it is that a better class of men are not found for warders? It is simply because the duties are so onerous, so responsible, so full of risk, and because they are, on the whole, so poorly paid. He seeks to introduce a system which would either add at least fifty per cent. on the warder's work—not to speak of the addition to that of the higher officials—or necessitate the employment of reliefs: either way you would have new difficulties to face. In the preliminary stages of penal servitude, at all events, you would find that you could not escape injustice in whatever way you turned yourself. The poor clerk with muscles undeveloped would fare worse at any form of manual labour whatever than the field labourer; and unless you could find law-copying or such for your clerk to do in prison, he would not stand quite on an equality

[1] *Crime: its Causes and Remedy.* By L. Gordon Rylands, B.A. T. Fisher Unwin.

with others who have done day-labour however much he tried or deserved to do so. At present this inevitable inequality in the work, viewed as punishment, distresses the more thoughtful and sympathetic governor ; he sees it every day, but he is helpless to remedy it ; and it is very, very doubtful if it could be really remedied under any such system as Mr. Rylands proposes. But it is clear that, under any effort to improve prison discipline in this direction, you would inevitably, in the first periods at all events, add greatly to the expense of prisons ; because, under a system by which men could not be classified as to diet otherwise than by the number of marks earned each day, you would need at least one-half more strength in serving the meals. Or would Mr. Rylands go by the week or the month on an elastic system of credit in marks and meals, or stick to the ready-money principle out and out? If a man will not produce, neither should he eat, is, verily, a good maxim in free life, but hard to carry out in a prison. Even as regards bread-and-water punishment, some practical men have come to doubt its policy as regards convicts in public-works prisons at any rate. The men return to labour so exhausted and weak that not unfrequently it is days and weeks before they again get up their working strength. One governor of a large prison we have in our eye, who, after much reflection on the matter, has thus solved the problem in a manner, as he holds, so far satisfactory. His men in the punishment cells get a kind of oatmeal porridge, which is sufficiently nutritious that strength is maintained, but is distasteful to them, and doubly distasteful through its monotony. They like it the less the more frequently they have it, but if taste is not satisfied, the cravings of hunger are or may be, and the man's system is not run down.

But as regards Mr. Rylands's elaborate scheme, we, at all events, do not see how the thing could be done without adding materially to the work of the prison officials and to the cost, and that is not exactly the first step to take to make prisons self-supporting, as Mr. Rylands holds that they should be made. Were it possible so to appeal to the self-interest and sense of future benefit in the prisoners as to secure their complete approval of such a system, that might be a point in your favour ; but you are weighted with a large class who will never be so appealed to ; who lack self-restraint as well as clear views of their own advantages ; and rules in prison, as laws outside, are and must be made in view of the reckless and offending rather than in view of the honest and well-behaved.

And then in widening the area of choice of food, &c., you widen the area of risks. If you permit any latitude of choice in food, &c.

at all, it is most likely that the men will choose, in the bulk of cases, what is in their condition unadvisable, and exciting to desires which it is impossible in any form to gratify, and which, on physiological grounds alone, it is the aim of prison directors and prison governors to subdue. It is all very easy to formulate theories; and the only way to check the well-meant tendency to this is to take, in some measure, the point of view of the man who has day by day to grapple with the simple facts of life and human nature as he finds them. For if it is in general true, it is specially true of men in prison, "if you drive out Nature with a fork, she is sure to return with a knife."

Anything can be made out of opinions and statements of ex-convicts or ex-prisoners. One man says that he and his companions never slept in such good beds, or enjoyed such good fare, or were so cleanly and comfortable, as in prison.[1] Another, such as Wright, the Hoxton burglar, will tell a very different tale. He said to the judge when he last received sentence, "A sentence of penal servitude sends a man to worse than the life of a dog. He would not again endure the horrors he had suffered; and would take the first opportunity to regain his liberty; and if he did not succeed, would go down to his grave like a dog."

The contrasted statements of these classes simply mean, and are the best attestation of the fact, that our prisons are still places of probation; and that, as our convict-friend at Dartmoor said, it was just as possible to do well and to get on in prison as it was outside. In these facts, when properly viewed, are found some things in favour of the present system, alike as regards its reformatory, its humanitarian, and its repressive and deterrent character.

On one other point Mr. Rylands is very decided, though he does not favour us with any very practical suggestions as to the best means of attaining what is desired. He regards all the main results as directing us more and more to the necessity of dealing with the young. That point has exercised many minds in the prison service, as well as out of it. Inheritance of traits and habits accounts for a good deal, as well as influence and personal example, and Mr. Rylands gives many instances in illustration of crime and certain forms of crime running in families, as if the practice of it were a kind of birthright. Sir Edmund Du Cane, in one of his writings, somewhat horrified a certain class of humanitarians by saying, that if all known

[1] "A great many of the prisoners had never slept in such good beds when free men. Men here told me repeatedly—especially men from the agricultural districts—that they were better fed and had better beds in prison than they ever had in their lives before."—*Five Years of Penal Servitude*, p. 169.

criminal women could only be taken and kept in durance vile during a certain portion of their lives, and the children they already had made "Children of the State," it would be a great step gained. Sir Walter Crofton actually started a "Refuge for the Children of Criminals" at Winchester. The words and the actions of such men are in the fullest harmony with the experience of such ladies as Mrs. Meredith, who have devoted themselves to aid and to reform women discharged from prison. But any really effective and practical scheme, that will do more than merely touch the outer fringe of the great problem, we have not yet listened to, and we are sorry to say we were disappointed in not finding it in Mr. Rylands's book. There is nothing new in the announcement of such a conviction, nor is there anything of the halo of discovery in it. The Rev. Benjamin Waugh (whom, by-the-bye, Mr. Rylands transforms into Mr. Edwin Waugh—a very different man) has done good service in this direction; and his "Gaol Cradle" certainly deserves all the attention it has yet received, and more. He has worked in the most practical manner for the cause.

Our glance at prisons has necessarily been but a glance, and the subject is almost inexhaustible; but we would fain hope that some of our readers may be led to take more interest in the subject than they have hitherto done. The prison population of to-day will be in part a free element of our population to-morrow, and the interest of all and every one is that it should not become a prison population again.

ALEX. H. JAPP.

SCIENCE NOTES.

The Secret of the Snake-charmers.

H. SEWALL describes experiments proving that repeated inoculations of pigeons with sub-lethal doses of rattlesnake venom produce continually increasing power of resisting the fatal action of the poison, without sensibly injuring the health of the pigeons, but the efficiency of this resistance gradually diminishes unless the inoculation be renewed. In some cases the prophylactic effect of repeated inoculations was persistent during five months.

Some time ago I ventured to suggest that the secret of the snake-charmers of India was some method of inoculation whereby they rendered themselves proof against the venom of the cobra, &c. The theory that they extract the poison fangs of the snakes has been disproved. They allow themselves to be severely bitten by cobras that they have never previously handled or seen.

This acquisition of such immunity is rendered more probable by the well-known experience of bee-keepers at home. Those who at first suffered severely when stung by bees gradually suffer less and less after successive stinging, until at last nearly all the inflammatory symptoms due to the special poison disappear, and the wound becomes little more troublesome than a simple puncture.

I am aware that the rapidity of the action of snake poisons indicates that their fatal results are due to a purely chemical agent, not to microbia, and that recent researches indicate a resemblance between this poison and the ptomaines, or poisonous alkaloids produced in the course of putrefaction.

This, however, is no proof of the impossibility of such prophylactic inoculation as I suppose to be practised by the snake-charmers, for we are yet in the dark as to whether the microbia connected with the diseases which Jenner, Pasteur, Greenfield, and others have so beneficently combated are the direct or indirect causes of such diseases, whether the active poison is a secretion or excretion from them, or the food upon which their growth and multiplication depend.

My son, who has just read the above, makes a very practical suggestion, viz., that experiments should be made in order to ascer-

tain whether the bee or mosquito sting may serve as a mild prophylactic inoculation against snake-bite. He bases this suggestion upon what he has learned in his Edinburgh medical classes concerning the resemblance between the severe symptoms that sometimes follow a bee-sting and those of mild snake-bites (such as the bite of our common adders). Erichsen says "the venom of a mosquito is very powerful; weight for weight, is probably more so than that of the rattlesnake."

Tobacco Smoke a Disinfectant.

THE experiments of V. Tassinari will rejoice the hearts of many smokers. He cemented together by their wide mouths two glass funnels so as to form a cigar-holder with a large chamber in the middle. In this chamber was suspended from a loop of platinum a small piece of linen. At one end of this cigar-holder was a plug of cotton wool acting as a smoke filter. A cigar was placed in the other end, lighted and smoked *secundum artem*, the mouth of the smoker being attached to the filtering end. By this arrangement the piece of linen was surrounded by a dense cloud of tobacco smoke.

At the end of half an hour, during which three and a half to four grammes (about one-eighth of an ounce) of tobacco was smoked, the chamber was opened and the linen allowed to fall into a test-tube containing fluid gelatine in which were planted colonies of seven varieties of pathogenic microbia, including those of cholera, anthrax (chicken cholera), and pneumonia. In every instance there was a marked delay in the development of these colonies as compared with what occurred in similar test-tubes charged with the same, but not exposed to tobacco smoke ; the development of some was entirely prevented by the smoke. The special constituent of the smoke that has this effect is to be the subject of further investigation.

I venture to suggest a practical application. There is little doubt that contagious diseases are in these days frequently communicated by the aid of railway carriages, especially first-class carriages, seeing that their cushions and padding supply nurseries for microbia, and that invalids usually travel by first class, even those who would take third class if in full health. Therefore at times when dangerous infection prevails, those who are liable to such infection should select smoking carriages, the cloth linings of which have been subjected to a treatment similar to that of the piece of linen suspended in Sig Tassinari's experimental smoking compartment.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

TABLE TALK.

English Habits of Introspection.

WITH nations as with individuals, a habit of introspection may be carried too far. There is a moral as well as a physical hypochondria, and of both the practice of too close self-scrutiny is a symptom if it is not a cause. In no country is this practice so general as it is in England. What is called "the spleen" is a thoroughly English disease. We are rebuked for its possession by our neighbours, and accept the arraignment. "The Spleen" of Matthew Green may almost be regarded as a national poem. With this disease our habits of introspection seem to be closely allied. It is, moreover, a recent growth. Our ancestors, while they were making England, were troubled with no such speculations as now beset us. There was no more doubt among the followers of Drake and Frobisher as to their right to prey upon the commerce of Spain than there was among the soldiers of Wellington as to the fact that one Englishman could beat an indefinite number of Frenchmen. These forms of Chauvinism are now extinct, and the national conscience with a sigh echoes, without regard to its truth or falsehood, the unpatriotic utterance, "They manage these things better in France."

Is London Ugly?

IN itself a habit such as has been mentioned is nearer a virtue than a vice. There is not too much conscientiousness in the world, and the habit of self-disparagement into which we have fallen may possibly lead to an effort at improvement. Like many other things, however, it is wholly hurtful when carried into excess. I am inclined to regard as excessive the accusation of exceptional ugliness which has frequently of late been brought by English writers against London. The crusade against London ugliness is led by a lady for whom I have profound respect and admiration. A resident during a greater portion of her life in the sunny south, especially in Italy, Ouida, accustomed to artistic and atmospheric conditions not elsewhere to be found, inveighs against London, and finds in it little that is not barren and accurst. Now admitting, as I am compelled to admit, that there are miles upon miles of such dinginess and squalor as cannot elsewhere be rivalled, admitting also that the range of ugliness is extending with accelerating rapidity, and that every year sees furlongs of the loveliest country covered with buildings whose mere existence is a reproach, I nevertheless deny that London as a

whole is ugly. Not many weeks have passed since a writer of note, I think it was Mr. Frederic Harrison, said that "in buildings of the highest historical interest London came second only to Rome. This sentiment was approved in a more recent utterance of Mr. John Morley. Accepting the statement as true, I supplement it with a second that is still more startling, viz., that of Northern capitals London with all its drawbacks is the handsomest. There are some Southern capitals, such as Constantinople and Athens, that I have not seen, so I cannot, as I am disposed, make my assertion more sweeping. As regards Northern Europe, however, from Trondhjem to Paris there is not one that can be regarded as even a dangerous rival. Such views as are obtainable from the bridge over the Serpentine and from different points in lower Regent Street, the Mall, and St. James's Park, and even from some points in the City, are simply matchless in their combination of beauties.

An American Estimate of London.

TO fortify me in an opinion I have long held comes the testimony of Mr. Henry James, surely a competent judge if one is to be found. It is long since I have read anything with more pleasure than the paper headed "London," which he has contributed to the *Century* magazine.

A few passages, taken almost at haphazard, and necessarily deprived of their context, will serve to support my own views, and to answer those of Ouida and other contemners of London. Concerning the view from the bridge over the Serpentine, to which I have referred, Mr. James writes, "It has an extraordinary nobleness, and it has often seemed to me that the Londoner twitted with his low standard may point to it with every confidence. In all the town scenery of Europe there can be few things so fine. Elsewhere he says, that in consequence of the "tricks" of the "dense and conscious air," "the Foreign Office, as you see it from the bridge (in St. James's Park), often looks romantic, and the sheet of water it overhangs poetic—suggests an Indian palace bathing its feet in the Ganges." Once more, Mr. Matthews speaks of "the thick, dim distances which, in my opinion, are the most romantic town vistas in the world." With this praise are, of course, coupled many allowances and drawbacks, the greatest of all being the want of elevation which is London's greatest defect. This even we are beginning to conquer. Meantime, for those who prefer the architectural monotony of Paris, or Berlin, or Brussels, and hold the Rue Rivoli handsomer than the Strand, I can but leave them to their heresies. SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE

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THE FLAXEN WIG.

BY J. CRAWFORD SCOTT.

PART I.

MR. BRODRICK ADRIAN, of Emlyn Park, Surrey, was close on fifty when he determined to marry. Hitherto he had lived a life of much seclusion ; though, as he was not morose, and on occasion could display a social disposition, he could not justly be considered a recluse. An ample patrimony, which he had inherited at an early age, had permitted him to lead a life of studious leisure. As he took a first-class when at Christ Church, and had shown considerable debating powers at the Union, many of his friends had anticipated that he would attain to a distinguished place in public life ; but he soon lost all taste for politics, and his retiring disposition kept him from taking an active part in any social or economical questions.

Mr. Adrian was a man of inexpensive habits, and by judicious investments his fortune had greatly accumulated, so that, naturally, as he advanced in years thoughts regarding the ultimate disposal of his wealth sometimes occurred to him. It was probably in consequence of such meditations that he was suddenly seized by the regret that he had not married in early life. But, when he was considering this question, it occurred to Mr. Adrian that he was not yet too old to repair the omission. Many men older than himself, he knew, had married happily, and been blessed with desirable families. The result of these deliberations was that he thought fit to mention to several of his most intimate friends the probability of his entering

the married state if he could find a suitable partner. Those who heard of his intention thought that great good fortune was in store for some lucky young lady, as Mr. Adrian, being only forty-nine, was not outrageously old, and there could be no doubt that he must be enormously wealthy.

As soon as he had fully made up his mind to marry, perhaps as a natural consequence, Mr. Adrian suddenly began to be more particular about his personal appearance. Without being actually slovenly, he had long been somewhat neglectful in the matter of dress. This circumstance was the more remarkable because in his youth he had been something of a dandy. It was, therefore, the easier for him now to employ the good taste that had formerly distinguished his apparel. He found it a different matter, however, when he came to consider the changes which time had wrought in his personal appearance. So devoted had he been to his studious pursuits, and so careless of his looks, that it may be doubted if Mr. Adrian had ever before fully realised the fact that he was perfectly bald. With this one important exception, time had been rather indulgent to him than otherwise. He was erect, and his step was still elastic; he was free from bodily complaint; his teeth were sound, and his complexion was fresh, and retained much of the ruddiness of youth. It was probably Mr. Adrian's comparative ignorance of the world that led him to take an exaggerated view of his chief defect, causing him to believe that it might prove a serious obstacle in the eyes of the lady on whom his choice might fall. Certainly no man in his circumstances, whose knowledge of the world was extensive, would have been likely to entertain such an opinion.

It was while ingenuously musing upon the disadvantages under which he would labour on entering the matrimonial market that Mr. Adrian bethought him of procuring a wig. It is a singular fact that men and women of the utmost probity in all the other affairs of life have no compunction in cheating each other about themselves, even although they are aware that the deceit must ultimately be detected.

The first time he was in London Mr. Adrian accordingly went to his barber and stated his wishes. The barber replied that he would be pleased to make the article he required, but, if he did not mind some additional expense, a wig could be procured for him from a celebrated perruquier in Paris superior to any that could be made in London. Mr. Adrian said that in a matter such as this excellence was the point chiefly to be considered. Measurements were accord-

ingly taken of his head, and memoranda made respecting his complexion and the colour of his whiskers. Then he was told that in about three weeks the wig would arrive from Paris, and would, if approved, be at once forwarded to him. The barber added that if any minute alterations were required he would be pleased to make them, though, such was the skill of the Parisian artist, there was little doubt that the wig would fit perfectly and give great satisfaction.

Mr. Adrian's present state of mind may be judged by the fact that during the next few weeks he awaited with impatience the arrival of the wig. Only a few days after the stated time he received it. When he first opened the box in which it was, it appeared to him to be of too light a shade; but this opinion was soon altered when he tried on the wig, and observed the metamorphosis which he underwent. The change wrought in his appearance was simply marvellous. The wig fitted like a glove, and—to use another rather hackneyed phrase—detection was impossible.

Mr. Adrian was one of those fair, smooth-complexioned men, who, provided they keep their hair upon their heads, retain a youthful appearance till far in middle age. Hitherto he had looked every day of his years, but now he might readily have passed for twenty-nine. Irrespective of the improvement which it wrought in him, the wig was a marvel of skill and also of beauty. The hair, instead of having a stiff, set appearance, as is usual, fell in natural curves, and was crisp and soft as when it grew. Notwithstanding the lightness of the shade, it seemed to accord perfectly with his slight whiskers. He was naturally elated by the striking change produced in his appearance, so that Mr. Adrian not only looked but felt young again.

The fact that he intended to marry had circulated among his friends, and suddenly a shower of invitations fell upon him. Those who had marriageable daughters could scarcely be said to be disinterested in the hospitality which they proffered; but there were others, chiefly middle-aged matrons, who out of sheer kindliness of heart asked Mr. Adrian to their houses, with the intention of aiding him to get a wife, urged also, it may be, by a feminine desire to have a finger in so promising a matrimonial pie. Mr. Adrian would doubtless have accepted one or more of these invitations, and his marriage would in due course have followed in an orthodox and commonplace fashion, but for the singular events which now took place, and which were fated to change his destiny.

Part II.

The day following that on which Mr. Adrian began to wear his wig, after he had lunched, contrary to his wont he felt rather drowsy, and sitting down in an armchair in his library he fell asleep.

He slept for more than an hour, and, on awaking, his face had an almost ecstatic expression of happiness. On catching sight of himself in the mirror over the mantelpiece Mr. Adrian thanked heaven that he was still young enough to enjoy what Victor Hugo has called "the honey of life." It was evident by his radiant look that something unusual had occurred. The fact is that Mr. Adrian had just had a most remarkable dream. Nothing he had ever dreamt before had appeared so vivid and real, or had made upon him so intense an impression, or, it may be added, had filled his heart with such blissful emotions.

Taking into account the nature of the thoughts which were occupying so many of his wakeful hours, it was no more than natural that when asleep he should dream of a lady. But it was no ordinary evanescent vision that had appeared to Mr. Adrian—indeed, no one whom he had ever met in real life had impressed him so strongly, and he did not doubt that in some mysterious fashion he had beheld the counterpart of an actually existing person. The place in which she had appeared to him seemed to be a ball-room in some stately edifice, but amid the splendour of the scene he had been attracted only by her voice and features, which remained indelibly fixed in his mind. So vivid was the impression that he not only believed that the lovely being whom he had seen had a real existence, but hoped that one day, with vigilant, though entranced, senses, he should watch the play of her sympathetic features, and listen to the music of her voice.

Mr. Adrian's life entered a new phase. No more was he troubled with regrets that he had not married earlier, for in that case he might never have found his ideal. The lady who had appeared in his dream seemed to be about twenty-five, and it was with satisfaction that he told himself he was not yet too old to win her heart.

On the following day, at the same time, he had a similar dream. By night, to his regret, he slept as usual. It was clear to him that the lady who occupied nearly all his wakeful moments, and whom he often saw more plainly still when he was asleep, was a person of high rank. The place where he oftenest saw her was a room or hall such as could only belong to some princely dwelling; her appearance and manners were aristocratic; the people among whom she moved had a high-born air, and all her surroundings were of a corresponding

nature. Mr. Adrian congratulated himself on the fact that his own descent and fortune did not render him an ineligible match, even for one who plainly moved in an elevated station. There was one remarkable peculiarity about the dreams, which was that their scene never seemed to be in England; the dress, too, and surroundings were undoubtedly foreign, though of what nationality they might be Mr. Adrian had not sufficient knowledge to determine.

Sometimes the dreams took an exquisite variation. Once he seemed to be walking in a forest with her whom he now deemed his own, for, if he could read her eyes aright, she had given him her heart. They were alone, and hand in hand went beneath the shadows of tall trees. At last they reached an opening in the wood, and beneath them, on a fertile slope, could be seen the outlines of a great chateau, while all the landscape seemed bathed in a mystic light, as though it had been painted by Poussin or Claude Lorraine.

It has been said that Mr. Adrian did not doubt that there was a human counterpart of his visionary love, and ere long he resolved to exert himself in order to find her. He was prepared to spare neither time, labour, nor money in conducting his search. He often regretted that he had no artistic skill, and was, therefore, unable to portray the lovely features imprinted on his heart, as he believed that if he had a portrait it would soon be recognised, seeing that it was impossible for so much beauty to remain unfamed.

One afternoon when, contrary to his wont, he felt no inclination to sleep, a singular circumstance happened, which influenced him as though it had been a direct entreaty to lose no more time ere he began his quest. This afternoon Mr. Adrian had entered his conservatory and cut a few of his choicest flowers, which, he told himself, he would have taken delight in presenting to the object of his affections. Before putting the flowers in a vase he laid them on a small table in his library, and left the room for several minutes. On his return, as he opened the door, he distinctly heard a sigh from within, and on entering he found that the flowers had been moved, though the room was empty, and it was impossible that anyone could have entered during his absence unnoticed by him. Mr. Adrian was much perturbed by this incident, and felt almost as if he had been reproached for his dilatoriness in beginning his search; but he now resolved to delay no longer, and he was prepared, if necessary, to seek through every country of the world her whom he was eager to find, and he had determined not to cease till he was successful.

Part III.

The evening before his departure Mr. Adrian invited the Rev. Thomas Charlton to dine with him. He had made Mr. Charlton's acquaintance at Christ Church, and when the living of Fairmile fell vacant he presented it to his old college friend. Though no estrangement had arisen between squire and parson, during the last few years there had been much less social intercourse than at one time. When calling at the vicarage a few weeks before this, Mr. Adrian had communicated with some diffidence to Mr. Charlton and his wife the tidings that he was contemplating marriage, and they were both overjoyed to learn the fact.

There was, of course, no ceremony between the old college friends, and when Mr. Charlton received a request in the morning to dine at the Manor-house that evening, he at once accepted the invitation, and sent a message to his curate to inform the members of an industrial society in the course of formation that the meeting in connection with it, which was to have been held that night, would be postponed till the next.

It was easy for Mr. Charlton to perceive during dinner a change for the better in his host's manner, which reminded him more than once of the early days of their friendship. Mr. Adrian was also rejuvenated by the wig, so that the clergyman was, on the whole, slightly bewildered by the new character in which his patron appeared to him. It was only natural that Mr. Adrian should be elated, because now, on the eve of his departure, he did not doubt that fortune, which had excited his hopes in a manner so singular, would also guide him to their realisation, bringing him a happiness far beyond the highest expectations of his past life.

After dinner Mr. Adrian informed his guest that he was going away next morning with the object of bringing about if possible the important matter of which he had recently spoken to him. "I hope," added Mr. Adrian, "that when I next see you there will be reason for you to congratulate me."

"So you are off to-morrow—Cœlebs in search of a wife!" laughed the vicar; "I envy you. You must feel, and indeed you look, young again. I trust," continued the vicar, in a more earnest tone, "that you will make a choice which will greatly contribute to your happiness and comfort. There are many ladies, now——"

"I have already chosen," interrupted Mr. Adrian; "there is only one lady in the world whom I can desire to be my wife."

The vicar looked at his host in surprise. It was only about two

weeks before that he had heard Mr. Adrian express with much diffidence the difficulties he expected to encounter in finding a suitable partner, and he had not been from home since then. It was scarcely possible, the vicar thought, that Mr. Adrian could meanwhile have fallen in love with any of the young ladies in the parish, not certainly because they were destitute of attractions, but because he had seen them all grow up from their infancy. Besides, Mr. Adrian had just told him that he was about to leave home in connection with his marriage.

"Let us have a cigar, Charlton," said Mr. Adrian, noticing his guest's perplexed look. They then went to the library together, and standing by the fire Mr. Adrian told the astonished vicar all about the dreams and visions that had recently been haunting him. Mr. Charlton was a thoroughly practical man, with no superstition about him and very little imagination. His surprise kept him silent for several minutes after Mr. Adrian finished speaking; the vicar's eyes were bent upon the floor, and he seemed to avoid looking at his host.

At last he said, "The only tangible matter you have related—I mean the only thing which may not be accounted for naturally—is what you have told me about the flowers. Now I think that when you opened the door a current of air, especially if one of the windows was up, might explain the sound you heard."

"A window was open," returned Mr. Adrian; "but you surely give me credit for the ability to distinguish between the sound of a rush of wind and a human sigh!"

"At all events," suggested the vicar in a mollifying tone, "might not an air blowing from the window account for the disturbance of the flowers?"

"No," was the curt reply; and then Mr. Adrian continued, "I know the difference between wind-scattered flowers and flowers that have been tenderly handled, and perchance caressed!" Mr. Charlton glanced at the speaker furtively, and again bent his eyes upon the floor. He was silent, but his host's words had evidently impressed him deeply.

"What is your opinion regarding what I have told you?" asked Mr. Adrian. "My reason for taking you into my confidence was that I might ask your advice."

"You are imposing a difficult and somewhat delicate task upon me," replied the vicar.

"Give me your candid opinion," said Mr. Adrian; "I start to-morrow on my search for the lady who has thus mysteriously

manifested herself. Do you think that my difficulty in finding her will be great?"

"For our old friendship's sake, no less than because I think it my duty, I shall tell you what I think, even at the risk of offending you."

"That is what I wish; and do not fear that I shall take offence, provided you tell me the truth."

"Very good. You must pardon me, then, if I tell you that I believe you to be labouring under an hallucination, which is doubtless due not only to your solitary mode of life, but to the momentous step which you have lately been contemplating, and which has naturally been occupying much of your thoughts."

"In other words," observed Mr. Adrian coolly, "you think that I am not prefectly sane."

"Not precisely that," said the vicar, withdrawing his eyes from his host, and once more fixing them on the floor; "you misapprehend my meaning. On general matters, I am confident that you are as sane as I am; but you must excuse me for thinking that on one point—I refer to the fair sex—you are at present, perhaps, just a little——not so sensible, I might say, as could be wished."

Mr. Adrian inclined his head and smiled sardonically; but the vicar was not looking at him, and proceeded—

"You have asked my advice, and you shall have it. No harm has occurred yet, but such fancies as those you have narrated to me, in my opinion, indicate some degree of weakness in the constitution, and one hallucination, I understand, often leads to another. So, ere the matter goes any further, I strongly recommend you to consult some eminent specialist, who will doubtless benefit you by his advice."

"In other words, you advise me to go to a 'mad-doctor.'"

"Not exactly that. But there are certain physicians who have devoted their lives to mental ailments and peculiarities, and you might derive benefit from their advice and treatment."

"May I ask if you have noticed any other peculiarities besides that to which you have already alluded?"

The vicar glanced involuntarily at the wig, and then replied in a hesitating fashion—

"I have observed nothing, unconnected with the matter which is at present so greatly concerning you, which could possibly call for any remark."

"I am obliged to you. And to prove that I have taken in good part what you have said, I intend to follow your advice. I told you

that I intended to leave this to-morrow, and I shall now go straight to Paris and consult Dr. Lionnet."

Mr. Charlton thought that this announcement was only an additional proof of his patron's eccentricity, for why, he asked himself, should Mr. Adrian go to Paris, seeing that there were several eminent specialists close at hand in London?

Of course it cannot be a pleasant thing to converse with one who has the impression that your mind is affected, as little that is said in these circumstances is likely to influence the hearer favourably. So Mr. Adrian—who was never saner in his life—under the plea of his early departure on the morrow, gave his guest a hint that he would like him to leave, and Mr. Charlton accordingly went home at an unusually early hour.

Next day Mr. Adrian carried out the intention which he had stated to Mr. Charlton, and after spending several hours in town he left for Paris by the night mail. He had appeared to acquiesce very readily in the vicar's suggestion, but the reasons which had prompted him to go to Paris were quite unconnected with Mr. Charlton's opinions. Mr. Adrian knew that the celebrated French physician had carried his researches into many strange channels connected with the human mind, so he hoped that Dr. Lionnet might at least be able to furnish him with some explanation of the phenomena that had been manifested to himself, if not to provide him with some clue that would aid him in his search. Another cause—even more potent than the other—that brought Mr. Adrian to Paris was the fact that the scenes with which his dreams had familiarised him had apparently been located in France, and it was in that country he believed he would find the object of his affections.

Part IV.

Mr. Adrian was an accomplished linguist, and had no difficulty in explaining his case to the great physician in fluent and idiomatic French. The doctor, however, who knew a little English, on discovering the nationality of his patient, resolved to speak to him in his own language, that there might be no possibility of being misunderstood.

Dr. Lionnet, on hearing Mr. Adrian's story, was evidently of the same opinion as Mr. Charlton, for spanning Mr. Adrian's head with two fingers, he asked him if he ever felt a sensation of tightness at the places indicated. Then, before his patient had time to reply,

the physician exclaimed in surprise, "Why, monsieur wears a veeg!"

So perfect was the deception that it had escaped the physician's notice till, by the pressure of his fingers, he felt the scalp slipping on Mr. Adrian's smooth cranium.

Mr. Adrian assented, and in reply to the question, "How long has monsieur worn the veeg?" he replied, "About a month."

"Ah!" exclaimed the doctor significantly, while he kept his fingers still spanning Mr. Adrian's head; "and probably this is the first veeg monsieur has ever worn, though he has been belt for years?"

Mr. Adrian was forced to admit the truth of the conjecture.

"Ah!" exclaimed the doctor again; "the veeg has given heat to monsieur's brains, and caused them to ferment. *Voilà!*" and with these words, the autocratic man of science, with a deft and rapid movement of his hand, plucked the wig from Mr. Adrian's head, and ere he could be prevented threw it into the fire.

So inflammable did the wig prove that it blazed up almost as quickly as gunpowder, and disappeared with similar rapidity.

As it vanished a very audible sigh fell upon Mr. Adrian's ears. "Did you hear that?" he asked, appealing to the physician, while his face had a disturbed expression.

"Monsieur will hear and see no more," was the reply; "for now his brains will be cool."

Without saying more, Mr. Adrian drew himself up stiffly, and laid a handsome fee upon the table. He then bade the physician a haughty adieu, and left the consulting-room.

He was excessively grieved at the loss of his wig, which he had grown to value greatly; but he felt no inclination to get another.

He told himself that he was only justly punished for acting upon the vicar's advice. He was soon, however, forced to admit that the physician's prognostications had turned out correct, as no more, either when asleep or awake, did he meet with any of his recent experiences. But still the lovely face he had seen remained indelibly fixed on his mind. For several weeks he lived aimlessly in Paris, and though he believed as firmly as ever that he must some day find her who was occupying most of his thoughts, he seemed to lack the energy, or to be at a loss for a method, to enter upon his search. Sometimes, when in a picture-gallery, or at the theatre, and even on the boulevards, he would look round as if in search of someone whom he expected to see.

Among his other pursuits Mr. Adrian collected curios of various

kinds, especially favouring cameos and medallions. He was passing one day a small shop in a rather obscure quarter, when noticing several antiques in the window he entered, in the hope of finding something worth adding to his collection. While examining the various articles exposed for sale Mr. Adrian suddenly uttered an exclamation of mingled astonishment and joy. He was holding in his hand a small and exquisitely painted enamel, a portrait of the beautiful face which he had come from England to seek.

"Who is this?" he inquired with an effort, for his voice seemed to come from one who was scant of breath.

"I do not know," replied the dealer; "but monsieur will see that the portrait is very fine. The price is two hundred francs." Mr. Adrian at once paid the money. It was a moderate sum for so exquisite a work of art; but had ten times as much been asked the price would have been paid without demur. Mr. Adrian knew nothing about enamels, and after he had looked for some time with a rapt gaze, he said—

"How did it fall into your hands?"

"It was sold to me by a woman whom I do not know."

"Do you possess no information about it at all?"

"None. But I can give monsieur the address of a *connaisseur* who at least will be able to tell the artist," and the man then named one of the chief dealers in articles of *vertu* in Paris, from whom Mr. Adrian had frequently made purchases, and who was, therefore, known to him. He at once hurried to the shop.

"It is by Decazet, and very valuable," said the connoisseur, as soon as he had seen the enamel.

"Where shall I find that artist?" asked Mr. Adrian, as though he were again breathless.

"Find Decazet! In his grave, monsieur. Decazet has been dead for a hundred years."

"A hundred years!" exclaimed Mr. Adrian, repeating words that had fallen upon his heart like heavy weights and crushed it.

"If it is to know whose portrait this is that monsieur wishes, I can tell that without troubling the shade of Decazet. The portrait has passed through my hands, though not by the same artist. The lady was daughter of the Duc de Castres. He fled from France at the time of the Great Revolution, but what became of his daughter was never known, for ere his flight she suddenly disappeared."

Without speaking another word, and with a look on his face of blank despair, Mr. Adrian left the shop. Acting almost involuntarily, and scarcely knowing what he did, he went straight to the shop of the

perruquier from whom his wig had been procured. On the account which had been sent to him from London the French barber was named, so he knew where to go.

"I am come," said Mr. Adrian to the perruquier, "to make some inquiries regarding a wig that was made by you and sent to London two months ago."

"A flaxen-coloured perruque made for an English milord?"

"It was made for me. I wish to know where the hair came from of which it was made."

The barber shrugged his shoulders, but did not attempt to reply.

"I paid what appeared to me a very high price for it," said Mr. Adrian; "but I will willingly give you the same amount again if you can tell me its history."

"Very good. The bargain is made. Monsieur has rightly conjectured that a strange history pertains to that perruque. First, then, monsieur must know that the hair was that of a lady. The very beautiful hair was stained, and had, therefore, unfortunately, to be cut short, and so was suitable only for a purpose such as that for which it was used. The stains were unfortunate, or the hair would have fetched ten times the price charged to monsieur. Such beautiful hair to be so stained!"

"Stained! How?"

"*With blood*, monsieur," replied the barber, lowering his voice.

Mr. Adrian said nothing; and, after a pause, the speaker continued—

"My family have been perruquiers for three generations. The hair of which monsieur's perruque was made was found with much more in a box belonging to my grandfather, which, supposed to be valueless, had long been stored away as lumber. When opened at last it was found to be full of hair, most of which was attached to the scalp. The hair of monsieur's perruque was still rooted in the natural scalp. All the hair in that box was very fine, and of great value. It was the hair of some of the noble ladies of France who perished by the guillotine."

. . . . . .

Mr. Adrian will never marry. But of late he has grown more genial and kindly hearted. Among his numerous eccentricities is the reverential regard which he bestows upon a beautiful enamel that hangs above his writing-table in his library. Many who have seen him looking at this portrait, and who are aware that it was painted more than a hundred years ago, have thought that it must remind him of some one whom he has known.

THE FEMALE FRIENDS OF BALZAC.

I.

FRIENDS IN HIS STRUGGLES.

IN the year that has passed, M. Gabriel Ferry published a small volume with Calmann Lévy, entitled "Balzac et ses Amies." It was compiled from articles supplied to the journal *Gil Blas*, and presents a limited but interesting gallery of women who, by their social intercourse with the great writer, either contributed to the formation of his own character, or supplied him with types after which he created fictitious ones.

Previously, however, to giving some account of these ladies from the book just mentioned and other sources, it is necessary to touch lightly on a subject M. Ferry has thought it well to introduce. There is absolutely no evidence to show that the relations of the novelist to any one of his female companions exceeded the bounds of intimate friendship, till nearly the close of his life, when he married Madame Hanska. It is well known that Balzac was a man of apparently pure social conduct. Théophile Gautier has more than once noticed the fact with some wondering disappointment; and would fain have interpreted a smile on the lips of Madame Surville, the novelist's sister, when the subject was introduced, into an avowal of knowing better. Balzac himself, in a letter to the lady who was ultimately to become his wife, thus touches on the point: "Les amitiés d'épiderme ne me vont pas; elles me fatiguent et me font sentir plus vivement quels trésors renferment les cœurs qui veulent bien m'abriter. Je ne suis pas Français dans l'acception légère de ce mot."

The malicious, and not entertaining, story against the novelist, written, professedly, on hearsay, by the angry ex-publisher Edmond Werdet, and entitled "Les Amours d'un Lion et d'un Rat," has never gained credence. Notwithstanding all this, M. Ferry has undertaken, in his capacity of a student of the emotions, to distinguish between the

platonic and the non-platonic features of these depicted intimacies ; and if he has satisfied himself he has to that extent succeeded. But perhaps it may be permitted to leave this question aside, not, of course, as being of no importance—it is of the deepest—but as not legitimately arising, as being incapable of settlement if it had arisen, and as leading to conjectures unedifying in their nature and unprofitable in their result. If it be simplicity to read letters in the sense in which their author says they were written, and to judge of facts by the light the principal agent has thrown on them, it is a simplicity for which no apology is necessary.

It may be taken for granted that the main incidents of Balzac's life are familiar to the reader, and the briefest recapitulation of the earliest ones will suffice by way of introduction. It will be remembered that Honoré de Balzac was born at Tours in 1799, and came, in later boyhood, to Paris with his family. He was intended for the law, and went through the preliminary instruction. But he conceived himself fitted only for literature. And when, in 1819, reduced circumstances drove his people away from Paris again, he was left behind. His father, with great good sense, consented to his taking a two years' trial of authorship. And Honoré—alone in the vast city—ascended into a garret, in the Rue Lesdiguières, and with extraordinary courage and perseverance set himself down to his chosen career.

The first place, both as regards time and influence, amongst his female friends, is due to the novelist's sister, Laure, who from his childhood was his adviser and confidante, who thoroughly believed in his genius and future success, and who was quite capable of appreciating good literature, and indeed of herself forming a sound critical opinion. Laure was married in 1821 to M. Surville, and went with him to live at Bayeux ; but, though personal intercourse with her brother was thus broken off, her constant correspondence formed one of his chief moral supports ; and the mutual affection inspired by companionship, and then kept alive by letters, was to both a source of sustaining joy—and to Balzac a priceless encouragement through years of severe labour. With this "*alma soror*," as he loved to call her, he discussed his projects ; and to her he disclosed his ambition, his disappointments, his occasional failures of faith in himself, and again his reviving hope of immortality.

Worn out with fatigue, and harassed by want of money, Balzac would fly to his sister's side, and, while pouring out his despair, would take, perhaps, a bundle of proofs from his pocket. Madame Surville's eye passed over them.

"The struggle is too hard. I shall founder, dear sister."

"A man need never founder who can write what these proofs disclose."

"Say you so? I *will* succeed then. And, were blind hazard alone at work, the chances would be as good for a Balzac as for an imbecile!"

The young aspirant needed every encouragement. His first literary effort—his tragedy of *Cromwell*—was a complete failure. And for years he wrote romances under various pseudonyms,[1] which, when collected as *Œuvres de Jeunesse*, are now neither uninteresting nor devoid of pyschological value, but which scarcely predicted the social painter of his age, the author of the *Comédie Humaine.*

The little village of Villeparisis, in the department of Seine-et-Marne, to which the elder Balzacs had withdrawn from Paris, contained some residents who proved very friendly. Amongst these, Madame de Berny and Madame Carraud were especially conspicuous. The first of these two was a remarkably gentle and sympathetic person. She was some years older than Balzac, and without decided good looks; but possessed one of those interesting faces whose beautiful eyes told, in her case, their story of great sensibility, of a lively imagination, but of sorrow too, having its cause in an uncongenial and morose husband. M. de Berny was a landholder, with farms in more than one department,—bucolic both in tastes and temperament. Advanced in life, half-blind, cross and impatient, he was qualified, fully enough, to make any interior unhappy. But peace was preserved by the matchless tact of the wife. With a great gift of forgiving silence, she lavished on her children and friends the affections which were chilled and stunted in the direction of her husband. When the Balzac family sold their property at Villeparisis the de Bernys also left the place, and took up their residence alternately at Paris and St. Rémy. Circumstances thus threw Balzac and Madame de Berny together, and for twelve years this tender woman displayed the deepest interest in all that concerned the novelist. He especially remembered her solicitude when, through the failure of some commercial schemes, he was in great pecuniary difficulties in the year 1828. "I was foundering," he wrote some years afterwards, "when I was but nine-and-twenty, but I had an angel at my side then."

Madame de Berny had always weak health, and, after a long decline, she succumbed at last in August, 1836. The novelist felt

[1] One of them was English, *Lord R'hoone*, which can scarcely be allowed the merit of verisimilitude.

her loss acutely ; and, indeed, the mere mention of her name was, in his later life, searcely possible without tears. He has affectionately embalmed her memory in *Le Lys dans la Vallée* ; but, as he himself declares, in faint colours only, fearing to profane the sanctity of their friendship by too close description. There can, however, be little question that his elaborate portrait of Madame de Morsauf is founded in all essential particulars on his beloved friend.

The other Villeparisis lady—Zulma Carraud—was of a different character. Her maiden name was Tourangin. She had been brought up at the same convent with Laure de Balzac, and was her earliest friend. She married an artillery officer, a man of distinguished scientific acquirements, but without ambition, and quite content with appointments which left him in a settled home, and with a margin of leisure. He was successively director of studies at St. Cyr and inspector of the powder factories at Angoulême. M. Ferry considers that Zulma Carraud supplied the type of the *femme incomprise*, which Balzac introduced with such success to the lovers of romance. Indeed, his great hold on female hearts was due to this conception, in combination with his complimentary belief that forty left a woman much of her beauty and most of her charm. Balzac described with a peculiar zest the feminine nature, full of intelligence, of wit, and, above all, of capacities for passionate affection—and yet placed by circumstance where all these attributes had no opportunity of blossoming, condemned to a restricted routine which stifled aspirations, and relegated to an obscurity which in time weakened the capabilities it overshadowed.

Madame Carraud differed from Madame de Berny in this, that her daily life was not unhappy. Her husband was a man of talent, but devoid of enthusiasm ; his tranquil nature failed to discern anything of importance in life, and, though exemplary in conduct, his natural tendency was to pass into the condition of a cultivated vegetable. His absence of aim created around him an atmosphere of indifference, fatal to spiritual growth. Madame Carraud's friendship with Balzac extended from 1819 to the close of his life ; and the whole drama of his rise and progress was enacted before her very eyes. Her position to the novelist was one between that of his sister and that of Madame de Berny. His confidence could not be given quite so freely as to Laure, and, on the other hand, the tenderness inspired by Madame de Berny was wanting. Balzac, however, had the highest opinion of her critical sagacity ; thought her opinion of more value at times than that even of Georges Sand ; and, in estimating her intellectual worth, exclaimed, "Jamais

esprit plus extraordinaire n'a été plus étouffé ; elle mourra dans son coin inconnue !" It appears to have been in a measure due to the advice and support of Madame Carraud that Balzac thought of standing for the Chamber. It was a sudden impulse towards public life, similar to that which overtook our own Thackeray. Neither was elected. The lovers of fiction cannot pretend to be sorry.

Two more female friends remain to be mentioned, who seem to belong to the years of only partially successful effort—Madame Junot and Georges Sand. Balzac met the celebrated Duchesse d'Abrantès at the house of Sophie Gay in the time of Louis XVIII. Her high spirits, her knowledge of the world, the strange career she had passed through, rendered her a very interesting object to the author of *La Comédie Humaine*. She had a good figure, a pleasant face, chestnut hair, and the prestige of the Imperial world, of which she had been one of the queens. It is not unlikely that she suggested the glorification of the forties, of which mention has been made ; and certainly the vicissitude of her fortune must have supplied to an imaginative mind many sad reflections on the instability of human happiness. When she published her *Mémoires*, Balzac was of great service to her, for he was not a bad hand at driving a literary bargain. But no reinforcement of her finances proved more than temporary. In the golden days of Napoleon she had contracted an extravagance she never could master. Her circumstances went from bad to worse, and at last, in 1838, the splendid mistress of the most fashionable *salon* of the Empire, after hearing, from her sick-bed, her effects submitted to the hammer, had to be removed to lodgings still more humble, where, in absolute squalor, attended only by her faithful maid, she passed unnoticed from life.

Georges Sand was not introduced to Balzac till 1831. She had then written *Indiana*, and he the *Peau de Chagrin*, so that both were in a sense established literary people. Balzac, however, had still severe struggles before him ; for he was slow in establishing supremacy. He had a sincere admiration for Georges Sand's talents, and it is well known that the character of Camille Maupin, in *Beatrix*, was founded on a careful study of the authoress of *Lélia* and the rest. But no friendship existed between the two, beyond frank, literary comradeship. It seems strange to hear that Georges Sand found Balzac undertaking to read Rabelais aloud, altogether too coarse ; indeed, she denounced him, "Vous êtes un gros effronté !" Stranger, perhaps, that on one occasion she remonstrated with him on the immorality of an incident in *La Cousine Bette*.

But Georges Sand was doubtless right. The compliance of the Baronne Hulot, on a memorable occasion, is a moral blot. A good motive should not dictate, and cannot excuse, dishonour. It is also an artistic blot, because our respect for Madame la Baronne is lessened, and our sympathies checked.

II.

FRIENDS OF HIS FAME.

In the autumn of 1831 Balzac was paying a visit in Touraine, when he received a letter from Paris, whose general appearance, and the handwriting of the address, were considered to be aristocratic. It announced that the writer had been deeply moved by his romances, but that with some portions of them she was ill-content. Her criticisms were expressed with candour, and without bitterness, and the correspondent concluded by signing herself "A woman who does not wish to disclose her identity." Balzac was pleased with the tone of the letter; answered it; encouraged a continuance of the correspondence, and ended in finding out that the spiritual Unknown was no less a person than Madame la Duchesse de Castries, by birth a de Maillé, and by marriage a sister-in-law of the Duc de Fitzjames. Balzac had seen the Duchess before at the house of the Princess Bagration, but had never spoken to her. He accepted with pride an invitation to the receptions at the Hôtel de Castries, in the Rue Varenne. The Duchesse was at that time about five-and-thirty, and compelled for the most part to retain a recumbent posture in consequence of an accident to her spine in the hunting-field. The face was not free from a look of pain, which gave an additional interest to its delicate beauty. Her head was still crowned with a splendid mass of blonde hair, which Titian would have delighted to portray. She was clever, a good talker, full of bright wit, a subtle flatterer; but she was nothing more than all this.

Vain, heartless—the deeper-rooted sentiments would not grow in a soil so shallow. She was a most interesting study to the novelist, who had never known one of her class so intimately. We might have thought he would have been the first to clearly discern the artificiality, and to gauge her real value, but it was not so. He was not satisfied with her acquaintance, or able to take the notice of a woman of the world for what it was worth. He sought to confide in her; kept up intercourse with great assiduity for two or three years; travelled with herself and her family, and very slowly con-

vinced himself at last that she did not care for him; indeed, that she had no sincere affections to bestow.

In the year 1833 the intimacy was on the decline. Balzac wrote the *Duchesse de Langeais* (in the *Histoire des Treize*), which portrait was a direct transference of his friend to the canvas: and, to ease his conscience of a sense of treachery, he called at the Rue Varenne, and read the unprinted manuscript to Madame de Castries. She preserved perfect calmness, affected to see no application to herself, and praised, without reserve, the artistic creation. But disillusion was stealing on apace. It required, however, as Balzac told the unknown Louise in 1837, five years to wean his tender regard from a woman who misunderstood him throughout. He described the whole affair as one of the bitterest chagrins of his life. M. Ferry thinks that the acquaintance with Madame de Castries suggested that outbreak of extravagance so familiar to those who have studied the novelist's life. And it seems likely enough that he picked up in the Rue Varenne the sudden change in tastes which led to the jewelled cane, the gold buttons, the horses and carriage, and his apparition amongst the "dandys" at the Opéra. From this epoch too dates, if not the taste, the indulgence of the taste, for pictures, old furniture, articles of *vertu*, and *bric-à-brac* in general. But the influence of the Duchess is especially seen in the characters Balzac afterwards finished, so minutely, of the intellectual, heartless Parisienne of rank: no longer young (this he insisted upon), but seductive, and at once irresistible and not to be relied upon; indeed, to the end, though spiritual and refined, to the end also a traitress and an illusion. The reputation of the great romancist, as it slowly but firmly established itself, naturally brought him into intimate relations with some of the leading female writers. Especially friendly was his intercourse with Delphine Gay, who, brought up, as may be said almost, in a *salon*, that of her mother, Sophie Gay, became, after her marriage in 1831 with Emile de Girardin, the centre of an extremely attractive *salon* of her own. The Girardins occupied at first a small house in the Rue Saint-Georges, where Delphine received her friends in a room hung with pale green satin,—a tint suitable enough to her own blonde beauty, but peculiarly trying to those of darker complexions. The practical Girardin had weaned his wife from poetry, and sought to employ her talents in the more marketable staple of prose. Of all the writers who delighted in her acquaintance she selected Balzac to look over her early compositions; and it was an especial pride to her to consider herself as his pupil. The style of the letters in the *Presse* (founded in 1836), signed *Le*

Vicomte de Launay, but known to be from the pen of Delphine, show how apt a scholar she had become. At first the manifold occupations of Balzac made him an unfrequent visitor at Madame Girardin's; but as time advanced she became an actively sincere friend. In many emergencies, and notably in the quarrels Balzac had with her husband, Delphine did good service. The editor of the *Presse* reasonably enough at times doubted whether the projector of the *Comédie Humaine* was so well suited for serial writings as other less analytical but more startling novelists—Eugène Sue, Frédéric Soulié, &c. Madame de Girardin used every exertion to reconcile the haughty independence of the writer with the commercial self-interest of Girardin. She stood courageously by Balzac also in his unsuccessful candidature for the Academy, and in the theatrical failure of *Vautrin*; whilst she added to his notoriety by entitling a short romance *La Canne de M. de Balzac*, though the story had little to do with the celebrated equipment. In return, Balzac introduced Delphine to the Duchesse de Castries, that the letters of *De Launay* might be enriched with some real incidents taken at first hand from high life. And, above all, he asked Delphine's confidence on a very important point, and detailed to her fully his opening passion for Madame Hanska. Of this, however, more immediately. The number of female friends attracted by the fame of the novelist would not, however, be complete if the name of *Louise* were omitted. In the first volume of the *Correspondance de H. de Balzac*, published in 1877, will be found a collection of twenty-three letters addressed to an unknown lady, who had first addressed him in 1836 under the name of *Louise*. They form quite a romance in themselves, and are written with great sincerity and earnestness, whilst at the same time they are quite free from mock sentiment and artificiality. They seem to present a reflex of the varying moods of the artist's mind—of his yearning affections and unsatisfied sympathies. In conversation with Théophile Gautier, Balzac had once said with humorous exaggeration, "In our relations with women we should confine ourselves to writing letters." But in his acquaintance with *Louise* he certainly appeared determined to carry out his maxim. An opportunity occurred of learning the real name of the lady and her social position, but he did not avail himself of it. And, though he showed his *incognita* very particular attention—such as submitting a manuscript to her, dedicating to her the strange tale of *Facino Cane*, and confiding to her particulars of his private life—he made no attempt to raise her mask. The correspondence died out after two years' existence, and the woman who showed such an interest in the novelist,

and drew from him such unmistakable tokens of reciprocal attachment, is consigned to oblivion. *Stat nominis umbra.* The romance remains one of the trifling mysteries of literary history.

III.

MADAME HANSKA.

In September 1833 Balzac visited Switzerland. The pretty town of Neuchâtel overflowed with travellers, tourists, strangers of distinction. One clear morning the novelist was looking down, from his apartment at the hotel, on the lively movements in the court below. Just opposite was a pile of buildings fitted up for guests, and in this a window was opened, and from it thrust out the head of a young lady, aristocratic in appearance, and possessed of a very delicate and sympathetic beauty. The literary journal *Le Livre*, in its number for September 1882, presented its readers with a portrait of this same face. It was that of Madame Hanska, a member of the high Polish family of Rzevuski, and wife of a Russian count, the proprietor of large landed estates at Vierzschovnia, in the province of Kiev. The likeness seems to have been taken when its subject was about forty, and presents well-defined features, a nose large, but of good shape, eyes full of feeling and sentiment, a firm, rather thin-lipped mouth, delicate complexion, and plenty of brown hair, compressed, perhaps after a passing fashion, into divergent rolls. This was the woman to whom the great novelist was attracted at first sight; admired and cherished for ten years; whom he loved ardently, when she was left a widow, for seven more years; and finally married in 1850, a few months before his death.

From the time of his first introduction to Madame Hanska, at Neuchâtel, till the demise of her husband in 1843, Balzac paid her several visits at different places; but, what was more almost to him than the pleasure of interviews, he was allowed to keep up a constant correspondence. Count Hanska liked the novelist—his genial habits and entertaining conversation—and the first proposal to visit Russia emanated from him, and till his death he was continuously friendly. The Hanskas had one daughter—naturally, as the only child of rich people, the object of every affectionate attention. The Countess was very well educated, took a great interest in art, and was posted in the latest ideas. Before she met the novelist she was acquainted with all his writings, and a great admirer of them. The processes of his mind were, in a measure, familiar to her. Balzac was able, therefore, in

his letters, to allude minutely to what he was working at, which it was always a delight to him to be allowed to do. The more lonely the exigencies of his task compelled him to be, the more he valued the privilege of pouring out his hopes and fears, the accessions of his genius, and the failure of spirits, always attending at intervals great intellectual exertions. It is only possible to judge of what Madame Hanska wrote to him by the influence of her letters, shown in his answers. Balzac, as has been mentioned, had confided to Madame de Girardin the story of his new acquaintance—the state of his own feelings, and doubtless what he conceived were those of the Countess. Delphine, a good judge (if no disappointment at the sudden influence of a stranger clouded her keen view), was not disposed to think Madame Hanska much affected by Balzac's devotion, or very reciprocal in expression of sentiment. Conjecture must necessarily enter into any opinion expressed now as to the real state of affairs. But it is safe to say that, to whatever extent tenderness existed, there were other feelings besides at work on both sides. The Countess was flattered that she should be thought sufficiently within reach of intellectual equality to be informed of the novelist's plans and plots, and to be consulted as to the conduct of some of his romances; and, moreover, to be obeyed in various minor suggestions. The bibliophile Jacob (Lacroix) does not hesitate to call Madame Hanska "La collaboratrice intime de l'illustre romancier, et qui pouvait revendiquer une bonne part d'auteur dans *Seraphilis*, *Modeste Mignon*, et *Les Paysans*."

This is, however, going a little farther than the evidence quite warrants.

But there is no question that Balzac had a high opinion of the taste possessed by the Countess, and of her judgment; and she was, at any rate, completely entitled to consider herself his literary confidante. Added to the pride she felt in this distinction was, of course, the pleasure of being admired, and having the admiration expressed in eloquent terms. But there seems perceptible, during the ten years' friendship from 1833 to 1843, some aristocratic distance of tone on the lady's part; just a tinge of the patroness—not, of course, exhibited with the least offensiveness, but implied rather by the reception of homage as natural and appropriate. The feelings were more engaged with Balzac himself. For the gentle, sympathetic female character that could understand, appreciate, excuse, and solace had always been an ideal round which his very heartstrings clung; he thought he had found it here, and whatever artificial alloy may have mingled with his admiration arose perhaps from the fact

that the pageantry of high life pleased his imagination, and the cordiality of people of good birth tickled his self-love. After the death of the Count in 1843, the correspondence undoubtedly shows an affection which is rapidly absorbing the novelist, whilst its tone also shows that that affection was returned. It may be thought strange that, if both parties were agreed, and if, as was evident, Balzac's presence was as welcome to Anna Hanska and the gentleman who soon became her husband—the Count de Mniszech—as it was to the mother, there was any necessity for postponement of marriage. A wait of seven years carries us back to patriarchal times, and those symmetrical periods which, with such easy disregard of the shortness of life, were allotted to patient Jacob. The explanation must be sought, apparently, in pecuniary affairs on both sides. That mysterious burden of debt in which Balzac took a whimsical and morbid delight was still supposed to be ready at any moment to overwhelm him. On the other hand, by the laws of Russia, the Countess could not marry a stranger without the authorisation of the Czar, and that consent was withheld; whilst an abandonment of the Kiev property involved a separation from Anna and Count Mniszech, which Madame Hanska looked upon with dread. Troubled political events also came on ultimately in 1848 in all continental countries; and so the years crept silently on, and the union so earnestly desired by the novelist seemed no nearer. But Balzac worked on without intermission; never had he been so prolific, never so successful. His money affairs took a decided turn for the better, though even the improvement was shrouded in some of the mystery so pleasant to him.

It was in 1847 he bought the picturesque little house in the Rue Fortunée, to which he gradually transferred furniture, pictures, and *bric-à-brac* articles, purchased at different times, but never before collected in one place. But it was not till the spring of 1850 that the Countess, having given up her property to her daughter and son-in-law, on the sole condition of an allowance, made up her mind to unite herself with her friend. They were married on the 14th of March at Berditchef by the Abbé Czarouski—a Polish clergyman of distinction—according to the rites of that Church of which Balzac had always been a warm supporter, and which he had illustrated by delightful characters in his novels.

The married couple arrived in Paris at the end of May. Still in the prime of his years, and in full possession of his intellectual powers, the novelist—now apparently in easy circumstances, and united to the woman of his heart—seemed to have touched the

zenith of happiness. But his labour had been too excessive and too constant; he had sown the seeds of disease, which rapidly bore disastrous fruit. He had found the key of life, so to speak; and it only—to use Young's sad expression—opened for him the gates of death! On August 20, in that same year, 1850, in such a dwelling as he had long dreamed of, and surrounded by the artistic objects of his taste—tended, above all, by his beloved—the great romance writer expired. There had been written over the lintel in the Rue Fortunée the strange word *Linquenda;* but human eyes had not deciphered it.

Looking back on the career of this gifted man, one must pronounce that he was very fortunate in the women with whom he associated. Some illusions, of course, there were: but still the sisterly affection of Laure; the tender solicitude of Madame de Berny; the intellectual attachment of Madame Carraud; the firm, unchanging friendship of Delphine de Girardin; the sweet flatteries of the shrouded Louise; lastly, the appreciation—warming into love, and ending in devotion—of Madame Hanska, were precious possessions. And the man was worthy of them: the student of his work knows what a head he had; the student of his life, what a heart.

J. W. SHERER.

ENGLISH OPERA OF THE FUTURE.

THE Musical World has at last awakened to the fact that, among the many and increasing Schools of Music in London, no suitable provision exists for the special training of aspirants to the Lyric Stage. The educational advantages enjoyed by students at the Royal College and at the Royal Academy do not, it is said, include certain branches of study, musical and histrionic, which are necessary to the due equipment of the opera-singer. The experience of the young English artist has to be picked up by his own unaided efforts in the ranks of itinerant opera companies, or in any other way possible to him. Hence it seldom happens that his technique either as singer or actor is properly formed.

A cry has accordingly been heard of late calling for the institution of a National Opera House in London, with an attendant college for the training of artists. An influential and representative committee having been already formed for the consideration of preliminary matters, we may, perhaps, look forward hopefully to a practical issue in the appearance ere long of a handsome Opera House on the Thames Embankment.

The matter-of-fact average Englishman has been apt to regard the opera as an exotic form of art, more or less unwholesome for hard-headed middle-class people, and especially reserved for the amusement of the wealthier and more leisurely classes. He is inclined also to sneer at the lyric drama as fundamentally irrational, and quotes Addison's opinions in support of his own. Nor, in view of the inanity of many forms of so-called "modern opera," can this be wondered at. Yet it is an English philosopher who has enabled us to explain away many old-fashioned arguments against the *rationale* of opera. Mr. Herbert Spencer, in his essay on "The Origin and Function of Music," has observed how, in common speech, any word which requires a special emphasis is articulated on a note above or below one's normal pitch of voice, and how the stronger and more violent emotions are expressed by the larger intervals. Professor Earle also remarks: "Before speech is attained by the infant, he

gets a set of notes or tones to express pleasure or offence, assent or refusal. It is the music of what is said that is caught at first." Again, the late Professor Shairp says: "The natural expression of strong emotion is a chant, a song."

We have, therefore, a philosophical basis for our assumption that "recitative" or musical declamation has a logical and legitimate function in the lyric drama, and is, in fact, not less rational than the use of rhyme or blank verse in spoken dialogue.

Several of the Provençal troubadours wrote poetical pieces in dialogue, interspersed with songs, both in solo and in parts, which, though slight in design, were yet more or less dramatic in conception. Such was the "Robin and Marion" of the troubadour Adam de la Hale, who lived in the thirteenth century. Not, however, until the very end of the sixteenth century was any systematic attempt made in the direction of what is now known as the "opera." The oratorio (which was gradually evolved from the old mystery plays and Biblical dramas) had its rise simultaneously with the opera—both alike being *acted*, and differing only in the sacred and secular subjects respectively treated by them. Their home was Italy, and, moreover, the earliest composers and executant artists were Italians. The attempt of a small knot of cultured and enthusiastic Florentines to revive what they conjectured to have been the Musical Drama of the old Greeks undoubtedly failed in its immediate object. For, according to the high authority of Schlegel, "the dancing and music incident to the ancient Greek tragedy had nothing in common with ours but the name; in fact the tragedy was *not* accompanied with either music or dancing. The *poetry* was everything." The same writer also speaks apologetically for the structure of *modern* Italian opera, as also (by the way) does Sir Joshua Reynolds in one of his famous "Discourses" on Art. The music of the earliest operas was confined to recitative, with occasional part-songs of a simple character, more or less influenced in style by the ecclesiastically flavoured madrigals of the period. The orchestral accompaniments likewise were at this time of a very meagre description. The following, for example, were the instruments used in the accompaniments to Monteverde's opera of "Orfeo," performed at Mantua in the year 1607:—Two harpsichords, two bass viols, two bassi da gamba, two violins, a harp, four trombones, a trumpet, guitars, flutes, &c.

Monteverde divided his orchestra into groups of instruments, assigning certain of them to different characters in the drama; using them, in fact, for a similar *associative* purpose to that intended by

Richard Wagner in his *leit-motif* about two and a half centuries later.

Indeed, this is not the only point in which the "Apostle of Bayreuth" had been anticipated by the older Italian composer. But in course of time "monody," or sustained vocal solos, replaced much of the earlier declamatory music of the opera, and gradually these succeeded the more complex Italian structure, with its overture, recitatives, aria, scena, duets, &c., choruses, finale. Although, as we have seen, the opera was Italian in its origin, other countries contributed to its development. For example, the introduction of the ballet and the overture was the work of Lully, a composer in Paris (b. 1633), who, though of Italian birth, was thoroughly French in the style of his compositions. He was a favourite with Louis XIV., and our own King Charles II. was very fond of his music.

The introduction of the *aria* was indirectly the cause of rapid decadence in the opera from a strictly artistic point of view. For with the aria, and its kindred forms, arose that modern despot of the lyric stage, the prima donna, with her colleague the fashionable tenor. The dramatic consistency aimed at by the old Florentine writers, the abilities of the composer, even the literary skill (such as it was) of the unhappy librettist, had to yield to the inexorable autocracy of petted singers. The immortal giant Handel himself was continually harassed by the feuds of rival singers—Cuzzoni and Faustina, for instance, one of whom the stern old master once threatened to throw out of a window in case she persisted in her refusal to sing certain music he had composed for her! Such was the pernicious "star" system, that a prima donna often owed her advancement as much to her fine eyes or other personal attractions as to her musical qualification.

Opera of the conventional Italian type received for many years the almost exclusive attention of Handel, and it was only to his failure as an opera manager, and the consequent pecuniary losses he sustained, that the world is indebted for the masterpieces bequeathed to it by that great genius in his oratorios. The collapse of Handel's plucky efforts to maintain his footing as an *entrepreneur* of Italian opera was in some measure hastened by the remarkable success of "The Beggar's Opera," which was produced in the year 1728 at Rich's Theatre, Lincoln's Inn. The libretto was written by Gay, the music being arranged by Dr. Pepusch. The opera ran for sixty-three nights, and is said to have made "Gay rich and Rich gay."

The new enterprise drew away much patronage from Handel's house, and was the precursor of many other English ballad operas

of a similar type, such as "The Village Opera," "The Lover's Opera," "The Quaker's Opera," &c.

They consisted for the most part of ballads and glees, interspersed with spoken dialogue. Italian opera was destined to become enriched with music of much beauty, when considered apart from its connection with the drama. Every musician must acknowledge the dramatic force of Mozart's genius, especially in the musical interpretation of *humour*. Nor will the world willingly let die Beethoven's "Fidelio." Even the facile skill of Rossini, the sweet melody of Bellini, and the romantic charm of Weber will ever receive recognition from lovers of music. Yet all of them are more or less wanting in the essential quality of dramatic consistency and truth of expression.

Gluck (b. 1714) had already tried his hand at the reformation of the entire structure of the Italian opera, and had given practical shape to his theory in the production of several operas, such as his famous "Orfeo," which was performed at Vienna in 1762. His attempts to break down the conventionalities of the lyric stage, and to give to music what he considered its legitimate and restricted function in the drama, were, however, much opposed, especially in Paris where an influential faction, headed by his celebrated rival Pacinni, tried hard to get rid of the German composer and all his works. It was reserved for a greater than Gluck to do for the lyric drama what Beethoven was to effect in symphonic music. Genius *alone* cannot overcome the obstacles of deep-rooted prejudice and ignorant bigotry. In order to do this, and to lift the sunken wheels of conventionality out of long-worn ruts, genius must be allied with indomitable will and unwearied energy. The reformer must also possess complete confidence in the truth and strength of his convictions, and, above all things, must be pre-eminently *sincere* in his principles.

Such a man, some people say, was Richard Wagner, whose towering genius is too near to be judged of us well and wisely. His works, however, will, we venture to think, receive from posterity a verdict similar to that already awarded to the symphonies of Beethoven.

This is, we know, saying much; but it must be evident even to the most unwilling eyes that the lyric drama of the future will inevitably be formed more and more on the lines indicated in Wagner's works. His theory is sufficiently well known not to need detailed notice here. It will be enough to remind the reader that the orchestra is used as a running commentary (so to speak) on the passing events of the drama; that there are no sustained songs of the

ballad type, designed for subsequent use in the drawing-room; no choruses of a cut-and-dried form; but the music is for the most part declamatory, taking its fitting share together with ts two sisters, poetry and painting, in the triune structure of the entire art-form. By the use of the *leit-motif*, or associative musical phrase, Wagner has given to music a representative power in the drama never before assigned to it by any composer; while as an emotional agent it has been used with consummate skill and dramatic effect.

That Italian opera will ever regain its former ascendency on the lyric stage is well-nigh impossible. Hence arises the question: What should be the curriculum of studies adopted by the proposed "National Lyric School of Music" in London? In the first place, it may be said that, as applied to the opera, the term "national" can have but a very limited signification. Of course music, like other arts, is to a certain extent influenced in style by the taste and fashion of its period, and great upheavals of thought and feeling have at times specially affected its forms or mode of expression. There are observant critics who can trace in Beethoven's later works that unrest of mind and perturbed thought which were so characteristic of contemporary literature at the period of the French Revolution. It is also known that we owe the German chorale to the religious sentiment of the Reformed Church. Certain peculiarities of rhythm and form are often impressed upon what is called the "folk-music" of any country, either by the special temperament of its people, the exceptional "tonality" of its musical scale, or the prevalence of some particular instrument in popular use. Such, for example, are the peculiar rhythms of Hungarian dances, the melodic structure of the pentatonic songs of the Scotch Highlands, the guitar folk-melodies of Spain, the "musette" bagpipe tunes of many mountainous countries, &c. Even our own early English ballads, as Mr. Chappell observes in his learned history of our National Songs, are marked by a special type of character. It is thus open to a composer to give local colour to certain portions of his opera by the use of any of the characteristics named. This Rossini has done in his "William Tell," where he has introduced the "Ranz des Vaches" of Switzerland with striking effect. Many other instances will occur to musicians. Such variations of musical form may, perhaps, be regarded as equivalent to the various dialects of a language. But, like the dialects referred to, folk-music is rapidly becoming a thing of the past. Modern facilities of intercommunication, and the ubiquitous tourist, are fast stamping it out, and, alas! much of it can never be rescued from oblivion, even by the most zealous musical antiquary. But, after all, as old "Papa"

Haydn said, music is a "universal language," and need not be narrowed into mere nationalism. Its alphabet is one and the same for all composers; and, as a medium of expression, it finds an echo in every human heart. It is possible that those broad distinctions of style and manner, which have hitherto marked off various schools of opera, will, in the course of time, disappear.

Individuality of style will always exist among composers, and from time to time a man of genius may arise who shall give a predominance to some particular manner. The great composers have, indeed, always exercised this influence over their immediate successors; we have only to instance Schumann and other masters of the Romantic School. It may be, moreover, that Italian melody, French piquancy and German earnestness are each inseparable from national idiosyncrasy, if we may so speak. But these distinctions will no longer be obtruded in such a way as to interfere with the just requirements of the lyric drama. Now, although we English have, as a rule, been ever ready to support mutilated transcriptions of foreign operas, we have not yet founded a school of our own. How is it that a people so music-loving, so imaginative, so highly distinguished in its poetical literature, should have failed to produce a single musical drama which has lived? We do not refer to living composers, but, looking back through the annals of English music, we see but one solitary native composer of sufficient genius to have laid the foundations of a permanent school of opera in England; that gifted composer was Henry Purcell, born 1658. Alas! he did not live long enough to produce all that was in him, yet what he left has shed a brilliant lustre upon the pages of our musical history.

Our laurels have been gathered chiefly in the field of ecclesiastical music. Such names as Tallis, Byrde, Bull, Morley, Gibbons, Lawes &c., will readily occur to our musical readers.

Indeed church music has hardly yet emancipated itself from the restricted style of the old contrapuntal school. The Elizabethan madrigals were all influenced by this style; even our older ballad music did not quite escape from the restrictions of the ancient church tonality. But the contrapuntal style, with its skilful artifices of "imitation" and interwoven melodies, was more especially fitted for use in the church. For it must be remembered that the free counterpoint wielded by Wagner with such skill and dramatic effect is not by any means the *strict* counterpoint upon which our English church music was originally based.

Again, our national love of ballads of a formal and conventional cut has introduced a further incompatible element into our English operas

We do not need nor desire a college of music to produce ballad operas of the style of Arne, Linley, Arnold, Dibdin, and Bishop. We want to get rid of the Balfe and Bunn type of opera for good and all, and to give facilitated opportunities to English composers for the production of original works of real merit; such works also to be performed by artists of home production. To this end the establishment of a National Lyric Theatre, with a connected training-school for singers, will supply a want long felt in our metropolis, and one which will complete the advantages of musical study already afforded in London.

Such an institution can foster talent, although it cannot create it. Bearing in mind that histrionic as well as vocal ability will be required in future of opera-singers, what should be in outline the course of studies adopted by a lyric school of music? We think that in addition to the usual subjects of harmony, counterpoint, and composition, with analysis of orchestral works of the classic masters, the student-composer should be well exercised in the setting of given *scenas* and *ensemble* pieces. Declamatory passages should be assiduously worked at, until the student can delineate, with approximate truth, various dramatic characters and incidents, &c. Lectures on "folk-music" might be given in the school. With regard to singers, they should be admitted to the school after a test-examination as to special qualifications and natural aptitude. In addition to the ordinary course of vocal training, they should receive special instruction in musical declamation, *scena* singing, including what may be termed musical dialogue. Elocution and deportment (including a knowledge of fencing for male students), also German, French, and Italian, should be taught.

Such a school, with a competent staff of professors, would undoubtedly bring about an improvement in the quality of our English opera, by fostering the production of sterling art works which shall interest earnest and thoughtful musicians, and by training native singers to give fitting interpretation to a native lyric drama.

FRANK AUSTIN.

UNDER THE BLACK FLAG.

AMONGST the earliest adventurers I suppose we must include the pirates, who seem from the remotest antiquity to have infested the seas, and preyed upon the peaceful and legitimate trader. How is it that, as a general rule, we extend a good deal of sympathy towards these truculent children of the ocean, and look upon their wild careers with an indulgence we never spare for the highwayman or the burglar? Is there a kind of unacknowledged feeling that a maritime life is outside human laws? That those whose home is the ocean cannot be expected to conform to the ethical standard of the dwellers on land? Or are we dazzled by some of the picturesque conditions of "a life on the ocean wave"? Is our admiration so stimulated by the courage with which they confront the dangers of the storm and the hidden reef and the lee-shore; by the fortitude with which they endure hardship, privation, suffering; by the skill with which they baffle the pursuit of their enemies, that we cannot descend to a cool estimate of their crimes and offences? However this may be, I am sure the reader will remember with what a glow at the heart he perused, in the days of his youth, the stories of "Captain Kyd," and "Black Beard," and "Sir Henry Morgan," and Cooper's "Waterwitch," and "Red Rover," and the like; and no doubt he will also remember his own boyish dreams of a pirate's isle, where he was to reign supreme, and amass doubloons, pistoles, pieces of eight, and other strange coin, sallying forth at times to renew or enlarge his treasure by a foray on some opulent town of the Spanish Main, or the capture of some great argosy laden with gold and silver. I suspect that few active-minded boys, with a taste for the sea or sea books, escape an attack of what I may call the pirate fever, which is almost as "catching as the measles," and I feel confident that none are the worse for it. We don't trouble ourselves much in our boyhood about moral questions, but we have a keen relish, I think, for bravery and dash and intrepidity; and the young mind is the better—like the young limbs—for a whiff of sea breezes and a dip in

the brine, even under the terrible black flag of the sea rovers, with its formidable blazon of a skull and crossbones !

If the truth be told, the first Greek navigators, of whom historians speak with so much respect, were nothing better than pirates, and carried fire and sword to smiling shores which had previously basked in the sunshine of peace. The Argonauts, whose adventures have been sung so melodiously by Mr. William Morris in his "Legend of Jason," were the worthy ancestors of the corsairs of Psara and the ushoks of the Adriatic. Their voyage in quest of the Golden Fleece was simply a plundering and marauding expedition. The heroes of the Trojan War took part in an extensive piratical project. You may read in the "Iliad" how Menelaus boasted of having collected one hundred and twenty-two talents in his wanderings, and in the "Odyssey" Ulysses pillages, in the true corsair spirit, the settlement of the Ciconians.

Piracy, like theft, was a Greek characteristic. Aristotle makes no attempt to clear the reputation of his countrymen, and Thucydides, describing with evident enjoyment the sea courses and ravages of his ancestors, just as we English extol the hostilities against the Spaniards so gallantly (but immorally) carried on by Drake and Hawkins, boldly writes: "The Greeks formerly embraced with ardour the profession of pirates; they recognised the absolute authority of their chiefs, constantly selected among those who were gifted with the highest qualities. It was the business of these chiefs both to enrich the adventurers, who relied upon their sagacity, and to provide for the subsistence of the poor of the community: so honoured was piracy as an enterprise which led often to glory."

In the early days of Athens piratical companies were actually authorised by the laws; and in times of war the republic, to increase its naval strength, summoned their galleys to its assistance. But when the public morality grew more elevated, and when the Athenians could acquire by legitimate commercial enterprise the riches they had formerly been compelled to take by the strong hand, they endeavoured to suppress that piracy which, being no longer useful, had become an evil. Illegitimate cruises were severely prohibited, and, for fear that trading vessels should arm as pirates, the Amphictyonic Council regulated the force and complement of every ship. Pirates were not less numerous, however, in the Archipelago; and, thenceforth treating the Athenians, their whilom allies, as enemies, they harassed the coast of Attica, and ventured even as far as the Piræus. To guard against their destructive raids, the Athenian

government raised and equipped a special force of militia, known as the Deripoloi.

The shores of the open States of Greece and the African coast, so far as it was then known, were infested with equal audacity, so that, in his solicitude for the commercial interests of his kingdom, Ptolemy Philadelphus, the ablest of the Ptolemean sovereigns of Egypt, kept two squadrons constantly at sea on the look-out for the ubiquitous corsairs.

Rome in her turn suffered from the depredations of the pirates who issued in innumerable flotillas from the ports of the Archipelago, from its creeks and islands, and from Caria and Cilicia in Asia Minor. It was a body of Cilician rovers who, falling in with Cæsar on his return from the court of Nicomedes, in the Gulf of Pharmacusa, took him prisoner, and detained him until he paid a ransom of twenty talents. He took fearful vengeance, hunting down and destroying the entire brood. But, nevertheless, the Mediterranean continued to swarm with piratical craft.

The Cilician flotilla joined with the remains of the fleet of Mithridates, and the nomads of the sea whom the destruction of Carthage and Corinth had left without an asylum; this heterogeneous combination then issued from the port of Seleucia, their rendezvous, and began a series of unexampled ravages. They attacked and burned the Roman fleet in the port of Ostia. They intercepted the convoys of grain from Africa; and Rome was invaded with a frightful famine.

Then Publius Servilius was sent against them with a powerful fleet, and he succeeded in driving them back to Crete. But for this check they avenged themselves upon Mark Antony, who succeeded him in the command. They destroyed his fleet, reappeared with increased audacity in the Tuscan seas, and the commerce of Rome must have been annihilated for ever if Pompey had not been despatched by the Senate to cope with this imminent danger. Such was his vigour and resolution that in forty days he swept clear the seas; so that on the coasts of Africa and in the neighbourhood of Sardinia and Sicily not a pirate-bark was visible.

When the eagle of Rome began to droop her feeble wings, the sea-rovers reappeared. But these were the Goth or German pirates, *Germani prædones*, on whose existence Pliny had commented two centuries previously, and who, this time, ruled the seas until they had destroyed and partitioned the Roman empire.

While the Goths seized upon the Bosphorus, and the coasts of the Egean Sea and the Adriatic, the Vandals, issuing from Scandinavia,

established themselves at Carthage, and, becoming masters of the Mediterranean, swept with fire and sword the shores of Spain, France, and Italy.

Still later, from these same races of Scandinavian pirates and African Vandals descended new generations of brigands. The Normans, whose ravages in France in the ninth century it is unnecessary to recall, and the Varangians, who established themselves in Russia, all came from Scandinavia, the fiords of Norway, the Danish islands, and the north-west shores of Germany.

As for the Moors, the boldest and cruelest pirates of modern times, if not the direct descendants of the Vandals of Carthage, they continued at least their traditions of theft and murder. And there are few more picturesque chapters in history than those which record the gallant efforts of the knights of Rhodes and Malta to drive them from the sea, and punish the atrocities they had committed upon the crews of the ships of Christian nations. This was part of that desperate struggle between the Cross and the Crescent which convulsed Christendom for a couple of centuries.

In the sixteenth century the imperial power of Charles V. himself recoiled before the intrepid audacity of Barbarossa, the Red Beard ; and in the seventeenth all the force of the French navy failed to terrify into submission the pirates of Marocco, Algiers, Tunis, Tetuan, Sallee, and Tripoli.

Before the organisation of the naval resources of France by Louis XIV., the attacks of these corsairs were so incessant that merchant-ships could not keep the sea unless armed like men-of-war ; and at Ciotat a watchman was on duty day and night to announce their arrival. These were no vain precautions ; in less than a year the Moorish pirates had carried off from this port twenty-four vessels, and thrown into chains one hundred and fifty marines ; while at Martigues eighty sailors were taken prisoners in four months. In the reign of Louis XIV., under the efficient administration of Colbert and Seignelay, the shores of France were comparatively free from attack ; but the disappearance of the Algerian pirates was less due to the action of her fleets than to the onerous conditions introduced into the treaties which the Christian powers made with the sovereigns of the Moorish States. They showed some activity again during the long war between Britain and Napoleonic France ; and in 1814 the British Government resolved on their suppression. Sir Edward Pellew (Lord Exmouth) entered the Mediterranean with a powerful fleet, and extorted from the Beys of Tunis and Tripoli the immediate abolition of Christian slavery. When the Bey of Algiers treated his

demand with contempt, the British admiral carried his ships into the harbour, bombarded the city, set on fire the Algerine fleet, and compelled a speedy and entire submission.

A few years before, the increasing audacity of the Algerians and the terrifying record of their barbarities had suggested to Sir Sidney Smith, then a prisoner in Paris, the idea of an Anti-Pirate Society, whose members were to assume the title of "Liberators of the White Slaves in Africa." He even demanded from the States assembled in Congress at Verona leave and licence to cruise with a squadron in the Mediterranean. "No sailor," he said in his memorial, "can now-a-days navigate the Mediterranean, nor even the Atlantic, on board a trading vessel, without a dread of being carried off by pirates and conveyed as a slave to Africa." This philanthropic association had a temporary existence, and one hundred and fifty-three Greeks and three Austrians owed their liberty to its existence. Then Sidney Smith's restless activity turned to other projects, and he abandoned the Anti-Pirate Society, the ultimate aim of which, it is said, was the establishment of the Knights of Malta with himself as Grand Master.

Piracy was rife among English seamen in the reigns of the Tudors. In the dissolution of European feudalism and the activity of thought promoted by the Reformation, the primitive tendencies of human nature for a time asserted themselves, and "the English gentlemen of the 16th century," says Mr. Froude, "passed into a condition which, with many differences, yet had many analogies with that of the chiefs of ancient Greece. With the restlessness of new thoughts, new hopes, and prospects; with a constitutional enjoyment of enterprise and adventure; with a legitimate hatred of oppression, and a determination to avenge their countrymen who from day to day were tortured and murdered by the Inquisition; most of all perhaps with a sense that it was the mission of Protestant Englishmen to spoil the Amalekites—in other words, the gold ships from Panama, or the richly laden Flemish traders—the merchants at the sea-ports, the gentlemen whose estates touched upon the creeks and rivers, and to whom the sea from childhood had been a natural home, fitted out their vessels, under the name of traders, and sent them forth, armed to the teeth, with vague commissions, to take their chance of what the gods might send."

This sea-piracy was one of the most important "schools" in which was bred that fine combination of courage, skill, and fortitude, the English seaman. It exercised a greater influence on his development than either the African slave trade or the pursuit of a North-

West Passage. The motives determining it were not a mere thirst of adventure or greed of gain, but also a strong religious feeling and a fervent, passionate patriotism—with neither of which perhaps is it very easy for us to sympathise to-day, though both had a direct and powerful share in shaping and moulding the character of the sea-kings of England. It would be doing a great wrong to men like Drake to suppose that their primary object was the acquisition of plunder. Drake, whom we may regard as the type of the Elizabethan seaman, was at least a Puritan, and a Calvinistic Puritan, with a deep abhorrence of what he considered to be the mummeries and superstitions of Rome. He was also an Englishman of the new school, resolute to extend the maritime power of his country, and to overthrow the Spanish monopoly of the Western World. Thus he, and hundreds like him, were inspired by the twofold sentiment of religion and patriotism ; and their enterprises against the Spanish settlements in America, and their attacks upon Spanish treasure-ships—buccaneering and piratical offences against international law, which then, however, was not very well understood—they looked at in the light in which the early Crusaders regarded their expeditions into the Holy Land, or the Swiss peasants their resistance to Charles the Bold of Burgundy.

English piracy began, in fact, in the great war of creeds which agitated England in the early Tudor period. At one time young Catholic gentlemen, and at another time young Protestants, rebelling against the ecclesiastical despotism of the time, went down to the sea in ships for occupation and for a livelihood. They hung about the French harbours, and the creeks and bays of the Irish coast, with the wild, rough crews who rallied to their adventurous flags. "Emerging, when England was at war, into commissioned privateers, on the return of peace they were discovered and censured ; but they were secured from effective pursuit by the weakness of the Government, and by the certainty that at no distant time their services would again be required. During the Marian persecution, Canns, Killigrews, Tremaynes, Strangwayses, Throgmortons, Horseys, Cobhams, belonging to the best families in England, became roving chiefs. On Elizabeth's accession most of them came back to the service of the Crown. Strangways, the Red Rover of the Channel, was killed on a sandbank in the Seine, leading adventurers to the siege of Rouen ; Ned Horsey, the ruffling cavalier of Arundel's, who had sung the catch of evil omen to priests and prelates, became Sir Edward Horsey, Governor of the Isle of Wight ; the younger Tremayne was killed doing service at Havre ; and Henry Killigrew

became a confidential servant of Elizabeth and one of her most trusted agents. But the lawless spirit had spread like a contagion, especially through the western counties; and the vast numbers of fishermen whose calling had become profitless had to seek some new employment. Though their leaders had left them, the pirate crews remained at their old trade; and gradually it came about that, as the modern gentleman keeps his yacht, so Elizabeth's loyal burghers, squires, or knights, when inclination lay that way, kept their ambiguous cruisers, and levied wars on their own account when the Government lagged behind its duty." But gradually, as I have already said, the noble motives of religious belief and patriotic pride came into operation, transforming these sea-rovers into crusaders and heroes.

I shall furnish only two or three examples of their more distinctly piratical exploits.

A Spanish ship set sail from a Spanish port, with a cargo valued at 80,000 ducats, for Bilbao. She carried also forty prisoners, who, "for heavy offences worthy of chastisement," were being sent to Spain to serve in the galleys. Young Cobham, cruising in the Channel, sighted the vessel, chased her into the Bay of Biscay, fired into her, killed the captain's brother and a number of men, and then, boarding when all resistance had ceased, sewed up the captain himself and the survivors of the crew in their own sails, and flung them overboard. The prisoners probably perished with the crew. The ship was scuttled, and Cobham made off with the booty to his pirate's nest in the south of Ireland. Eighteen drowned bodies, with the mainsail for their winding-sheet, were washed up on the Spanish shores.

The "Marino," of St. Sebastian, with a cargo of saffron, valued at 6,000 ducats, was taken by Captain Horsey, and brought in as a prize to the Isle of Wight.

The "Flying Spirit," from Andalusia, with a rich cargo of cochineal, was plundered by Martin Frobisher.

On this extensive scale was piracy conducted by our English seamen in the good old times.

If we turn to Asia, we find that piracy was not less audacious there, nor less enterprising, than in Europe. The ravages of the piratical Malayan proas on the coasts of China recall those of the Cilician pirates on the coast of Italy. Six flotillas of these pirates, assembled for a single expedition in the waters of Canton, contained no fewer than six hundred proas and one thousand junks, with, it is said—but, no doubt, this is an exaggeration—70,000 men as their crews. Fortunately for the safety of Eastern commerce, the chief of

this great corsair fleet died, and the defection of the other leaders gradually extinguished a confederacy which had long been a menace to the Celestial Empire. The Bornean pirates, at one time very destructive, were annihilated by the vigour of Sir James Brooke and Admiral Keppel, and England having undertaken the police of the seas, piracy has become almost a thing of the past.

However briefly we glance at this curious and interesting subject, there is one branch of it which it is impossible to ignore. I refer to the buccaneering which, in the 17th century, prevailed in the West Indies.

The West Indian pirates were commonly known by the name of flibustiers, or freebooters; which some authorities refuse to trace to "free" and "booters" (or plunderers), and find its original in the Flemish *vlibot* or *flibot*, a kind of small swift boat, specially adapted to piratical cruising.

The earliest flibustiers were English and French hunters, who lived by the chase and by their plundering excursions in the sea of the Antilles. In order to provide themselves with a common rendezvous and asylum, they made a descent, in 1630, on the island of Tortuga, two leagues to the north of St. Domingo, and captured it. The settlement which they formed there increased rapidly in numbers, and was divided into three distinct classes, the buccaneers, who were engaged in hunting oxen and boars, the hides of which they sold when sun-dried, or *buccaned*; the inhabitants, who laboured at the tillage of the ground; and the flibustiers, who pursued the avocation of pirates. The last-named were recruited, to a great extent, from the French marine, and obtained their chiefs among the knights of Malta. But there were large bodies of English seamen engaged in the illicit trade, and some of the most successful and notorious buccaneering chiefs were English captains.

Their ships, at all events in the early years of West Indian piracy, were small and badly provisioned, and a flotilla of three or four would not carry more than 150 men. They took up their position at the mouths of rivers, lying in wait for the Spanish trading-vessels. When one appeared they threw out their grappling irons, and carried it by boarding. Then they repaired to the nearest island, and divided the booty; or, if their prize proved to be a vessel of importance, armed it as a ship of war, appointed to it a captain, and, with the assistance of half-a-dozen of the foremost men, arranged a plan of voyage; and, having settled everything, each man's rights, the partition of prize-money, and the extra allowances in money or slaves for wounds received in combat, hung out their canvas to the wind. In this way

the flibustiers gradually (and even rapidly) replaced their tiny craft by well-found ships of goodly size and equipment.

France, which had long rejected them as *enfants perdus*, made an appeal to their patriotism when they had grown formidable; and, in 1673, employed them against the colonies of Spain and Holland. D'Ogeron called them to his assistance in his expedition against Curaçoa; Admiral d'Estrées, when contemplating an attack upon Tobago, admitted into his fleet twelve hundred flibustiering barks under the command of the Chevalier de Pouancey, governor of Tortuga; Grammont, one of the ablest and bravest, captured and pillaged, in the name of the king, the rich town of Campeachy, where, on St. Louis' Day, he set fire, as a token of rejoicing, to a million's worth of precious woods; finally, in 1697, the Baron de Pomtis, another flibustier chief, hastened to the support of the royal troops under the walls of Carthagena. They threw upon him all the labour and all the peril; and he avenged himself, when the city surrendered, by seizing on all the booty. The flibustiers captured and pillaged it a second time, but on their own account.

The peace of Ryswick between France and Spain, concluded in 1697, dealt a fatal blow to the flibustiering companies by depriving them of their prey, the Spanish colonies. A stringent order was sent from Versailles to Ducamp, the governor of Tortuga, to dissolve them, either by negotiation or force. The majority of the rovers obeyed, and became peaceable settlers; others, faithful to the old flag, established themselves at Darien, where they united with the Scotch colony; but, being incessantly harassed by the Chevalier de Gallifet, Commandant of St. Domingo, they took refuge on the shores of the Bocator, some ninety leagues from Portobello.

The war which broke out between England and France split up the colony into two factions. The English and Scotch repaired to Jamaica, a Spanish island which had become an English possession in 1655, when it was captured by Admiral Penn; the French remained at Bocator, whence, in 1711, the Comte de Choiseul-Beaupré removed them to San Domingo, of which he was governor, with the design of reconstituting the flibustiering companies, and launching them at the English colonies, beginning with Jamaica. We hear no more of them. Those who would learn the particulars of the adventures of the French flibustiers and their chiefs, Michel, Brouage, Lebasque, l'Olonois, l'Ecuyer, Picard, and, most famous of all, Montbars, may turn to the pages of Roquefort, or Saint-Aguet, or to *L'Histoire des Aventuriers Flibustiers qui se sont signalés dans les Indes*, &c., by A.

Olivier Oex-Melin (1744); and, also, *L'Histoire des Flibustiers*, by S. W. d'Archenholz (1804).

Of the English flibustiers the most famous was Sir Henry Morgan, some of whose exploits will give the reader an idea of the character and extent of the enterprises to which these men committed themselves.

Morgan succeeded a celebrated pirate, named Mansvelt, in the command of a large fleet which had been organised for the purpose of a descent on the Spanish mainland, and the attack and capture of garrisoned towns. His first care was to fortify as a rendezvous and dépôt the island of St. Catherine, situated off the coast of Costa Rica, making it "a refuge and a sanctuary to the pirates of those parts, and putting it in a condition of being a convenient receptacle of their prizes and robberies." With twelve vessels, large and small, carrying upwards of 800 fighting men, he ran for the south of Cuba, having resolved to seize the town of Puerto del Principe. The nearest landing-point was St. Mary's Bay, where, under cover of night, a Spanish prisoner secretly lowered himself into the water, swam ashore, threaded the mazes of the forest, and conveyed to the inhabitants the news of the intended attack. The governor immediately summoned all the able-bodied men, and marched to intercept the buccaneers, who, having escaped some ambuscades that had been laid for them with more energy than skill, debouched upon an open plain in front of the town. On their advance, the Spaniard detached a troop of horse to charge them in the front, with the view of dispersing and pursuing them with his main body; but he failed to realise the courage and tenacity of his enemy, who drove back the cavalry with heavy loss, and, falling upon his untrained volunteers, scattered them like chaff before the wind. In the contest, which lasted for about five hours, he received a mortal wound. The town still offered a brave resistance; the inhabitants barricading their houses, and pouring volleys of musketry from their windows, or hurling heavy articles of furniture upon the buccaneers, as they fought their way into the streets. But Morgan having given notice that, unless immediate submission were made, he would burn the town to the ground, and put every man, woman, and child to the sword, they threw down their arms, and hoisted the white flag.

Morgan had observed with vexation that, during the action, they had carried off their most valuable property; nor could the tortures to which he subjected his prisoners compel them to disclose their place of concealment. Men, women, and children—even babes at the breast—were shut up in the churches, where many of them died from

exhaustion or hunger. The buccaneers demanded a double ransom; one for the townsfolk, if they did not wish to be transported to America, and the other for their town, if they wished to save it from the flames. Five prisoners were sent into the woods to collect it, either from the wealthier citizens who had sought refuge there, or from any other available sources. They returned with the assurance that the whole amount should be paid in a fortnight. To this delay Morgan at first consented; but, having captured a negro with a letter on his person from the Governor of Santiago, in which he advised the Spaniards to withhold payment and amuse the pirates until he could come to their assistance, he insisted that payment should be made on the day following, but offered to take, in full acquittance of his demands, five hundred head of cattle. These having been delivered, Morgan and his fleet sailed back to Jamaica.

Hitherto the buccaneers had confined their raids to the islands of the Spanish Main. Morgan, who wanted only opportunity and a wider sphere of action to have become the founder of a maritime empire, resolved to operate against the rich Spanish settlements on the main land, as his predecessor Mansvelt had projected. Having collected a fleet of nine well-equipped vessels, manned by 560 desperadoes, he made known to his captains his design of attacking the town of Porto Bello. Some objected that his force was insufficient for such a purpose. "If our numbers be small," replied the chief, "our hearts are large; and the fewer we are, the greater will be each man's share of the plunder." Still the adventure was one which a prudent mind might well contemplate with apprehension. Porto Bello was then one of the strongest of the Spanish-American towns; its harbour was defended by two forts of formidable character; it was garrisoned by 300 regular troops; and it had a population of nearly 3,000.

Daring as Morgan was in conceiving his projects, he was wary enough in carrying them into execution. Well acquainted with the neighbouring coast, he conveyed his fleet at nightfall into a lonely harbour about thirty miles from the doomed town. Into this harbour flows a river from the westward, which winds through the green gloom of a dense and intertangled forest. Disembarking his men in boats and canoes, he ascended this river to a sheltered creek, where he landed, and under cover of the darkness followed up an Indian trail until it brought him within sight of the sleeping town. Morgan then despatched four men under the conduct of an Englishman who had at one time lingered in its prison, to seize or kill the sentinel at the advanced post. His capture was made so cleverly that he had no time to give an alarm; and being brought before Morgan, with

his hands bound and a couple of pistols at his head, he was terrified into giving a full account of the defences of the town. The buccaneers were thus enabled to advance, undiscovered, to the very walls of the fort that commanded the harbour-mouth, where the Spanish prisoner was compelled to speak to his fellow-countrymen, advising them to surrender immediately, or they would be cut in pieces and no quarter given. The threat had no effect, and the garrison opened fire. After an obstinate resistance they were forced to yield; and Morgan resolved to make a terrible example. He caused all the officers and soldiers to be shut up in one apartment, set fire to the powder magazine, and blew the fort and all its living contents into the air. This done, he attacked the town, and a bloody battle ensued, lasting from break of day till noon. The Spaniards fought with such desperate resolution that its issue seemed at one time uncertain; but a cruel stratagem of Morgan's decided it in his favour. He ordered a dozen stout ladders to be put together, and collecting a number of priests and men whom he had made prisoners, compelled them to advance before his companies, and lay the ladders against the walls of the castle which still held out. He had calculated by this device to check the fire of the Spaniards; but though deceived in his expectation, as they continued the contest with wonderful ardour, he was successful in fixing his scaling-ladders with scarcely any loss to his own men, who, swarming up them, beat down the weakened defence of the garrison, slew their brave commander, and carried the castle.

Thus, with only 400 men, and without a single piece of artillery, this daring chief of flibustiers captured a strong and populous town, defended by a regular garrison, well provided with cannon. Unfortunately, an achievement worthy of a Drake or a Grenville, he sullied by a cruelty of which Drake and Grenville would have been incapable. He gave up the unfortunate town to the licence of his reckless followers, and a scene of horror ensued which may be imagined, but must not be described. When their excesses had subsided he ordered a systematic pillage to be instituted; while, to guard himself against any sudden attack, he repaired the shattered fortifications and remounted the ordnance. For a fortnight he held undisturbed possession of Porto Bello, provisioning his ships and conveying on board of them the accumulated plunder. Then, having lost many of his men, partly through the unhealthy climate and partly through their own debaucheries, he prepared for his departure, but hearing that the Governor of Panama was on the march to attack him with a considerable force, he picked out a hundred of his veterans and sallied forth to meet him. Concealing himself in a rocky defile, which

was overgrown with luxuriant masses of foliage, he poured in upon the astonished Spaniards, as soon as they were involved in its recesses, a deadly fire, which struck them down by scores, and compelled them to retreat in great disorder. With only a handful of men the Governor returned to Panama ; whence, with the characteristic arrogance of a "Spanish Don," he sent a message to Morgan that, unless he immediately departed from Porto Bello, he would meet with no mercy when he captured him, as he hoped soon to do. In reply Morgan demanded a ransom of 150,000 dollars, or swore he would burn the town, blow up the forts, and put to the sword his prisoners of all ages and both sexes.

The "haughty Spaniard" refused to purchase the retreat of the buccaneers, and despatched a message to Cartagena, requesting the authorities to fit out some ships and block up the pirates in the river. They had none at their disposal. He disregarded, nevertheless, the entreaties of the unfortunate inhabitants of Porto Bello, who sent word that these rovers of the sea were not men but devils ; and that they fought with such fury that the Spanish officers had stabbed themselves in very despair at seeing a fortress, reputed impregnable, taken by a handful of assailants, when it should successfully have resisted a very much larger force. The Governor himself was astonished at the exploit, and sent to Morgan a courteous message, asking for a pattern of the arms with which 400 men had captured a well-fortified town. The buccaneer sent him a common pistol and a few ordinary bullets : "I beg your Excellency's acceptance," he said, "of this small pattern of the weapons with which I took Porto Bello. If you will keep them for a twelvemonth, I will come to Panama in person to fetch them." The Governor rejoined : "I return the pistol, and thank you for the loan of it. But I beg of you not to give yourself the trouble of coming to Panama ; for I can assure you that you will not speed so well there as you have done at Porto Bello." And, in a fine chivalrous spirit, he sent him a rich gold ring set with a costly emerald.

Thus abandoned to themselves, the townsfolk of Porto Bello raised the ransom demanded by the buccaneer chief, who thereupon withdrew his men, and set sail for Jamaica.

In 1669, having added to his fleet a 36-gun frigate, the "Oxford," which had recently arrived from England, Morgan sailed for Hispaniola. Lying in the harbour at the Isle de la Vaca (or Cow Island) was a French ship "Le Cerf Volant," mounting twenty-four iron guns and twelve of brass. On Morgan's invitation, the captain and men showed a willingness to enlist under the black flag, but the

French officers would not accede to his terms. He at once determined to have his revenge upon him, justifying his treachery by the allegation that their captain had plundered an English vessel of a quantity of provisions, and obtained from the Cuban authorities letters of marque in order to prey upon English commerce. Having invited the captain and officers to dine with him, he suddenly rose up, as the wine passed round, reproached his guests as thieves, and declared them to be prisoners. They were flung into irons, and he sent a boat on board "Le Cerf Volant" to take possession of her.

Soon afterwards he summoned his captains to confer with him on what should be the primary object of their efforts, and proposed to them to sail towards the island of Savona, and there lie in wait for some rich argosies which were known to be on their homeward voyage. The council was held on board the "Cerf Volant," and concluded with a prolonged orgie, in which all on board joined. In the midst of the drunken revel the powder magazine ignited, and blew the ship into the air; fragments of timber, beams, planks, guns, and mangled bodies falling again in a dreadful shower. Out of a crew of 600 men 370 perished; but, strange to say, the officers escaped unhurt. This catastrophe made a deep impression on the Englishmen, who sought to excuse their carelessness by laying the blame on the shoulders of the French prisoners; but it did not subdue their greed of gain. Eight days afterwards, Morgan commanded the bodies of the miserable wretches who had perished in the explosion to be searched for, as they floated on the sea, not however to give them the rites of Christian burial, but to strip them of their clothes and rings and ornaments of gold. He set sail thereafter for Savona, and, after experiencing a severe storm, reached the port of Orva, where he landed some of his men to draw water and collect fresh provisions. They killed a number of animals, and among them some horses. "But the Spaniards, not well satisfied at their hunting, laid a stratagem for them, ordering 300 or 400 men to come from San Domingo, and desiring them to hunt in all the parts thereabout near the sea, that so, if any of the pirates should return, they might find no subsistence. Within a few days the same pirates returned to hunt, but, finding nothing to kill, a party of about fifty straggled further on into the woods; the Spaniards, who watched all their motions, gathered a great herd of cows, and set two or three men to keep them. The pirates, having spied them, killed a sufficient number, and though the Spaniards could see them at a distance, yet they would not hinder them at present; but as soon as they attempted to carry them away, they set upon them furiously, crying, '*Mata*

mata,' or kill, kill. Thus the pirates were soon compelled to quit their prey and retreat to their ships ; but they did it in good order, retiring by degrees, and, when they had opportunity, discharging full volleys on the Spaniards, killing many of the enemy, though not without some loss.

" The Spaniards, seeing their danger, endeavoured to save themselves by flight, and carry off their dead and wounded companions ; the pirates, perceiving them flee, would not content themselves with what hurt they had already done, but pursued them speedily into the woods, and killed the greatest part of those that remained. Next day, Captain Morgan, *extremely offended at what had passed* [what delicious simplicity !], went himself, with 200 men, into the woods to seek for the rest of the Spaniards ; but, finding nobody, he avenged his wrath on the houses of the poor and miserable rustics that inhabit scatteringly those fields and woods, of which he burnt a great number. With this he returned to his ship *something more satisfied in his mind* for having done some considerable damage to the enemy, which was always his most ardent desire."

As all his ships had not joined, and his whole fighting force did not exceed 500 men, Morgan considered it prudent to abandon his original design ; and acting upon a suggestion of a notorious pirate, Pierre Picard, who had served under L'Olonois in an expedition against Maracaibo, he resolved on a second descent upon that ill-fated town. When he arrived in the lake or sea of that name he found, to his surprise, that his passage was opposed by a strong Spanish force, which poured a heavy fire upon his men while they were getting into their boats. Such mishaps, however, made little impression upon the impassive buccaneer chief. He ordered an immediate attack ; whereupon the enemy took to flight, after having laid a lighted fusee near the powder magazine, in the pious hope of blowing up the fortress and the pirates in it ! But Morgan was on the alert ; his keen eye discovered the train when it was on the verge of explosion ; and, snatching up the burning match, he saved the lives of himself and his companions by his presence of mind. He found in the fort thirty quintals of powder, numerous guns and pikes, sixteen large cannon, and other war material, which he hastened to remove on board ship.

The shallowness of the Maracaibo lake proved a serious impediment to the progress of the pirates ; but Morgan's patience was inexhaustible, his tenacity unfailing, and he enjoyed an absolute command over his reckless crews. Eventually, with a flotilla of canoes and small boats, which he had got together with incredible

effort, and piloted with incredible skill, he made his appearance before the town. To his deep vexation, it was deserted ; the whole population had fled. Next day he sent out a skirmishing party, who, after scouring the country-side, returned with some thirty unfortunate creatures, and fifty mules laden with merchandise. The prisoners were subjected to cruel tortures to make them reveal the hiding-places of the inhabitants and of their goods. Their limbs were stretched with cord, and they were then beaten with sticks. Others had burning matches thrust between their fingers. About the heads of others whipcord or matches were twisted till the veins swelled and the eyes burst out. Others were strained, and rent, and twisted on the rack. Some faithful slaves who refused to betray their masters were cut into pieces while alive. By these cruelties Morgan at last secured about one hundred of the principal families with all their wealth, and he then determined to sail for a place called after the famous rock of the Mediterranean—Gibraltar. He was welcomed with round volleys of cannon-shot, but these rude compliments the reckless buccaneers regarded with laughing indifference—they were schooled to such a contempt for life. " We must make a meal upon bitter things," they said to one another, " before we can enjoy the sweetness of the sugar which this place affords ! " To be sure, not a few of them might never have an opportunity of savouring the sugar. But what of that? It was one of the tricks of destiny ; and, after all, there would be more for the survivors !

Early next day Morgan landed his invincibles, and they advanced upon the town through a range of forest growth which completely covered their approach. At the glitter of their arms and the virulent fierceness of their aspect, the Spaniards lost heart, and, remembering the atrocities of L'Olonois and his buccaneers, fled, despairing, from the town. The only person who remained was a man of feeble wit, who, to the sharp interrogatories of the pirates, could answer only, " I know nothing, I know nothing " ; but when put to the rack and tortured, he cried in his agony, " Torture me no more, and I will show you all my goods and my riches." Under the delusion that he was a wealthy Spaniard who had pretended poverty and imbecility, they allowed him to lead them to a miserable hut, where, with much pride, he displayed a few articles of pottery and half-a-dozen small coins. The satire on the cupidity of the buccaneers was unintentional, but it was complete. They asked him his name, and the poor fool replied, " Don Sebastian Sanchy ; and I am the butler of the Governor of Maracaibo." Whether the buccaneers believed him or whether they thought he was jesting, I know not ; but they put

him again upon the rack, loaded his neck and feet with huge weights, and applied burning palm-leaves to his face. Thus they contrived to kill him off in half an hour.

For five weeks the buccaneers held Gibraltar, and for five weeks practised almost every imaginable atrocity. Skirmishing parties were sent out daily, and daily returned with some of the fugitives, whom they plied with the most ingenious cruelties, apparently delighting in the invention of fresh tortures. Some poor wretches were nailed in all their nakedness to a cross, and scarred with burning matches; others were hung up by the flesh and roasted alive. Or they were suspended by their arms, with heavy stones attached to their legs, so that every joint, muscle, and bone were distorted in the most frightful manner. Moaning, shivering, gasping, the victims of this barbarity lingered in dreadful agonies for four or five days, until some buccaneer, more merciful—or less ruthless—than his comrades, drew his sword or knife and terminated their sufferings. It is painful to reflect that these outrages cannot have been committed without the knowledge of Morgan, and though the position of a flibustier chief was not without its limits as to power and influence, it is difficult not to believe that he could have prevented them.

Having extorted a ransom of 5,000 pieces of eight, Morgan abandoned Gibraltar, re-embarked his men, and sailed down the lagoon to Maracaibo. There the information which awaited him disturbed for a moment even the composure of this prince of buccaneers. Three great Spanish men-of-war had arrived off the mouth of the lake to oppose his passage, while the fortifications of the castle had been restored, and it was well provided with guns, men, and ammunition. He quickly recovered his characteristic impassiveness. As if he commanded an overpowering force, he sent a lofty message to the Spanish commodore, demanding a large ransom for not burning to the ground the town of Maracaibo, to which the Spaniard replied that he would permit him and his men to pass unmolested if they gave up all their booty, prisoners, and the slaves they had taken. Curtly rejecting these conditions, Morgan prepared to force the passage of the lagoon, and having equipped a formidable *brûlot*, or fire-ship, he placed all his male prisoners in one barge; all the women, plate, jewels, and bullion in another; and the remainder of the plunder on such craft as were most suitable for its reception. He then exacted from his men an oath that they would fight to the last drop of their blood, and ask no quarter; and at daybreak on the 30th of April, 1669, hoisted sail and made towards the array of the Spaniards.

The fire-ship, which led the van, fell aboard the Spanish admiral, and enveloped him in flames. At this terrible spectacle, the second man-of-war steered towards the castle, where she was sunk by her own crew. The third, having no opportunity of escape, was captured by the buccaneers, who, having disposed of these formidable enemies, immediately landed and attacked the castle. Not that they expected to find any considerable amount of booty within its walls ; but that they thought it politic to impress the Spaniards with a belief in their invincible daring. The Spaniards, however, fought with unusual steadiness. Encouraged by their admiral, they plied their guns with such vigour that the buccaneers durst not approach to plant their ladders against the walls, and, with a loss of 30 killed and 40 wounded, were compelled to re-embark and return to Maracaibo.

Having refitted for his own use the captured Spanish man-of-war, Morgan sent another message to the admiral offering to spare the town for a ransom of 8,000 pieces of gold eight and 500 beeves. The admiral refused, but the authorities of Maracaibo were glad to be rid of their wild, fierce visitors on such (comparatively) moderate terms, and paid the ransom without further ado. The pirates then divided the money, and all the spoil they had collected, among the different ships ; and Morgan prepared to contest the passage from the lake into the open sea. When the lion's skin was insufficient, the great buccaneer never hesitated to eke it out with the fox's, and he resorted to an ingenious stratagem to throw the Spaniards off their guard. He embarked a number of his men on board canoes, which immediately rowed inshore as if to land their crews. Under the overhanging boughs, however, they lay down in their boats, which afterwards returned to the ships with only two or three men at the oars, This pretended disembarkation was three or four times repeated, so as to deceive the Spaniards into a belief that the buccaneers meditated, under cover of night, a second attack upon the castle. As a measure of precaution, therefore, they removed most of their great guns from the seaward to the landward defences, leaving the former almost unarmed.

It was a bright, clear, moonlit night, and with a soft silver lustre lying on earth and sea, the rovers, their canvas furled, dropped down the stream with the ebbing tide ; when near the castle, they suddenly opened all their sails as if by magic. The Spaniards, in frantic indignation, hastened to remove their guns from the landward side, and to open a swift fire ; but a favourable wind carried the buccaneers out of range, with little loss of life or injury to their spars or rigging. Then they raised three tremendous cheers of exultant defiance, and

Morgan discharged some great guns loaded with ball at the fort as an appropriate farewell.

Encouraged by success, Morgan soon afterwards proclaimed a new expedition, and his fame was so widely spread, and there was so general a belief in his genius and fortune, that volunteers hastened from all quarters to serve under so capable a leader. Towards the close of 1670, he found himself in command of no fewer than thirty-seven ships, manned by 2,200 hardy and experienced mariners. His own vessel mounted twenty-eight guns; others carried twenty, eighteen, and sixteen guns; the smallest had four. His supply of ammunition was very extensive, and included stench-pots, fire-balls, and hand grenades. I suppose that since the days when the Norsemen, under Hroff, invaded France, and the Jutes, under Hengst and Horsa, descended upon England, so large an armada had never been collected for purely piratical objects.

Yet there was a method in Morgan's piracy. Like Drake and Hawkins, he made war against Spain only. Having divided his fleet into two squadrons, one under himself, the other under a vice-admiral, he issued commissions or letters-patent to his captains to practise any kind of hostility against the Spanish nation, to capture what Spanish ships they could, either in the open sea or in harbours, jus "as if they were the open and declared enemies of the King of England, Charles II., my master." Here we see that Morgan fully acknowledged his allegiance to the English Crown, and it is evident that his piracy was but an irregular outcome of the old traditional hostility between England and Spain, which had originated in a curious combination of religious fervour and commercial jealousy. Morgan was the successor of Drake and Hawkins, without their chivalry and religious enthusiasm. He preyed wholly upon the Spaniards, and seems to have thought that in doing so he was acting like a patriot, and meriting the commendation of his sovereign; who, indeed, is reported to have greatly encouraged and shared in his enterprises, and eventually made him a baronet, and, it is said, Governor of Jamaica.

To insure the swift and willing obedience of his followers, Morgan drew up formal articles of agreement, which were signed by the captains and officers on the part of the men. To himself, as admiral, was assigned one-hundredth part of all the booty taken. Every captain was allowed to draw the shares of eight men for the expenses of his ship, besides his own share. Every surgeon was to receive, in addition to his pay, 200 pieces of eight for his medicine chests, and every carpenter 100 pieces of eight besides his wages. The carpenter

was of course a very valuable and important personage. The following rewards and compensations were decreed: For the loss of both legs, 1,500 pieces of eight, or fifteen shares; for the loss of both hands, 1,800 pieces of eight, or eighteen shares; for one leg, 600 pieces of eight, or six shares; for a hand, the same as for a leg; and for the loss of an eye, 100 pieces of eight, or one share. Whoever distinguished himself in fight, either by being the first to enter any port, or to haul down the Spanish colours and hoist the English, was to be rewarded with a gratuity of fifty pieces of eight.

It was Morgan's design to carry out with this powerful armada his promised visit to Panama; but as that rich and famous city was situated on the west or Pacific coast of the isthmus, it would be necessary to leave the fleet in some convenient harbour on the eastern side, and traverse the isthmus with his crews on foot. The route was unknown, but he calculated on obtaining native guides. The enterprise was hazardous, but he believed that the Spaniards would be unprepared against a sudden attack. As a preliminary, however, he considered it indispensable to recapture from the Spaniards the island of St. Catherine, to form his base of operations, and hoisting the royal standard of England at his own masthead, while his vice-admiral carried the blood-red flag of the sea-rovers emblazoned with the white cross, he sailed from Cape Tiburin on December 16.

After a rapid passage Morgan arrived at St. Catherine's, which the Spaniards had converted into a penal settlement. "Here are large quantities of pigeons at certain seasons; it is watered by four rivulets, whereof two are always dry in summer; here is no trade nor commerce exercised by the inhabitants, neither do they plant more fruits than what are necessary for human life, though the country would make very good plantations of tobacco of considerable profit, were it cultivated." Landing a thousand men, the buccaneer chief sent word to the Spanish governor that, if within a few hours he did not surrender, with all his men, he swore to him and to all who were in his company, that he would most certainly put them to the sword. The terrified governor at once gave in, but stipulated that, in order to save the honour of the garrison, a pretended engagement should take place. Accordingly, it was arranged that Morgan should attack by night, but the governor should feign to retreat from one fort to another, and that Morgan's troops should then intercept and capture him. Both sides were to keep up an active musketry fire, but the guns were to be loaded only with powder. This strange farce was actually played out. The guns vented an ineffectual roar. The buccaneers, fully armed, advanced to the assault; the forms of war-

fare were observed without any serious fighting; the Spaniards surrendered; and, without the loss of a single man, Morgan found himself in possession of St. Catherine.

"This island being taken by this unusual stratagem, and all things put in order, the pirates made a new war against the poultry, cattle, and all sorts of victuals they could find, for some days scarce thinking of anything else than to kill, roast and eat, and make what good cheer they could; if wood were wanting, they pulled down the houses and made fires with the timber, as had been done before in the field. Next day they numbered all the prisoners they had taken upon the island, who were found to be, in all, 459 persons, men, women, and children; viz., 190 soldiers of the garrison, 40 inhabitants who were married, 43 children; 34 slaves belonging to the king, with 8 children; 8 banditti; 39 negroes belonging to private persons, with 27 female blacks, and 54 children. The pirates disarmed all the Spaniards, and sent them out immediately to the plantations to search for provisions, leaving the women in the church to exercise their devotions."

There were two forts on the island, armed, in all, with 60 guns, and placed in positions of such great natural strength that they might easily have been held against a much larger force than the buccaneer chief commanded. Besides a large store of muskets and hand-grenades, which eventually proved very serviceable, the buccaneers found in the arsenal upwards of 300 quintals of powder, all of which they conveyed on board their ships; such guns as they could not make use of they spiked. The forts were demolished, with the exception of that of St. Jerome, into which Morgan threw a strong garrison. Among the prisoners he selected three to act as his guides across the isthmus, promising them their liberty on his return to Jamaica, and equal shares in the booty. "These propositions the banditti accepted very readily, promising to serve him faithfully, especially one of the three, who was the greatest rogue, thief, and assassin among them, and deserved for his crimes to be broken alive on the wheel. This wicked fellow had a great ascendency over the other two, and domineered over them as he pleased, they not daring to disobey his orders."

Four ships and a large pinnace, under Vice-Admiral Bradley, were despatched in advance to reduce Chagres. After a three days' voyage they sighted the castle, which the Spaniards called St. Lawrence; it crowned the summit of a precipice at the river mouth, and on almost every side was inaccessible. The Spaniards opened fire as soon as the pirate-squadron hove in sight; but, instead of assailing

the position from the sea, the buccaneers landed about a mile from the castle, with a view of attacking it on the landward side, where the defences were least formidable.

Their advance lay through a forest, where the track was much impeded by intertangles of liane and parasite, by swamp and morass ; and, though their guides served them faithfully, it was two hours past noon when they debouched in front of the castle. At first they were greatly harassed by the fire of the enemy, but with their swords in one hand and their grenades or "fire-balls" in the other, they rushed on impetuously, showing their usual indifference to danger. The Spaniards offered a stout resistance, firing briskly and shouting, "Come on, ye English dogs, enemies to God and our king! Let your companions that are in the rear come on also ; you shall not go to Panama this bout!" After a vain effort to scale the walls, Bradley fell back, and rested until nightfall in the nearest covert. With the first darkness his men renewed the assault, endeavouring to burn down the palisades with their fire-balls. Their success was finally due to a strange accident. One of them, being wounded with an arrow, pulled it desperately from his flesh, and winding some cotton round it thrust it into his musket, and contemptuously shot it back into the fort. The cotton, ignited by the powder, set fire to the palm leaf thatch on the roofs of some buildings near at hand, and, the flames spreading, the gunpowder magazine blew up, causing great destruction and a panic among the Spaniards. The buccaneers rallied again to the attack, and through gaps in the palisades forced their way with dauntless courage, overcame the defence, and after a desperate and prolonged contest, in which the governor and nearly all his men perished, captured the castle. It cost them, however, one hundred of their number killed and seventy wounded. The vehement nature of the struggle is shown by the fact that the killed actually outnumbered the wounded.

Only thirty prisoners were taken, but from them the buccaneers obtained much valuable information. They learned that the Governor of Panama was apprised of Morgan's projected expedition, that he had therefore reinforced the castle of Chagres with 164 men, and poured in large supplies of provisions and ammunition ; further, that he had laid several ambuscades along the Chagres river, and that he had collected an army of 3,600 men with which to oppose the buccaneers under the walls of Panama.

Morgan did not delay at St. Catherine after he was apprised of the capture of Chagres, but before setting sail he embarked all the provisions he could collect, besides large quantities of maize and

cassava. He arrived in the river of Chagres in eight days. So great was the joy of the buccaneers when they saw the English flag flying on the castle battlements that, in their excitement, they ran four of their ships ashore at the very mouth of the river. The crews and cargoes, however, were saved.

The buccaneers welcomed their daring chief into the castle with shouts and acclamations. He, with his usual energy, at once set the prisoners to work on the repair of the fortifications. In the river he found some small vessels which were used for the transport of merchandise into the interior. These he manned with 150 of his men; he garrisoned the castle with 500, and then, at the head of a force of 1,200, he set out on his Panama expedition (August 18, 1670) in thirty-two large canoes and fire-boats, most of which were armed with heavy guns.

The first day they moved six leagues up the river, halting for the night at a place called De los Braus. The second day they came to Cruz de Juan Gallys, where they were compelled to leave their boats and canoes, the river having sunk very low owing to prolonged drought, and the channel being obstructed by blown-down and riven trunks of trees. Moreover, their guides told them that about two leagues further they would come into a tract of country favourable for their advance by land. Leaving 160 men in charge of the boats, that they might be available in case of necessity, Morgan disembarked his force and began his march; but the track was so bad and difficult that he thought it advisable to transport at least a part of his company in canoes to a point further up the river called Cedro Bueno. On the fourth day the greater portion of the expedition advanced by land led by one of the guides, while the other guides conducted the rest by river. About noon they arrived at Torna Cavellos, and the guide of the course declared that he could see an ambuscade ahead. The necessary precautions were immediately taken, but on pushing forward the buccaneers were disgusted to find that the Spaniards had fled, leaving behind them only a few leather bags and some crumbs of bread on the ground where they had been dining. Hunger, however, like necessity, knows no laws, and the famished pirates eagerly made a meal off the leather bags.

At night they reached Torna Musini, and found another ambuscade, which, like the former, was deserted. They searched the neighbouring woods with wolfish eyes, but could nowhere detect "the least crumb of sustenance," the Spaniards having carefully removed every kind of provision. "Here, again, he was happy who had reserved since noon any bit of leather to make his supper off,

drinking after it a good draught of water for his comfort. Some, who never were out of their mothers' kitchens, may ask how these pirates could eat and digest those pieces of leather, so hard and dry. To whom I answer that, could they once experience what hunger, or rather famine, is, they would find the way, as the pirates did. For these first sliced it in pieces, then they beat between two stones, and rubbed it, after dipping it in water to make it supple and tender. Lastly, they scraped off the hair and broiled it. Being thus cooked, they cut it into small morsels and ate it, helping it down with frequent gulps of water, which by good fortune they had at hand."

The fifth day of their laborious journey brought them to Baracoa, where they found traces of another empty ambuscade. After a long search they came upon a cave, which seemed to have been very recently excavated, and in the interior they found, to their great joy, two sacks of wheat, meal, and the like, with a couple of large jars of wine, and some fruits called "platanes." Morgan caused this small supply to be carefully distributed among his famished men, who, refreshed and reinvigorated, marched on with more hopeful courage than ever, the invalids being carried on board the canoes.

Partly by land, and partly by water, these buccaneering, flibustiering heroes continued their marvellous enterprise, their flagging spirits being constantly revived by the speech and example of their leader. They were nevertheless compelled to take frequent intervals of rest, the track was so difficult, and their feebleness so extreme. Arriving at noon on the sixth day at a plantation in which stood a barn full of maize, they literally flung themselves upon it like a horde of rats, beat down the door, and greedily devoured the maize until they could eat no longer. The seventh day saw them across the river; and, passing along the bank on the other side, they came to a burning village, which its inhabitants, before abandoning, had set on fire. On the ninth day they reached the crest of a steep ascent, and with infinite joy and thankfulness saw outspread before them, like a vast expanse of molten gold, the broad Pacific, and they knew then that their toilsome enterprise was nearly at an end. Into the lowlands, rich and smiling, the famished adventurers descended with a rapid step, and, seizing on the cattle which grazed idly among the fertile pastures, they slaughtered them, and lighted great fires, and roasted huge joints of beef, and made a truly Homeric feast. Towards dusk they came in view of the gilded spires of Panama, and, regarding the fair city as already their prize and capture, caused their trumpets to blow and their drums to roll, and encamped themselves like warriors after a victory.

Next day the victory was theirs, and so was the fair Queen of the Pacific, but not until after a bloody battle and a stern resistance, which tried their mettle to the uttermost. Gallantly the Spaniards fought, and great was their numerical preponderance ; yet Morgan's comparatively small force—it could not have exceeded 1,000 men—overcame their defence, and broke into the city, after a terrible carnage. Morgan delivered it over to instant pillage. Probably he could not have done otherwise if he had wished, for the mood of his desperadoes must have been a dangerous one at the end of that hard day's fighting, and after so much suffering and privation. However this may be, Panama was plundered and set on fire, either by the Spaniards themselves or by the buccaneers. For three weeks Morgan abode among its ashes, defying the Spanish authorities to attempt its recapture ; and finally, when he had collected all the booty that the city and the district could be made to afford, marched away quite at his ease, with upwards of 600 prisoners, and a convoy of 175 beasts of burden, loaded with treasure of gold, silver, and precious stones. He reached Chagres in safety on March 9, and thus successfully completed an enterprise which, as it seems to me, is almost unequalled for daring, skill, and sustained energy in the whole history of human adventure.

W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

SOME FRENCH ANA.

IT is probably true that for most of us only a blurred impressionist view of history remains from the books of our youth, with here and there a more distinct vision of some saying or fact, often of extreme insignificance, which has succeeded in effecting permanent lodgment in the memory. The reason, doubtless, is that the writers of the children's guides to history, out of the pity of their hearts, relieved, or tried to relieve, the dulness of the fare they offered us with compensating anecdotes to beguile or reward the unsuspicious scholar. But it is unfortunate that these anecdotes should often remain, in consequence, the most solid part of our historical knowledge, for nothing, generally, has less history about them ; and a hundred persons probably still believe, for example, that the Duke of Clarence was drowned in a butt of Malmsey wine, for one who traces the legend to its origin, to his body having been thrown into the Thames near the Tower of London in a cask that had once held wine of that name.

It is certainly not a cheerful thought to reflect how few of the best known facts of this sort, how few celebrated sayings, would stand a really critical examination into their origin, or a comparison with the anecdotes of ancient history preserved to us by Plutarch, Valerius Maximus, or Macrobius. Even in them, and especially in Plutarch, the same story is repeatedly told of different individuals, so that no one can say, for instance, who really was the self-controlled hero who, when his slave had angered him, exclaimed "I should beat you, were I not angry."

So the story told by Froissart of Edward III. falling as he landed on the coast of France, and turning the bad omen into a happy augury by the remark, "This land desires me," is told with so little variation of William the Conqueror landing in England, and of Cæsar landing in Africa, that we may fairly suspect it to belong to none of them, but to have been periodically resuscitated whenever occasion rendered its reappearance appropriate. And so again some suspicion must attach to the story of Sir Philip Sydney and the water at the

battle of Zutphen, from its resemblance to a very similar story narrated of Alexander the Great. But the first occasion or the first inventor of these historical stories remains generally lost to fame.

Into the Ana, however, of French history such an inquiry as is here hinted at has been already made by M. Fournier, in his excellent work entitled "L'Esprit dans l'Histoire," with the result, if we follow his guidance, of a somewhat startling havoc in our English impressions of French history, and a feeling perhaps of some mental loss in the gain of literal truth. What becomes, for instance, of our idea of Francis I. without the famous "All is lost save honour," after the battle of Pavia? or of Louis XIV. without "The State is myself" or "The Pyrenees are no longer"? Is there any English history of France without these, or that would not feel itself the poorer without them? Yet these must be among our first jettisons, if we care at all for history as truth, and not as a mere collection of anecdotes of which the pleasure they afford is the first consideration. Much indeed may be said for the latter point of view, but let our present concern be absolute veracity. What then Francis I. really wrote to his mother, though both Chateaubriand and Sismondi tell the familiar story, began as follows:—"To inform you of the real state of my misfortune, of all things nothing is left to me but honour and my life, which is safe; and in order that in our adversity this news may give you some comfort, I have entreated to be left alone to write this letter, and the same has been graciously accorded me." The famous phrase *L'Etat c'est moi* belongs more probably to Queen Elizabeth than to Louis XIV., for whose having said it on the occasion of his appearance before the Parliament with a hunting whip and in hunting costume there seems to be no authority. And, in spite of Voltaire, it was the Spanish ambassador who in 1700 spoke, in reference to the permission of the new King of Spain to the young courtiers to follow him into Spain, of the Pyrenees being levelled; and the phrase, slightly altered, was afterwards attributed to Louis XIV., as addressed by him to the Duke of Anjou before the latter started to reign in Spain.

The historical conception of characters may clearly be quite falsified by the habit of attaching to them certain sayings that seem to accord well enough with a general idea of them, the general idea itself being often to a large extent founded on the anecdotes. This fact is verified abundantly in the case of Louis XIV. Thus, for instance, he is often said to have consoled a courtier who had received some offence with a phrase to which his grandfather,

Henri IV., has a prior claim—"As a friend I offer you my arm ; as master I promise you justice." Nor did Louis say to Boileau, in thanking him for his "Passage of the Rhine," "That is fine, and I should praise you more if you had praised me less." "I should praise your work more if it praised me less" has its real home in the "Memoirs of Queen Marguerite," who in these terms thanked Brantôme for his chapter in praise of her in his "Dames Illustres." And there is a pretty story of Louis' answer to the English ambassador when the latter, in 1714, complained of some naval constructions as contrary to treaties : "I have always been master in my own country, sometimes in other peoples' ; do not remind me of it." Yet this anecdote was admitted to be false by Henault, who was primarily responsible for its circulation.

M. Fournier dwells with justice on the political importance to a king of France of the power to deliver himself of *bons mots* ; and Louis XIV. undoubtedly possessed this power to a greater extent than Louis XV. or Louis XVI. In fact the latter actually paid a considerable sum to the Marquis de Pezay for supplying him with answers for anticipated contingencies. Thus the Prince de Ligne declares he was present when Louis received great credit for words uttered in accordance with the Marquis's instructions. The latter had thus given them in a letter : "Your Majesty is soon going to some horseraces ; you will find a notary writing down wagers between the Count d'Artois and the Duke of Orleans. Say, Sire, when you see him : 'Why this man? Needs there writing between gentlemen ? The word of honour is enough.'" There is something truly absurd in the idea of the king actually uttering these words in a pompous voice and with great effect in the very event for which they had been prepared.

Louis XV. suffered for want of a Marquis de Pezay, for he never achieved reputation for the wit of his tongue, and the sayings ascribed to him are of doubtful authenticity. It was not the king, but the Pompadour, for instance, who gave utterance to the celebrated *Après nous le déluge*, which expressed so well both the spirit and the presentiment of his reign. But the king did probably say, when the remains of Madame de Pompadour were about to be taken from Versailles to Paris, and the rain was pouring down, "The Marchioness will not have fine weather for her journey."

The phrase by which Henri IV. is best remembered is, "Paris (or "the crown") is well worth a mass," supposed to have expressed the political justification for his change of faith. But in reality it was not the king who said it, but Sully, his minister, and in quite another reference. When the king asked him why he did not, like himself,

go to mass, Sully is said to have replied, "Sire, the crown is well worth a mass."

In historical pictures Sully is generally represented as considerably older than his master, whereas the king was the older by seven years. But the pictorial art should, perhaps, be allowed some licence in the matter of history. It is a question of degree; but when we meet with pictures of Leonardo da Vinci dying at Fontainebleau in the arms of Francis I., and it is proved conclusively that, wherever the great painter died, the king at the date in question was at St. Germain-en-Laye, it seems permissible to raise a protest And on the supposed occasion, it is said that Francis, observing looks of disdain among his courtiers, rebuked their thoughts by saying: "I can make nobles when I please, and even very great seigneurs; but God alone can make a man like him we are about to lose." But to how many other princes has not this sentiment been attributed? And who shall say whether it was ever really spoken?

But it is as often ignoble as generous sentiments that are falsely put into the mouths of kings. Louis XIII., when Cinq Mars was condemned to death, could hardly have said, "I should like to see the face he is cutting at this moment on the scaffold," for owing to an accident to the executioner which necessitated a postponement, the king could not have known when it took place; and the saying seems to be a corruption of some words spoken by the Duc d'Alençon with reference to the death of the Comte de Saint-Aignan in a tumult at Antwerp, in January, 1583. So the saying attributed by Brantôme to Charles IX. before the corpse of Coligny: "The scent of an enemy is always good," is the same saying that Louis XI. is made to utter in Scott's "Quentin Durward," but of which the first author was really Vitellius. Nor is Brantôme more correct in ascribing to Charles IX. the sentiment that "against rebels it is cruel to be humane and humane to be cruel;" for it belonged originally, according to d'Aubigné, to the sermons of Corneille Muis, Bishop of Bitonte, whence Catherine de Medicis derived it and employed it as a favourite precept in her advice to her son. At any rate the son made the lesson his own; and in fact, whether in that form or another, the sentiment has always been among the primary political maxims of the powers that be.

But it seems to be very doubtful whether Charles IX. really fired at the Huguenots at the massacre of Saint Bartholomew, in spite of the authority of Brantôme, or of the Marquis de Tessé, who is said to have had the fact from the very gentleman who loaded his musket. It is very difficult to identify the position of the window from which he fired, which is sometimes placed in the Louvre, and sometimes

in the Petit Bourbon ; nor are these difficulties of topography surmounted by the testimony either of Brantôme or of d'Aubigné, for neither of them was in Paris at the date of the massacre, and, as a line of Mr. Browning has it,

No truth was ever told the second day.

It is seldom even told the first day, and falsehood, from the nature of the case, smothers all events of importance from their birth. Therefore, on the whole, it is fair to give Charles IX. the benefit of the doubt of one of the most flagrant crimes in history.

In the same way some of the cruelties associated with the name of Louis XI. vanish on a closer inspection. Because his father, Charles VII., died of a disease which prevented his taking food, tradition so far enlarged on the fact as to assume that the king preferred to die of hunger rather than accept nourishment, which he feared might be poisoned, from his son. It is not true that Louis XI., in seeking for refinements of cruelty, invented iron-barred cages for his prisoners, for these had been in use long before in Italy and Spain. Nor is the horrible story of the execution of the Duc de Nemours, and his children made to stand beneath the bleeding scaffold, supported by any contemporary historian. Of doubtful authenticity, too, is the anecdote of Louis' answer to St. Francis de Paul, when the latter said, "Sire, I go to pray God for the repose of your Majesty's soul." "Oh ! pray only for my body ; one must not pray for too much at once."

It is not difficult to understand how false stories arise. Mistake has much to say to them ; direct transfer a good deal ; but positive invention has probably most of all. We may read, for instance, in M. Thiers' History, that Napoleon, when dying, said, "I go to rejoin Kleber, Desaix, Lannes, Massena, Bessières, Duroc, Ney. . . . They will come to meet me. . . . We shall talk of our exploits . . . unless there, as here below, they are afraid of seeing so many soldiers together." But this is asserted to have all been the invention of a French writer who thought this embellishment of facts perfectly reasonable. So with the words supposed to have been addressed by the Abbé Edgeworth to Louis XVI. just before his execution, "Son of St. Louis, rise to heaven." It was invented for effect the evening of the execution, by the editor of the *Républicain Français*, and was soon spread all over Paris, the Abbé himself being among the last to hear it, and always, when questioned about it, positively denying it. And it was the journalist Querlon who, in 1765, first invented and published as Mary Stuart's, the song so often repeated over the

world, beginning "*Adieu, plaisant pays de France, O ma patrie, La plus chérie,*" &c. In Brantôme's affecting narrative of the occasion, all she said was, "Adieu, France, adieu, France, never methinks shall I see thee again." The song was only Querlon's embellishment.

To descend from the words said by, or in connection with, kings, to those associated with some of their more distinguished subjects; the phrase attributed to Rabelais when dying, "Draw the curtain, the farce is over," is said to have been the utterance of the Athenian philosopher Demonax, of whom so delightful a picture is drawn in Lucian.

The saying ascribed to Molière, "*Je prends mon bien où je le trouve,*" has served as an excuse for a host of literary plagiarists, who under the ægis of his name take for their own whatever and wherever they please. But Molière said nothing of the sort, or rather he said it with the addition of a little syllable that makes all the difference. Cyrano, a companion of Molière's youth, in a comedy played at Paris called the *Pédant Joué*, inserted a scene derived from conversation with Molière. In later days Molière determined to make use of his early idea in the *Fourberies de Scapin*, and it was with reference to this particular scene that he said: "I take back (*reprends*) my property where I find it."

The famous "*Cherchez la femme,*" applicable so generally to mysterious conduct in life, is, it appears, not a French proverb at all, but a Spanish one, reduced to form by the Spanish king, Charles III., who even went so far at last as to ask simply, "What is her name?" whenever occasion justified the application of the proverb. Other words, of similar tendency, that have become a proverb are the lines:

Souvent femme varie;
Bien fol est qui s'y fie—

lines said to have been written with a diamond by Francis I. on a window in the castle of Chambord. But this appears to be all a romance that has grown round Brantôme's narrative. Brantôme is the only writer who speaks of the inscription as an eye-witness, and all that he was shown in the king's room at Chambord was a writing in large letters at the side of the window, *Toute femme varie.*

A worldwide celebrity attaches to the saying, *Il n'y a pas de héros pour son valet de chambre*, and English writers, when quoting it, generally quote it as Voltaire's; but in reality it was first said by M. Cornuel, who had the art of expressing things with admirable point and terseness. Montaigne, it is true, had said before, "Few men

have been admired by their servants;" but the truth, so expressed, would never have made its reputation. There could not be a better illustration than this of the difference between the same thing when said commonly and when said well. There is a deep abyss between the two, yet so near are they that the better might often seem to be but borrowed from the worse.

The same thing is conspicuous again in *La propriété c'est le vol*, for which of course Prudhomme is famous. But is it fair to charge him with having robbed Brissot, who in his "Philosophical Researches on the right of Property on Robbery considered in nature" had written, "Exclusive property is a robbery in nature"? He may have read it and unconsciously remembered it, but Brissot's sentence had long been dead, when Prudhomme gave it new and permanent life.

"The king reigns and does not govern," which has since done duty over the world for the general conception of constitutional monarchy, and of the proper attitude of constitutional monarchs, was first written by M. Thiers in one of the early numbers of the *National*, founded at the beginning of 1830, shortly before the monarchy of Charles X. fell, from the very fact of trespassing beyond the bounds of constitutional government.

The expression, the *juste milieu*, was the creation of Charles's successor, Louis-Philippe, who used the words in the early days of his reign to the deputies of Gaillac: "We shall endeavour to keep ourselves in a *juste milieu* equally removed from abuses of the royal power and from the excesses of the popular power." But that too ended in a revolution at last.

"It is the beginning of the end," is attributed to Talleyrand as having been so truthfully predicted by him of the situation of the Hundred Days. But the first time Talleyrand heard it was when he was complimented on it by M. de Vitrolles, and then he saw no reason for disavowing the paternity. Private individuals not infrequently obtain life and credit for their happy ideas by ascribing them to some renowned spirit of the time, and this seems especially to have happened to Talleyrand, who did not, and often could not, disown the authorship. This happened in the case of the saying: "Speech was given to man to disguise his thought," which M. Harel really invented, but according to his custom started in the world under Talleyrand's name in the *Nain Jaune*, and which then never afterwards he could succeed in reclaiming. But Voltaire was the first to express the idea.

No doubt Talleyrand said a great number of wise and witty things,

only not the things that are most generally put down to him. The Talleyrandana, published in the rare and small volume the "Album perdu," consist for the most part of stories scattered through a number of books that had seen the light long before Talleyrand. Thus the "Album" attributes to Talleyrand the appropriate phrase with regard to the *émigrés*: "They have learnt nothing and forgotten nothing." But the antithesis had been used before in a letter from le Chevalier de Panat, in the year 1796; and who shall say whether never before?

A few military anecdotes of celebrity may serve to terminate this review of the more historical Ana of France. Will there ever be again such a battle as that of Fontenoy, when, a very short distance dividing the French and English armies, Lord Charles Hay advanced from the English ranks, and shouted: "Gentlemen of the French guards, shoot," and the Comte d'Auteroches, advancing to meet him and saluting him courteously with his sword, replied: "Monsieur, we never shoot the first, shoot yourselves"? This was in accordance with the old French military custom to allow the enemy the advantage of the first fire; but it would appear from this story that the English did the same. Would either side do the same now? It was the same Comte d'Auteroches who at the siege of Maestricht replied to some one who maintained that the town was impregnable: "That word, sir, is not French." The saying was afterwards transferred to the word "impossible."

At the battle of Waterloo, did anyone really utter the famous sentence: "The Guard dies and does not surrender"? A grenadier declared that he heard Cambronne say this twice, but Cambronne himself rejected it as absurd, for the excellent reason that he did surrender and was not dead, and at a public banquet many years later he openly disavowed it. General Alava, who was present when Cambronne surrendered his sword to Colonel Halkett, declared that he did not open his mouth save to ask for a surgeon to heal his wounds. One cannot but suspect that the grenadier in question possessed a lively and happy imagination; a faculty which on a battle-field naturally finds itself particularly at ease. The field of battle is indeed pre-eminently the field for the sceptic.

But the whole field of history may be his happy hunting-ground, as the preceding anecdotes indicate. The same stories are evidently transmitted from generation to generation with very little change beyond that of name and place. Contemporary evidence about the same fact is generally at issue, and, even if it is not, it is perhaps all traceable to one source that is more likely to be tainted than pure.

We have only to observe how the sayings and doings of our own time are attributed to divers individuals, how the most ancient stories are served up afresh with the celebrities of to-day, and how conflicting are the opinions and reports concerning the most public events, to estimate at their proper value the contemporaneous testimonies of bygone days, before false rumour had anything to fear from the possible corrections of a vigilant public press. In reading all history, therefore, an attitude of suspense is the most befitting. We must accept all it tells us with the feeling that perhaps the facts were really very different from their representation, and that the explanation offered of them is probably distorted and one-sided. "*L'histoire n'est qu'une fable convenue*," as some French writer has well said, expresses the spirit in which we should study our histories, even the best. But they need not for that be any the less entertaining or instructive. Though we may seldom feel absolutely sure of the original author of this or that saying, or of the actor on a particular occasion, the ordinary version may yet supply us with edification ; and we may fairly console ourselves with the reflection that, even if the thing said or done be a fiction altogether, humanity is none the poorer for holding it among its cherished traditions, without inquiring too minutely into its strict historical veracity.

J. A. FARRER.

A NATION "FATHERED BY A MIGHTY PAST."

. . . . . Choose this time
To talk of birth as of inherited rage—
Deep down, volcanic, fatal, bursting forth
From under hard-taught reason.—SPANISH GYPSY.
. . . . . .
Oh, you merciful men,
Pick up coarse griefs and fling them in the face
Of us whom life with long descent has trained
To subtler pains.—SPANISH GYPSY.

THE average Englishman believes that Ireland had had nothing but a barbaric Past when Henry II. attempted the conquest of the Sister-Isle. If the modern Briton's "untutored mind" is not absolutely a blank on the subject, he imagines that the "natives" at the time of the Anglo-Norman invasion (A.D. 1170) were savages—without law, without order, without a history, utterly unlearned, having no crafts or arts, and none of the graces of life beyond a certain barbaric gorgeousness of costume, due to their bright dyes and the large employment of the skins of wild animals in their clothing,—and some skill and courage in the use of arms. This typical Saxon reads a sentence,—say, this sentence of Mr. Arthur Galton's: "In these [ancient Irish] legends we are taken back to the earliest traditions which have been handed down in the human family, and we find them as they exist among the people who, of all the western nations, are the most unchanged;" and, reading, his mind receives a shock; but he recovers quickly, reflecting: "There's some mistake here. Irish traditions cannot be very early traditions, for we didn't go over there till the twelfth or fourteenth century; and it was, of course, under English rule that the Irish emerged from utter darkness. As for the Irish being unchanged," he goes on to reflect, "they must be entirely altered, for have they not had the advantage of six or eight hundred years of government BY US?" And, with this, our hypothetical Englishman throws away Galton's

article upon Lady Wilde's book of Irish legends. It would have been better for him, and better for us, "Irishry" (since he is a voter, and therefore one with some degree of power over our destinies), had he read the criticism in its entirety instead of dismissing it in summary contempt. He would have found, among other things, these ancient sagas described as

> Charmed magic casements opening on the foam
> Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

And he would have learnt that the critic considers that

Lady Wilde takes her readers into fairy land; not into the unreal fairy land of nursery tales, but into a veritable world in which human creatures live, and move, and have their being, and surround themselves with exquisite fancies of the unseen universe beyond the narrow limits of mortal ken.

Mr. Galton goes on:

M. Renan, in his *Poésie des Races Celtiques*, speaks of those gifted races imagining that *la nature entière est enchantée et féconde*; and in these legends we find how true this is. Nothing, perhaps, can reveal a nation more truly than its imaginations about the unseen; and if this be so, it is a most profitable occupation for us to look through Lady Wilde's *charmed magic casements* at the Irish, as these legends of theirs display them to us. They will do us far more good, and tell us a great deal more about Ireland, than the articles in the Tory papers, or than the chilling speeches of the Unionists.

It is difficult not to quote the article in its entirety, but I must confine myself to part of Mr. Galton's final paragraph:

The Irish regard animals, and the whole world of nature, as something enchanted, something on a level with man, and full of sympathy with him; at the same time they fill the spiritual world with exquisite and graceful fairy forms and presences. As we read of these reflections of the Celtic nature, we realise, with M. Renan, that *c'est l'extrême douceur de mœurs qui y respire*: such exquisite and delicate fancies can only be produced by a delicate and exquisite people. It is for this reason that these "Ancient Legends of Ireland" are such profitable reading for us. We are all, possibly, too much inclined to think with Lord Tennyson, in his new "Locksley Hall"—

Celtic Demos rose a Demon, shriek'd and slaked the light with blood.

Those who may be tempted to judge the Irish harshly, to think unkindly of the Celtic nature, as Lord Tennyson thinks, should remember that we, and not the Celts, are responsible for the longest crime in history, and for all that has resulted from it. For my own part, I wonder, not at Irish violence, but at the *singular gentleness of disposition* which the Irish exhibit, at the extreme moderation of their demands.[1] Every vessel, says Epictetus, has two handles, by one of which it can be carried, and by the other it cannot; he means that every subject has its good,

[1] Mr. Prendergast, author of *The Cromwellian Settlement*, said, long ago, that if the Irish had not so thoroughly accepted the teachings of Christianity, the nation might have been independent to-day.

its profitable aspect. And surely we have all dwelt long enough on what we consider to be the bad aspect of the Irish ; let us, then, with gratitude, accept Lady Wilde's good and charming aspect of them, and observe it to our lasting profit. Nothing, really, could profit us more than that the Irish should be free to develop their high gifts in their own way; except that they should communicate a large share of them to us. We have gifts of our own, as a race, the long roll of our poets proclaims them ; but we should be all the better for a vast infusion of Celtism. This is the hour of the Celts in politics ; they have us by the throat ; and may their grip never be loosened till they have forced us into the path of justice and lucidity. We are on the eve, not of a Celtic Renaissance, but of a Celtic Resurrection. The Celt's immortal youth seems destined to vanquish even the despotism of facts. Perhaps the hour of the Celts is coming in Art, too ; it may be the function of their immortal youth, their eternal freshness, to electrify our too serious Germanic old age. He will be the most winning artist, especially will he be the most winning poet, who can learn how to fascinate our over-taught, thought-wearied generation with the young-eyed freshness, the entrancing rapture of Celtic Naturalism. Never was it more needful for all artists to remember that *he who would win mankind must fascinate it, he who would fascinate it must be winning*. A study of Lady Wilde's books, or indeed of any works which deal fairly with the Celts, brings out their fascination and winningness, their beautiful simplicity of nature.

Lecturing at Liverpool in 1880, Father Tom Burke, the eloquent Dominican, referred to this Celtic faculty of realising the unseen. He instanced the fairies, little people, "good folk," that "plague the lives of Irish children." "If a green tuft of grass was seen in a meadow," he said, "not only the children, who were foolish, but also the old men and women would tell you that 'the good people were dancing there.' If a child seemed wasting away, the mother would be easily persuaded that it was not her child at all that was there—that, in fact, the 'good people' had spirited away her beautiful baby and left this sickly child in its place."

Lady Wilde relates to us the legends of antiquity. Father Burke instances the survival to this day of one of them ; and Dr. Anster did the same, perhaps forty years ago, in an Irish ballad, "The Fairy Child."

The summer sun was sinking
With a mild light, calm and mellow,—
It shone on my little boy's bonny cheeks,
And his loose locks of yellow ;

The robin was singing sweetly,
And his song was sad and tender ;
And my little boy's eyes, while he heard the song,
Smiled with a sweet, soft splendour.

My little boy lay on my bosom,
While his soul the song was quaffing ;
The joy of his soul had tinged his cheek,
And his heart and his eyes were laughing.

I sat alone in my cottage,
The midnight needle plying ;
I feared for my child, for the rush's light
In the socket now was dying !

There came a hand to my lonely latch,
Like the wind at midnight moaning ;
I knelt to pray, but rose again,
For I heard my little boy groaning.

I crossed my brow, and I crossed my breast,
But that night my child departed—
They left a changeling in his stead,
And I am broken-hearted !

Oh ! it cannot be my own sweet boy,
For his eyes are dim and hollow.
My little boy is gone—is gone,
And his mother soon will follow.

The dirge for the dead will be sung for me,
And the mass be chanted meekly,
And I shall sleep with my little boy
In the moonlight churchyard sweetly.

Sometimes the legendary fairies become angels in more modern beliefs, as in this case, to quote again from Father Burke : "When the mother rocks her infant in the cradle, and it smiles in its sleep, there is a mysterious ray of gladness and sunshine that it never remembers, but which certainly passes over the innocent young soul. Now, the Irish mother rocking her child, as soon as she sees it smile, bends down, kisses the child, and says it is an angel that has come to whisper to her infant something of the joy it itself feels before God." The Dominican feels the poetry of the superstitious side of the Irish character. He condemns the "excess of credulity," the largely-developed faculty of belief which gives rise to the "excrescence of superstition," but he praises the quaint and delicate fancy of his people.

In proof that Mr. Galton is right when he says that we Irish are "unchanged" even to minute particulars, I may cite a verse from a ballad by Edward Walsh :

Thy neck was, lost maiden,
Than the caenabhan[1] whiter,
And the glow of thy cheek
Than the monadan[2] brighter ;
But death's chain hath bound thee,
Thine eye's glazed and hollow,
That shone like a sunburst,
Young Mairgréad ni chealleadh.

[1] Bog-cotton.

[2] The red berry of a humble creeping plant found on marshy mountain-land.

The description, which was old, already, fifteen centuries ago, of a favourite chief, whose cheek had the colour of the mountain-ash berry, whose eyes were as the sloe, "and you might think it was a shower of pearls were set in his teeth," is instinct with precisely the feeling of this modern ballad, and of a hundred others now popular in Ireland.

I am tempted here to quote St. Patrick's contemporary, Dubhthach's, poem, from the Introduction to the Senchus Mor, though I cannot find a close parallel for it in modern Irish verse :

Hear me, O God ! direct my path,
The oldest fathers, the fathers of potent knowledge,
Perverted not the judgment of the Lord ;
That I may not heap aggravation
Upon the bloody crimes of men.
The truth of the Lord,
The testimony of the New Law,
Warrant that Nuada shall die ; I decree it.
Divine knowledge, it is known, decides,
(To which veneration is due),
That each man for his crime
Shall depart unto death.
The two laws, indeed, contain examples of vengeance.
It shall be proved by my cheeks
That I shall not stain their white honour,
I shall pass a sound judgment,
I follow Patrick since my baptism.
Every hand is punished as it deserves,
For every living person who gives judgment
Must have been chosen to it.
There was the First Law of the men of Erin,
That which God has not vouchsafed in his new law.
The Trinity did not vouchsafe mercy,
Thro' heavenly strength to save Adam,
For it was perpetual existence
God gave him of his mercy,
Until otherwise he merited
By deserving death.
Let every one who kills a human being,
Even the king who seeks a wreath with his hosts
Who inflicts red wounds intentionally,
Of which any person dies,
Every powerless, insignificant person,
Or noblest of the learned,
Yea, every living person who inflicts death,
Whose misdeeds are judged, shall suffer death.
He who lets a criminal escape is himself a culprit ;
He shall suffer the death of a criminal,
In the judgment of the law which I, as a poet, have received
It is evil to kill by a foul deed ;

I pronounce the judgment of death,
Of death for his crime to every one who kills.
Nuada is adjudged to heaven,
And it is not to death he is adjudged.

[*Gloss.* It was thus the two laws were fulfilled; the culprit was put to death for his crime, and his soul was pardoned and sent to heaven. What was agreed upon by the men of Erin was, that every one should be given up for his crime, that sin might not otherwise increase in the island.]

(It may be well to explain that in the thirteenth century the Brehon Law manuscripts were translated from the hard original Gaelic into fair Gaelic of the period, "comments and glosses" being added. Only the parts of the Senchus which are in verse are certain to be in the form given them in the fifth century in the Bérla Feini dialect. The copies preserved are evidently those belonging to particular Brehons, or families of Brehons. It is well to know that the authenticity of the texts is supported by abundant proof. Edmund Burke, writing to General Vallancy on August 15, 1783, suggested that the originals of the Irish manuscripts, with a literal translation into Latin or English, should be published, that they might become the proper subjects of criticism and comparison.[1] He adds: "It was in the hope that some such thing should be done that I originally prevailed on Sir John Sebright to let me have his manuscripts, and that I sent them by Dr. Leland to Dublin." Oxford also holds some of these precious writings, and the British Museum has some others.)

Nuada Derg, mentioned by Dubhthach, was under sentence of death about A.D. 440. His brother, the over-king Laeghaire, proclaimed that any one who should kill Patrick—then coming to meet the kings, poets, and judges of Erin at Temhair (Tara), the royal residence—should obtain life, or some great boon, or whatever wish he expressed that it was in the king's power to bestow. It was arranged that Nuada Derg should have this opportunity of saving his forfeited life. But he did not kill the Saint. Odhran, St. Patrick's charioteer, said that day to his master: "It is I always who drive, and you always who rest in the chariot. Do you drive now, and I will take the master-place." It was thus that Nuada Derg's bolt killed Odhran; and Patrick avenged his death, say the Celtic Law Books, by making the earth quake, in proof of which, they add, all seeing eyes may note that the Hill of Tara is crooked to this very day!

[1] Preface to Vol. I. *Ancient Laws of Ireland.* From these Irish Record Publications, I drew most of my materials for former articles in *The Gentleman's Magazine*: "The Senchus Mor," and "The Cain Patraic," in the numbers for April and August, 1887.

A word of explanation is necessary for the line :

It shall be proved by my cheeks.

The belief was that Brehons (judges) who gave false sentences were immediately marked by reprobating signs from Heaven, one being the appearance of dark patches on their faces.

Later lines plead for the equality before the law of weak and strong. What noble lines these are, to have been composed in the very "dusk of the gods"! Again, "He who lets a criminal escape is himself a culprit," is a noteworthy line. As long as the law was in harmony with the moral sense of the nation, this line had plenary force in Ireland. Even King James's creature, Davis, testifies that this was still so in his day in Ireland. But illegality is not now, to the Irish mind, the same thing as crime. *Et à qui la faute?*

"Man's life was spacious in the early world," says a great poet. It was so in the *whole* of that "early world"; but it has often struck observers that it only remains "spacious" in leisurely Ireland. The observation is worth following out carefully. It makes for the notion that the race is strangely unchanged.

Four leading characteristics of the Gael, as portrayed in the ancient literature and laws of Ireland, are Reverence, Imagination, Receptivity, and Childlike Simplicity. These are characteristics of the race still; and they form no bar to an anything—but—childlike acuteness and address. In the Senchus, the student is perpetually compelled to wonder at the lawyer-like faculty of the old compilers —a faculty evinced in providing for all possible contingencies. It is a curious blending of the national taste for the legal and the poetic, that the literal translation for a lawyer (advocate) is "eloquent," or "good speaker." Another instance of the same is the established fact that in the earliest times the legal decisions were thrown into metrical form, and were thus chanted on great occasions.

The bards were of great importance, as will be evident from the following passage taken from the Introduction to the Senchus Mor; and Irish eloquence is something more than a tradition, even in the present time :

"But Patrick abolished these three things among the poets when they believed, as they were profane rites, for the Tienm Laegha and Innis Forosna could not be performed by them without offering to idol gods. He did not leave them after this any rite in which offering should be made to the devil, for their profession was pure. *And he left them, after this, extemporaneous recital,* because it was acquired through great knowledge and application; and also the registering of the genealogies of the men of Erin, *and the artistic rules of poetry*, and the Duili sloinnte, and Duili fedha, and *story-telling with lays*, viz., the Ollamh with his

seven times fifty stories, the Anruth with his thrice fifty and half fifty, the Cei with his eighty, the Cana with his sixty, the Dos with his fifty, the Mac-fuirmidh with his forty, the Fochluc with his thirty, the Drisac with his twenty, the Taman with his ten stories, and the Ollaire with his seven stories. These were the chief stories and the minor stories. The chief stories which they repeated treated of demolitions, cattle-spoils, courtships, battles, killings, combats, elopements, feasts, encampments, adventures, tragedies, and plunderings. The stories of cattle-spoils are the cattle-spoil of Cailgue, [*Note.*—The Carlingford mountains is the locality here indicated. Many copies of this story are still extant. The cattle-spoil was taken in a ten years' war between Connaught and Ulster in the first century. Copies of most of the other stories referred to also still exist in the libraries of Trinity College, Dublin, and the Royal Irish Academy,] and the cattle-spoil of Regamnin, and the cattle-spoil of Flidas, the cattle-spoil of Dartadha, the cattle-spoil of Fraich, &c. The stories of demolitions are the threefold assault on the house of Buradach, and the burning of the house of Dumbach, the demolition of the house of Nechtain, and the demolition of the fort of Derg, and of the fort of Dachoc. [*Note.*—The stories of the demolition of these forts are still extant. The locality of Daderg is Boher-na-Breena, on the Dodder, about six miles from Dublin, and of Dachoc, Breen-more, in Westmeath, near the Shannon, and about six miles from Athlone.] These are the stories of courtships: The courtships of Medhibh, the courtship of Etain, the courtship of Emir, the courtship of Sadhbh, daughter of Seiscinne; the courtship of Ailbhe, the courtship of Fithir and Dairinn, two daughters of Tuathal, &c. [Most of the stories of courtship are still extant.] These are the stories of battles: The battle of Magh Ithe, by Partolan, and the battles of Niemhidh with the Formorachs, and the battle of Failltin, by the sons of Milidh, and the two battles of Magh Tuire, &c. [All these tales of battle still exist.]

Is not the following poetic? It is also from the Introduction:

There are three periods at which the world dies; the period of a plague, of a general war, of the dissolution of verbal contracts.

And there is nobility also in this:—

There are four dignitaries of a territory who may be degraded; a false-judging king, a stumbling bishop, a fraudulent poet, an unworthy chieftain who does not fulfil his duties. Dire-fine is not due to these.

("Dire," "smacht," "eric," and "airer," are original words descriptive of classes of fines. As there are doubts about their exact signification, these words are left untranslated in the English version of the Brehon Laws.)

Cæsar's Commentaries show that physical geography, climatology, and astronomy were understood in the same sense (nonsense!) in Gaul as they were, at St. Patrick's coming, in Ireland. But it will be startling news to the poor Englishman, "whose untutor'd mind" sees nothing but a dismal blank in Irish antiquity, to learn that in the fifth century Gaelic intellectual life was even so far advanced as to be in the wrong on such high subjects! These quaint blunders have, surely, their charm:—

Now the first thing which God separated from the mass was the earth, with its length and breadth, and he formed the firmament around it, and the earth, in the form of a perfectly round ball, was *fixed* in the middle of the firmament. He afterwards formed the vapour and the soil of the earth, and the currents of the watery air, and *ordained* that it should gently fall in rain, and form the streams and rivulets. He also formed the eight winds—i.e., four chief winds, and four subordinate winds; and four other subordinate winds are mentioned, so that there are twelve winds accordingly. He also formed the colours of the winds, so that the colours of all these winds are different from each other—i.e., white and purple, pale grey and green, yellow and red, black and grey, speckled and the dark, the dark-brown and the pale. From the east blows the purple wind, from the south the white, from the north the black, from the west the pale; the red and the yellow are between the white wind and the purple, the green and the pale grey are between the pale and the pure white, the grey and the dark-brown are between the pale and the jet black, the dark and the speckled are between the black and the purple. The same King also formed and measured the space from the earth to the firmament, and it is by this the thickness of the earth is measured. He fixed after this the seven divisions of the firmament to the earth:—Saturn, Jupiter, Mercury, Mars, Sol, Luna, Venus. The distance which he measured from the moon to the sun is 244 miles, the name of this is the nether heaven without wind.

The following notes from the old laws are eloquent as showing, among many things, refinement and splendour in that Irish "early world" prior to the first half of the fifth century:

> The seven valuables of the chief of noble bounty,
> Who exercises hospitality in various ways—
> A cauldron, vat, goblet, mug,
> Reins, horse-bridle, and pin.

For these, amongst other things, was the rule of "one day's stay" framed. (Stay, that is, delay in pound for goods seized for distress.)

But "distress of two days for the price of the produce of the hand, for wages, for weaving, for the blessing of one woman on the work of another. [*Note.*—The seventh of the full allowance of food of the woman who omitted to perform the blessing, or of the woman for whom the distress is taken, i.e., in this case one woman omits the blessing of the work of another woman.]" (The introduction of blessings into common speech on all subjects, it is worth noticing in passing, is a marked feature in friendly talk in Ireland to this day.) "For every material which is on the spindles, for the flax-spinning stick, for the wool-spinning stick, for the wool-bag, for the weaver's-reed, for all the implements of weaving, for the flax-scutching stick, for the distaff, for the spool-stick, for the flyers of the spinning-wheel, for the yarn, for the reel of the spinner, for the border, for the pattern of her handiwork, for the wallet with its contents, for the basket, for the leather scoop, for the rods, for the hoops, for the needle, for the ornamental thread, for the looking-glass which one woman borrows" [the gloss substitutes "takes" for borrows] "from another, for the black and white cat, for the lap-dog of a queen" (these carefully catalogued articles are not necessarily distrained upon, the distress of two days may be, I apprehend, "for the price of," for instance, this queen's lap-dog, stolen, injured, or killed), "for attending in the field, for supplying a weapon—for it is about the true right of women that the field of battle was

first entered." (Chivalrous forebears of a still knightly race!) "Thus far we have mentioned the distresses of two days, as decided by Brigh Briughhaidh, who dwelt at Feisin." (The gloss says, "Brigh Briugaíd, i.e., the female author of the Men of Erin, i.e., full judging," and the same mediæval scribe quotes the poet, as to the first battle:

> Fer and Fergnia were the men,
> As the ancients do relate,
> Ain and Tain, who caused the host to be destroyed,
> Were the two chief daughters of Parthalon;

but it is stated in another place that Aine and Aiffe were the names of the two daughters.)

If the position of women, as the Jurists say, is the measure of a nation's civilisation, surely ancient Ireland stood high—where this great Brigid was a lawgiver; and she is not a solitary instance, for she was "*but one of the female judges*, i.e., *teachers of law!*"

The foregoing passage shows the antiquity of all things connected with weaving. In the Book of Achill, too (this book is the digest of the criminal law of the Brehons), everything connected with flax-growing is mentioned. Embroidery and its requisites figure largely in the code. These arts and industries have been handed down to the present time. It is curious, too, to turn back the pages of any history of Ireland, and find, foremost amongst the sources of wealth of the Gaelic tribes, "a breed of small horses remarkable for their fleetness"; "flocks of sheep which were depastured on the tribal uplands"; "droves of pigs"; and to learn that "the cow was the unit of value in all trade dealings." These are but a few small points showing the resemblance between Past and Present, and are but a sample of what the student of the "old ways," and of history, meets as he turns each page in his researches. Unless with unlimited space at command, it is impossible to give a just idea of the cumulative force of this evidence. It is perhaps more useful to turn to another part of the subject, and adduce some proofs that the "mere Irish" were not the rude savages that the average English voter supposes them. Here are some facts taken almost at random from the Laws that *were ancient thirteen centuries ago.* Among articles that can be distrained upon, or for personal injuries to whom, or for the stealing or damage to which, distraint can be taken, are mentioned —(1) "the chess board in the house of a chieftain"; (2) all the "parts of a mill"; (3) "the requisites for every kind of music"; (4) "for maintaining a mad-woman—*for her rights precede all other rights*"; (5) "for a reflector"; (6) "for women—diseased, short-sighted, blind, leprous, deaf"; (7) "and for the horse for the race." The

"one day's stay" in the law of distress was made to include the five last-named cases.

The following "Glosses on Distress" are, in their way, eloquent:

While the distress is on stay, "smacht"-fine for failure of maintaining the sick is recoverable from him.

For providing him with proper bed furniture, i.e., plaids and bolsters, i.e., a suitable bed. *For providing him a proper house*, i.e., that it be not a dirty, snail-besmeared house; or that it be not one of the three inferior houses, i.e., that there must be four doors out of it, that the sick man may be seen from every side, and water must run across the middle of it. *For guarding against the things prohibited by the physician*, i.e., that the sick man may not be injured, i.e., by women or dogs, i.e., that fools or female scolds be not let into the house to him, i.e., or that he may not be injured by forbidden food, and he is a person whose death is not probable, and the stay is one day also.

Fools are constantly mentioned in the old law books, and it is curious to recall that, within the memory of this generation, a "poor innocent"—an idiot—was looked upon as a very natural and proper dependent of the more old-fashioned of the great houses. A few years further back the "innocent" was a still commoner feature in a household, He is still regarded with special favour, being accounted "lucky."

Here is another "Gloss on Distress," interesting as bearing on the laws of hospitality—laws which may be said to have acted formatively on Irish character.

For taking parties from the sea, i.e., the feeding of the mariners, i.e., or the watching of the port that no party should come from the sea to plunder, or the watching of them after arriving, i.e., the feeding of the foreigner, i.e., of a party of them, i.e., the owner of the port proceeds to divide or to preserve the vessel as the case may be, or the owner of the port feeds the crew of the vessel, for the district on whose shore it is cast is bound to keep, protect, feed, make provision for such parties, or it may be one of the tribe who feeds them for another in this instance, and he gets restitution of the food in one day. It is across the sea these people have come. Whatever thing is cast ashore in a territory, whether a crew of shipwrecked people, or a whale, the whole territory is bound to save it from the strand, i.e., the head of the family in whose land it is, goes to the king and fasts upon him. (The king) gives notice to the territory that he will take distress and then (the whole party) come to save it.

At the risk of repetition, I will close with an extract from Mr. Nielson Hancock, whose lucid Preface to the first volume of the Irish Record Publications is invaluable as a preparation for their study. The reference to Moses will perhaps help the British politician to find his bearings in a distant Past.

The commentaries allude to a still earlier period, before the time of Conchobhar—probably Conchobhar Mac Nessa, who was monarch of Ireland at the

time of the Christian era—when the judicature belonged to the poets alone; and of these poet-judges Amergin Glungel is represented as having passed the first sentence in Erin.

In one of the manuscripts there is a commentary on the name of Amergin Glungel, representing him to be the foster-son of Cai Cainbrethach, a contemporary of Moses, and a disciple of Fenius Farsaith, whose son, Nel, is stated to have married Scota, daughter of Pharaoh, King of Egypt. As this story of Cai Cainbrethach is found in only one manuscript, and not in the text but in the commentary, it is probably introduced at a later period for the purpose of supporting the statement that Cai, before he came from the East, had learned the law of Moses, and that he founded his judgment upon it.[1] The introduction to the Senchus Mor, which is more ancient than the Commentaries, instead of ascribing what was good in the judgments of the Pagan Brehons to direct instruction in the law of Moses in Egypt, attributes it to the influence of the Holy Spirit upon the just men, who, before the conversion of the Irish to Christianity, were in the island of Erin, adding the reason, "for the law of nature had prevailed where the written law did not reach." This account of the matter is in strict accord with what St. Paul says, "For when the Gentiles, who have not the law, do by nature those things that are of the law, these having not the law, are a law to themselves." It corresponds, too, with what we know of the Roman Civil Law, a large portion of which was developed during the Pagan period of Roman history. . . . In the Introduction to the Senchus Mor the occasion of its being completed is thus explained:—St. Patrick, after the death of his charioteer, Odhran, and the judgment which was pronounced on the case by Dubhthach Mac na Lugair, chief of the royal poets and chief Brehon of Erin, requested the men of Erin to come to one place to hold a conference with him. When they came to the conference, the Gospel of Christ was preached to them all; and when the men of Erin heard . . . all the power of Patrick since his arrival in Erin; and when they saw Laeghaire, with his Druids, overcome by the great signs and miracles wrought in the presence of the men of Erin, they bowed down in obedience to the Will of God and Patrick. It was then that all the professors of the sciences in Erin were assembled, and each of them exhibited his art before Patrick, in the presence of every chief in Erin. It was then Dubhthach was ordered to exhibit his judgments and all the poetry of Erin, and every law which prevailed amongst the men of Erin, through the law of nature and the law of the seers, and in the judgments of the island of Erin, and in the poets. Now the judgments of true nature, which the Holy Ghost has spoken through the mouths of the Brehons and just poets of the men of Erin, from the first occupation of this island down to the reception of the faith, were all exhibited by Dubhthach to Patrick. What did not clash with the Word of God in the written law and in the New Testament, and with the consciences of believers, was confirmed in the laws of the Brehons by Patrick and by the ecclesiastics and chieftains of Erin; for the law of nature had been quite right, except the faith, and its obligation, and the harmony of the Church and people. And this is the Senchus.

[1] Having spoken of Cai, who learnt the law of God from Moses, the Introduction to the Senchus Mor says:—"The second most illustrious author in wisdom who was in Erin was Sen Mac Aige, the first author mentioned in the Senchus. He lived in the time of Fergus Mac Leti; and the next in order named in the Introduction is *Brigh Ambui*, described as '*a female author of wisdom and prudence among the men of Erin.*'" From her is named "Briathra Brighi"—the title of a law-book; literally, "Words of Brigid."

I do not

> . . . . . choose this time
> To talk of birth as of inherited rage—
> Deep down, volcanic, fatal, bursting forth
> From under hard-taught reason;

nor do I sneeringly address our masters:

> Oh, you merciful men,
> Pick up coarse griefs and fling them in the face
> *Of us whom life with long descent has trained*
> *To subtler pains.*

But I do entreat the British Voter, the Arbiter of our Destinies, to inform that "untutored mind" of his in regard to the "past-created, unchanged self" of the subject race. Our benedictions should for ever rest on John Morley, who said lately that, though *analogies* from history may often be misleading, it is only in the deep and careful study of Irish history that the solution of the Irish problem is to be discovered.

E. M. LYNCH.

SOME TERRIBLE EYES.

IT is needless to mention the innumerable references in poetry and prose, since the age of writing books began, which have been made to the eyes, or to their original property, long ere history began, of being a language, of which it was unnecessary to learn even the rudiments. More ink has been expended on the subject of the eyes than on any portion of the human face divine, and they may claim to be in this respect the aristocracy of the human features. Yet, for all the very secondary place it takes in literature, the nose might claim some similar homage, for, as a specific test, it may be asked how greatly is the face of a pretty woman made or marred by her nose? Still, if one may be permitted to be frivolous, it must be admitted that, as regards the monopoly of literary attention, the eyes have it.

In this paper it is not our intention to launch out on the boundless ocean of the consideration of eyes in general. Nor do we wish to dilate on such of them as have been famous for fascination, beauty, pathos, or brilliance, so as to secure the homage of a crowd of admirers. But we propose to note some instances of a more grim ocular influence, which has not found so many chroniclers, and to recall to memory some eyes which have been terrorists of the most complete fashion within a wide sphere of operation.

It is not within the scope of the subject necessarily to go very far back into the dim regions of time. One might glance at the historic eyes of Caius Marius glowing from a dark recess on the irresolute assassin, and the famous apostrophe. But it is unnecessary to go so far back.

Start we with a conqueror, whose gaze was like that of the basilisk, as pictured in legend, but who had none of the physical advantages which such a quality implies. In Tamerlane—who furnished Christopher Marlowe, now just properly recognised as the founder of the English tragic school, with the epithet derived from his successful tragedy, which was his *sobriquet*—there is an instance of every outward deficiency of imposing accessories combining with the faculty

of terrorism in the widest degree. The French travellers and quasi envoys, who saw him surrounded by the barbaric pomp of his camp, were impressed by many things, but by none more so than the aspect of the wild conqueror, which had nothing in it of the romantic or dignified. An old man, bowed with the infirmities of age, they saw, and especially noticed the bleared and dim expression of his eyes. But they still more particularly noticed the effect which those dim eyes had when their slow glance fell on the fierce chieftains, each of them a man in himself, a terror to a crowd of followers. Nothing was to be seen in their mien but abject trembling, absolute obedience, and an unvarying relief when Tamerlane turned his purblind gaze away.

In this case the long habitude of command and of victory was blended with the air of unquestioned and constant authority, a cold tranquillity, behind which lay innumerable possibilities of vengeance in the assertion of such authority, making those dim and aged eyes in that weazened face terrible in the extreme. But their effect was objective. The wild leaders, who were the great men of Tamerlane's army, troubled themselves with nothing beyond the fact that from the face of a despot, who went about his work in the rudest and most summary fashion, there gazed in dull, stern vacuity a pair of eyes which saw nothing to praise, asked no questions, but were inexorable in noting any disobedience to the slightest whim. Now, in the next instances—and chronology is not necessary as a point of order here—the same terror was evoked, but from a more subjective reason. Two men possessed eyes whose cold glance seemed to read the schemes of any opponent from their inception to their completion, and whose recollection haunted those on whom they had been turned for years afterwards—as in each case contemporary witnesses have left on record—even when no result of any injurious character followed. One of these was Richelieu. Probably no man ever ruled a kingdom more despotically, yet, on the whole, more successfully, when surrounded from first to last by a multitude of enemies perennially increasing, yet in every case foiled by the Minister's giant intellect. Yet very much of this success was due to the idea that Richelieu knew far more than he actually did of the conspiracies of his foes, and that, therefore, it was useless to plot against him beyond a certain point. Certain it is that when he entered the council-room, and gazed with full, cold, fixed glance on the most astute plotter who was there for examination, the most hardened and ingenious conspirator, for whom the torture-chamber had no terrors, cowered under the silent scrutiny, and

ultimately poured forth a full confession, under the idea that great part, if not all, was already known—and did so simply under the mesmeric power of those much-feared eyes of the Cardinal. To have been under the hostile gaze, no word or sign added, of Richelieu, was to secure a memory which for years after gave the possessor of it, however changed the scene and circumstances might be, a thrill of most unpleasant personal fear. And a very analogous case within the memories of our own time can be adduced. It is that of a man who certainly, as far as personal advantages went, was every inch a king. With Herculean frame and inherited beauty of manly features, he had that dignity which, as was noticed by another royal hand, seemed to spring from the sense of unlimited power, which the same observer mentions as particularly characteristic of the large full eyes. It is of those eyes that we have more to add. Not only did they imply a long experience of unlimited sovereignty, but they spoke in tones of terror to all those on whom they were bent in anger. For those who were intimate with the ways of the Russian Court have unanimously recorded how much of influence in the shape of absolute fear there was in the eyes of the Emperor Nicholas. He looked at culprits or suspected culprits with his slow stare of anger, and the unhappy wretches felt, in a very different sense from that in which the phrase was originally used, "under the wand of the enchanter." But, large as were the Czar's eyes—the Romanoff inheritance from their beautiful statuesque German ancestress—there was no brilliant or sparkling glance of ire when they were directed towards an offender. On the contrary, those who have had most experience of them describe them as being dull, cold, almost fish-like, in aspect. Stolid as the gaze was, none recorded in history ever produced more terrorising effects on its objects. In many cases where there was any real ground of offence the person at whom the Czar in his accustomed silent fashion was looking frequently did not wait to be interrogated, sometimes was hardly suspected, but, like the victims of Richelieu, as just mentioned, poured forth a full confession under the gaze of the phlegmatic sovereign. Thus, in both the case of Richelieu and Nicholas, the influence of fear in their eyes was more subjective than objective, and operated by the potency of strong minds over weak ones—not so much from any active aspect of anger at that particular time.

Of quite a different description was the terror-filled look of another personage, who has left in lurid characters his identity limned for us by many hands, but whose eyes were especially among the most noticeable of his peculiarities. Probably no blacker wretch has ever

figured on the world's stage, and furious wrath and revenge seem to have been his chief motive power. Cæsar Borgia had eyes which made most of those who came into contact with him—at any rate if they were, or were with the most remote probability suspected of being, in any way hostile to his incessant nefarious plans—shudder under their baleful light. Here, however, was no overawing dignity, no habitude of command, serenely stern, no deep insight into the minds and plans of those on whom those fierce eyes rested. They simply expressed savage fury—that of a wolf which slays and slays and slays, and which loves the scent of blood. Always ready, even in his moments of revelry, to sparkle with fierce passion, Cæsar Borgia's eyes, say those who knew him most intimately, were always as those of a wild beast, ready at any moment to kill and devour. If, as was generally the case with him, anger inflamed his heart, the fierceness of his demon-heart made his eyes, say the old chroniclers, "gleam like balls of red fire, so that one might have imagined a fierce forest beast was looking out of them, and the bystanders were shuddering with fear." Indeed, it was common in Italy at the time to rank Cæsar Borgia's eyes with the *malocchio*, and for those who had ever seen them in anger to devoutly hope so dreadful an experience would never be repeated. This instance is one of brutal, passionate, rending, tearing, tiger-like hate, infusing the terror into the eyes with a frank, undisguised openness, only possible to the time and the manners. Neither the surroundings of autocracy nor the claims of military chieftainship to implicit obedience had anything whatever to do with the effect produced. Mere social terror was the factor; but it was undisguised and personal.

Here again, with the difference that it was disguised by the social hypocrisy of a later age, and by the cunning nature of the man posing as the mere mouthpiece of a people, we find a parallel centuries later. Of Maximilian Robespierre no one can adequately paint the portrait after Carlyle has limned the sea-green, incorruptible, nor may one try to paint those eyes which the same pencil has sketched in a few lines. But certainly to the list of the most terrible historic eyes must be added those bilious, bloodshot, stealthy orbs which, without any of the tiger fire of Cæsar Borgia's, had a ruthless, shifty, tiger-cat gleam essentially their own. Many have given us some notion of the effect of that little foppishly-dressed tautological man of blood and proscription—few comparatively have particularly noticed his eyes, simply because the horror of expectant fear which his stealthy glance produced in those towards whom it was directed was so general and widely known that

the very fact made any particular allusion unnecessary. Sometimes, however, in the contemporary literature of souvenirs of the Revolution we come across an allusion to the grim-visaged front of Robespierre and the peculiar shiver felt by those at whom the dictator looked with any degree of attention. Such a glance intercepted across the table it was which caused the guest at the famous dinner at the restaurant to go outside and find in the tyrant's coat-pocket the list of the proscribed, which led to Tallien's overthrowing him, setting all on the hazard of the die; for whoever found Robespierre's crafty eyes blinking at him knew well that that glance was the preliminary to the Revolutionary Tribunal and the guillotine.

That personal advantages have no particular necessary connection with the inspiring of fear by the glance is sufficiently proved in the case of Tamerlane. Two more instances there are, both modern, very widely different, but in each case showing the personal influence of the man—in the one case supported by unquestioned power and despotic authority; in the other, which is really the more curious of the two, by personal ascendency from sheer force of character, not in any way backed up by material force. Of all Eastern potentates, whether ancient or modern, competent judges have united in declaring that none ever made his look more feared than did Runjeet Sing, the Lion of Lahore, whom doubtless many old Indians must remember. Eye-witnesses, European as well as native, declared that among his wild hordes of followers, some of them among the fiercest troopers in the world, Runjeet inspired intense personal fear in all who came near by his look, his eyes being unspeakably dreaded. Yet he was seamed with small-pox, one eye was destroyed by it, his face was wizen, and his voice a shrill and squeaking one. With all these disadvantages the Lion of Lahore's glance so terrorised his subjects that for a result akin to it we must go to Mahmoud of Ghuzni, whose "dreadful brow" is historic. The other instance in which personal disadvantages have been in inverse ratio to the unquestioned authority exercised is that of a personage much less known, and to whose good qualities justice has not yet been perhaps done. We mean Walker, commonly called the "Filibuster." He was a little, spare, weakly man in aspect—a mere nobody, physically, in the midst of his big, wild Western rangers. But, as an eye-witness has said, "Walker had the eyes of a lion." In this lay the secret of the extraordinary authority which he exercised over so many men of the wildest and most daring character, accustomed to brook no master. The indomitable spirit enthroned in that pigmy body was fitly typified by those lion-like eyes. Nor was it until Walker was

roused to anger that the peculiar force of his look was found. In such a case all the intense and vivid energy of the man's heart blazed in his eyes, and then, according to all account, they became terrible. Before their anger the biggest Texan rangers cowered like frightened children. Now, perhaps, this is, of all cases, one of the most noteworthy in the history of terrible eyes, because the man possessing them had no physical advantages, no settled authority and prescription, no army of slaves at his back. On the other hand, those over whom he exercised undisputed sway were a class of men, if ever there were such in the world, who had the most rugged and turbulent independence of word, action, and nature. But the old truth was again realised, and they paid involuntary homage to a born leader of men.

For inspiring sheer personal fear there are a few pairs of eyes in our own history which are prominent in its pages, and legend and tradition, clustering round any peculiarity which excites public terror, are, as a rule, more or less based on actual fact. Thus after seven centuries we can still see the fierce eyes, parti-coloured, of the Red King, glaring at the perpetrators of some infraction of the forest laws, ere, with a choice collection of profanest oaths, he orders them incontinently to the hangman. Of Henry VIII. nothing in his personality is more vivid in memory than the "terrible glance" he threw on the cowering deputation of the Commons "from the gallery at Whitehall" whenever those unfortunate members had to announce that for once the Parliament had ventured to think twice before obeying the King's behests. And, later on, what personal peculiarity of any prominent Englishman is better known than the ferocious glare of Jeffreys' half-maddened eyes as the savage Chief Justice, with thunderous torrents of abuse, "cluttered out of his senses" some unfortunate witness on behalf of a State prisoner? Indeed, this peculiarity led to his discovery when the Lord Chancellor, ignobly disguised as a collier's foremast-hand, strove to leave the country. "Nay," said the man who denounced him, when asked if he was sure of his identity—and who had been tried before him—"I can never forget those eyes anywhere!" But this particular pair of terrible eyes had no dignity of terror in any shape about them; despite the Chief Justiceship, they were simply the exponents of blind, furious, half-insane, vulgar rancour—and in this respect may be considered, differences of time and position being allowed for, as very much akin to Cæsar Borgia's. The only portrait of the Chief Justice, by the way, which is publicly known, does not possess eyes of any particular terror, but rather of placid, dreamy, thoughtful

repose—whether owing to the artist's flattery or to the Chief Justice being sober at the time, we cannot decide.

Not only in real life have there been terrible eyes. Some there are in the mimic life of the stage, which gleam for us with thrilling effect through the vista of time and memory. Prominent among them are those of Edmund Kean, probably of all English actors (unless the ancient traditions of Burbage and Betterton be taken as accurate) the most successful in inspiring terror in his great impersonations. Here and there one meets with people old enough to remember him, and their evidences, few and far between as they are, go to confirm all that has been written about what Dr. Doran, himself a witness, calls "those matchless eyes." It is in Othello and the last scene of Richard's fierce career, as also in Zanga, that all popular consensus goes to establish the terror-inspiring effect of Kean's fiery glances; but it is probable, though not so well known, that an effect even more appalling was produced by the glare of fury and despair in the final scene of Sir Giles Overreach's defeat. With his may be bracketed the dreadful look of Siddons in the sleep-walking scene, and certainly, to take a more modern instance, which must live in the recollection of all who witnessed them, of the terrible expression of Rachel's eyes in some of her dying scenes. Of the "far-darting eye" of Garrick, Hazlitt has spoken, but in the special phase of terror it does not seem to have equalled Edmund Kean's.

Of more ignoble instances some might be found, but murderers, Lavater to the contrary notwithstanding, do not seem, as a rule, to have possessed particularly murderous-looking orbs. Still to our own individual notion there is one murderess whose counterfeit presentment possesses a pair of eyes with great facilities for causing a feeling of fear in the beholder. And in life she was credited with a most witch-like brilliance and influence in those large, lustrous, and malignant orbs, so much so that it is said on very good authority that the detective who brought her from Scotland, and so on the first stage which ended on the scaffold, was so overcome by their fascination that he never afterwards got over having been the means of putting her neck into the hangman's hands. The reader can judge for himself the next time he visits Madame Tussaud's, and if he agrees with us he will probably concur in thinking, when considering the facts of her history, that those are a pair of terrible eyes which stoutly glare on the spectators from the counterfeit impression of the features of Mrs. Manning.

F. G. WALTERS.

FORCE, AND ITS DISTRIBUTION IN MAN.

THE following paper, dealing with a wide subject, must necessarily be confined almost entirely to the mere statement of propositions without their accompanying proofs. A few applications of the doctrine announced in it are made with the view of explaining some phenomena in human nature, but a wider and completer discussion of the question cannot be attempted within our present limits. The subject discussed, it need not be added, is an all-important one, being indeed no less than an attempted explanation of the various manifestations of human nature.

First Proposition.—The force[1] contained in the universe is one in *nature*: there are not varieties of force in essence, but simply different modes or forms of the one primal force. The developing powers of a tree, the force which issues in the marvellous actions of animal life, the force by which man generalises and acquires super-sensual ideas, are one and the same in essence. The varieties of manifestation are due to the varieties of material organisation through which the force has to reveal its existence and produce its effects: any particular manifestation, as to amount and quality, being simply determined by the specialities of this organisation. Develope the nervous system of a dog, confer upon it a greater finish and a higher power of construction and sensibility to the operations of force, and the manifestations of force will more and more approximate to the intellectual manifestations as shown in man; the acts of a dog will exhibit a gradually higher range and character, and as the material instrument acquires enlarged delicacy and power—for the operating force, it is believed, is identical with man's—so will the thoughts and actions of the animal rise more and more into the nobler sphere of intellect within which, in all its human extent and under the existing

[1] The term "force" is used to cover what is variously called "vital force," "vital energy," "nervous force"; it is the moving and informing power of the universe; its manifestations constitute the subjective and objective world.

conditions of being, man at present is alone. Thus the universe is animated by one and the same spirit, and the lower forms of its revelation and work may be developed and ennobled by modifying and expanding the organisation through which such manifestations alone are possible. All the instruments in the universe are wakened into melody by one universal breath : some strains are less ravishing, less sublime, than others ; but let the instruments which yield those commoner notes be widened to admit a wider range of music, and fashioned into more exquisite and delicate shape and sensibility, and the same spirit that revealed itself in less beautiful harmony through the instrument in its ruder form will now declare itself in higher and nobler tones.

Second Proposition.—Each human being possesses a maximum quantity of force which it is not in his power to increase, but over which he (that is to say, the sum total of his self, his inherited tendencies, his education, circumstances, and physical conformation) possesses the power of *distribution.*

In the objective universe the sum of the energies in operation is constant ; but the relation between the components of this sum-total is in everlasting change. One form of energy rises into greater prominence ; but this is not an increase to the sum of the forces ; it is simply the result of a diminished quantity of energy being manifested in other forms. The greater development of force in one special direction or mode is obtained solely by its diminution in another. It is so in the microcosm, man ; if any faculty be developed beyond the average, its enhanced power is necessarily secured by diminution or exhaustion of some other mode in which the force might be manifested ; the condition of the enrichment of one region of human nature is the concurrent impoverishment of another ; and the sum of each man's forces, notwithstanding that the quantity of expenditure in one direction may at one time be greater than at another time, remains unalterably the same.

Some familiar phenomena, explainable on this hypothesis, may be adduced.

It is a commonplace observation that prizefighters and great athletes are generally deficient in intellectual and emotional power: the entire force is devoted to the physical development, leaving a minimum for the other portions of their nature. In the ancient sculptured forms of Hercules this truth is symbolically represented. It will be observed that his head is always fashioned in abnormally small proportion to the physical development—thus pictorially expressing the fact that larger growth of the material form through

which force is manifested is obtained at the expense of the diminished channel for its exercise in the higher modes of being.

Why, generally, are hard readers and great thinkers dyspeptic and of weak physique? Simply because the greater proportion of the vital energy is attracted to the intellectual region, while the digestive processes and the other processes of physical growth are too scantily supplied with the stimulus needful for their healthy and vigorous action.

It is very often the case, too, that highly intellectual men are deficient in the emotions—pity and tenderness, for example; for the high development of their mental nature is obtained by depriving the emotional nature of its due supply of nervous force. The glory of the one is attended by the decay of the other, and the man is incomplete, abnormal. And a heightened excellence in any quality of heart or head must, except in very rare specimens of our race, be bought by the sacrifice of the full development of other faculties. Complete development seems to be impossible in all directions; and our nature, instead of exhibiting a noble symmetry, is disfigured, so to speak, by depressions and projections of unequal size. How often do we find that very professedly religious persons, whose religion, unhappily, chiefly consists in a sustenance and display of emotions, are comparatively unintellectual; the stronger exhi bition of emotional activity being secured by the comparative suppression of energy in the department of mind.

Take again the case of a person who has lost a faculty; for example, that of sight. The result is that the other sense-organs, or the intellect, or emotional nature, according to the *set* of the man's nature, or all of them together, possess a higher degree of sensibility and power; and the reason is supplied by our hypothesis. The total force of the man would be distributed among the various bodily organs and departments of his being, in proportions determined by the peculiarity of his nature; the annihilation of one channel for the operation of force leaves so much more force to be allotted to the remaining channels, and hence a larger degree of activity or acuteness is exhibited through them. If the man is naturally highly intellectual, the intellect takes the larger share of all the liberated energy; if his nature be pre-eminently emotional, he exhibits a wider or intenser emotional range; if his physical organs, however, predominate over other departments in their normal activity, it is they that secure the surplus force and receive thereby a greater power. And according to the sense that is lost, so will be the amount of force that is released, and the consequent extent of addition to

the vigour of manifestation in the remaining departments of the man's nature. The eye is the most intellectual of our organs, and has the largest share in the accumulation of the images that constitute our knowledge : thus the eye, among our bodily organs, has assigned to its use a larger fund of force than any of the other organs ; hence if the eye be destroyed, more force would be liberated than by the destruction of any other sense ; and hence the man who lost his eyesight might be expected to show a larger addition of activity and power in the predominating regions of his nature than he whose loss had been his hearing, and much more than he who had simply been deprived of the inferior sense of smell or taste.

The hypothesis can be successfully applied to the explanation of the fact that intense intellectual or emotional preoccupation diminishes the feeling of pain. Pain is the impression produced upon the brain by the nervous current travelling along the nerves that connect the brain with the injured surface of the body : reduce the force that is devoted to this purpose, and the impression is diminished ; increase that force, and the sensation of pain is intensified. Now intense mental preoccupation drains off force for its maintenance from *all* portions of the body—the nerves connecting the brain and the hurt surface share of course in this withdrawal—and hence, the nervous supply being lessened, the impression produced on the brain is of a weaker kind. As a familiar example of a decrease of pain by energy exerted in another direction, take the efficacy of a vigorous walk in diminishing the crushing sensation of grief ; the activity of the muscles is secured by supplies of force, and the steady and continued activity required of them in a long walk is maintained by taking for their use the force that would otherwise have remained in the emotional region, nourishing the grief.

A soldier in the agony and stress of battle has no sensation of a wound, for all his vital energy is devoted to the physical strain of conflict ; and the diminished supply thus remaining for producing sensations is insufficient to convey the feeling of pain.

A brief application of the hypothesis to the relief afforded in mental suffering by the mechanism of its physical accompaniments must end this portion of the paper. In suppressed grief the force is accumulated within, supplying continual fuel and stimulus to the maintenance of the misery, endowing the imagination with greater power to evoke images of sorrow in consonance with, and intensification of, the anguish actually felt ; but, if the grief be not thus suppressed, the flowing tears, the agonised outcry, the general strain of the body exhibited in the physical expression of the emotion, afford

so many material outlets for the expenditure of the imprisoned and disturbing force, and this dissipation results in the equilibrium of force and consequent languor and relief of body and mind. It has often been asserted, for example, that in the Quaker community cases of insanity are more frequent proportionately than among the general public. If these statistics be correct, the present hypothesis accounts for the phenomenon. For Quakers are essentially taught, I understand, to suppress all external exhibition of emotion; the force therefore is confined within, and produces the internal and mental effects I have already mentioned; the helpful physical dissipation of suppressed energy being thus avoided, the necessary result ensues that, in so intense and continued a disturbance of the inner nature, without the relief of exit, the mental and emotional equilibrium tends in time to be shattered.

A few remarks are needed on the influences determining the specific manifestation of force, and one or two practical lessons in education and morals may be drawn. The influences under whose various supremacy the direction of force in man is determined are (1) the physical conformation of the man. A strong physique will draw force to the physical processes, for organs which can be easily worked will be employed rather than those which are not so adapted to facile action; and the ease of operation constitutes a pleasurable sensation which further tends to keep up the more constant use of such organs, and consequently the more copious supply of force to them, since the use of organs is only possible by means of this vital force. An ear or eye whose physical apparatus is less nicely fashioned will be less used; an ear or eye of exquisite workmanship will have transmitted to it a greater supply of energy by reason of the influence of the two facts already mentioned, namely, ease of action and pleasant sensations thence resulting.

Another factor (2) comprises his inherited tendencies. Man is born intellectual, moral, and animal. By transmission through his ancestors he may possess intellectual or moral aptitudes and tendencies predominating in strength over the inherited activity of the senses and instincts; and such a man's force will accordingly, by its original and transmitted *set* and constitutional direction, be principally applied to the sustenance of the higher regions of his being. Indeed, instead of placing his "physical conformation" by itself as one of the influences in distribution, I might, perhaps more properly, have included it among "inherited tendencies," for it would imply a *set* or *drift* of the force in the direction of the bodily organs and processes.

Another element is (3) his circumstances of life—in short, his life-education, physical, intellectual, moral, and spiritual. This may laboriously draw off the force from one direction and impel it in another. And by the persistent energy of this influence of education the force may be diverted from an original and condemned direction, and maintained permanently in the direction required. As I have said, the ease with which an organ is worked, the ease with which the mind or emotions are set in action, with the sustaining influence of the pleasurable sensations resulting from this illaborious use, determines force in that particular direction—the use of the organ being enjoyable, the more constant use of that organ is thus secured. Now if force be laboriously set, under the influence of education, along a particular, desired channel, and persistently maintained in that route, in the course of generations that channel—say, one of the senses, or the intellectual or moral nature—will, by such constant employment, become so easy and pleasant to use that in its turn it will, by the mere influence of its acquired facile and enjoyable working, even attract the force automatically to itself. A particular current of the force created with toil and maintained with difficulty may, in the long end, become transformed by heredity into a habit of the nature. Thus it may be conjectured that if the ear of a person be not so beautifully and exquisitely fashioned that copious force, by attraction of its easy working and resulting sensations, proceeds naturally towards it, yet by constantly using influences to despatch force for the exercise of the ear, that organ may in generations so alter its structure by becoming more and more nicely suited to the increased and pleasurable activity of force, that the direction in which it was once a labour to impel the energy may now become one of its established and prominent routes. Education—intellectual, moral, physical, and spiritual—means the redistribution of force; it must consist in the supply of such influences as will be likely to divert the force from channels which are to be weakened or suppressed, and start it along the new and selected course; the influences must then be constantly presented, and, it may be, varied, in order to maintain its current along the line thus originated until labour becomes habit.

I need not enlarge upon the duties and obligations thus imposed upon every generation in relation to their successors: that they should regard their faculties and their whole nature as a sacred trust, to be transmitted in an enhanced and nobler condition and quality, as a physical, intellectual, moral, and spiritual outfit, to their posterity.

Nor need I dwell upon the thoughts suggested by the proposition that the force manifested through the various appearances of the universe is one ; that force now used in the more animal forms of human experience is not of inferior essence to the force which has created the noble intellectual and spiritual possessions of our race ; that the same primal force which is applied in man to the lower processes and activities of his being can be diverted from those channels, and be made the creator and sustainer of his highest spiritual efforts and manifestations ; and that every Order of Life in the universe is thus united together for the finest ideal ends.

T. E. YOUNG.

CRICHTON, LORD SANQUHAR.

FEW even of the noblest of Scottish houses can boast a more illustrious descent than that of Crichton, Barons of Sanquhar. They held broad lands in Dumfries as early as the reign of David I.; one of them was Chancellor of Scotland and Master of the Royal Household under James II. of that kingdom ; and his son married a daughter of his royal master. In the fifteenth century the Crichtons were at the height of their power ; and to their efforts the Stuarts were indebted to a greater extent than to any other family for withstanding the encroachments of the rival Douglases during the most precarious period of their career.

But the brightness of the Crichton shield was tarnished at a somewhat later date by a terribly dark blot, no less than that of a wilful and premeditated murder, for which the Lord Sanquhar of his time died the death of a felon on the gallows in Palace Yard, Westminster. His fate was not much bewailed, if we may judge from the following lines from "Ancient Melodies of Scotland" :—

> Sancher, whom earth could scarce contain,
> Having seen Italie, France, and Spain,
> To finish his travels—a sight most rare—
> Was bound towards heaven, but died in the air.

The scene of this murder was that wild district of London which lay to the south of Fleet Street, between the Temple and the Bridewell, which was long known by the cant name of Alsatia, under which designation it figures in one of the comedies of Shadwell, and also in Sir Walter Scott's "Fortunes of Nigel." It may be remembered that Sir Walter chooses one of the low dens of Alsatia as a place of sanctuary for young Nigel after his duel with Delgarno. How do the foggy, crowded streets rise before our eyes, the dingy thoroughfares and dark closes or "courts," thronged with shaggy, unkempt ruffians! How greasy are their shoulder-blades, how discoloured are their scarves, what torn hats rise high above their huge moustaches! With the pencil of a Teniers, Scott describes the low precinct : "The wailing of children," he writes, "the scolding of

their mothers, the miserable exhibition of ragged linen hung out from the windows to dry, spoke the wants and distresses of the wretched inhabitants ; while the sounds of complaint were mocked and overwhelmed by the riotous shouts, oaths, profane songs, and boisterous laughter that issued from the alehouses and taverns, which, as the signboards indicated, were equal in number to all the other houses ; and, that the full character of the place might be evident, several faded, tinselled, and painted females looked boldly at the strangers from their open lattices, or more modestly seemed busy with the cracked flower-pots, filled with mignonette and rosemary, which were disposed in front of the windows to the great risk of the passers-by." It is to a dilapidated tavern here, it will be remembered, that the gay Templar takes Nigel to be sworn in as a "Brother of Whitefriars" by Duke Hildebrod and his councillors ; when the young Scot narrowly escapes death at the hands of cowardly assassins. It was here, too, that in May 1612 took place the cowardly murder of one Turner, a fencing-master, for which Lord Sanquhar, as the plotter and deviser, and two hired assassins named Gray and Carlisle, who actually did the deed of blood, paid the full penalty of the law.

The motive of this cruel murder was a grudge of long standing. Lord Sanquhar, some year or two before, had met Turner at the house of Lord Norreys, a mansion named Ryecot, in Oxfordshire. Owing to some accident, or perhaps when the blood of both the combatants was excited by parries and thrusts, the foil of the fencing-master entered Lord Sanquhar's eye and pierced it. To aim so high as the eye was contrary to the rules of the art ; but there is no reason to think the injury was done intentionally. Still, a young fellow of low or of no birth had drawn the blood of a Scot who was equally noble and proud. The wrong had been done and must be atoned for. Blood must be wiped out by blood, that was clear—at all events to the peer. He dwelt for months and for years on the injury, and resolved sooner or later to have his revenge, though Turner had more than once expressed his regret at the casualty. As ill luck would have it, Lord Sanquhar paid about this time a visit to Paris and went to the Court of Henry IV. The chivalrous and gallant King, always courteous and civil to strangers, made a most unfortunate remark upon the wounded eye, and asked the Scotchman how he had lost the sight of it. Sanquhar, not willing to lose the credit of a wound, replied "It was done by a sword, Sir." The King thoughtlessly and heedlessly rejoined, "And is the man who did it still living?" Words could not have well been worse chosen ; and though no more was said by either party, or perhaps thought by the

King, yet the sting remained. The poison had sunk deep into the young man's veins, and he thirsted more and more for revenge. For two years, it is said, he remained in France, hoping to cure the mental wound : but at last, in despair of a change, he resolved to cross the seas again, and landed at Dover, it is to be feared, in no very Christian frame of mind. On his return to London he found that King James was entertaining his father-in-law, the King of Denmark, at his Palace at Greenwich, and that Turner was there, exhibiting his skill in fencing-matches, for the court at that time was very gay. When the tilting and the fencing was over, Sanquhar hastened down from his gallery into the ring, resolved to stab Turner if he could find him ; but find him he could not by hook or by crook, though it was a serious offence even to draw a sword within the precincts of the King's court. The next piece of news that he heard was that Turner had left London and had gone to Ryecot, the seat of Norreys, the very place where he had lost his eye. Being thus disappointed of immediate revenge, he resolved to bide his time patiently. And so he did. Finding that he could not come to close quarters with his enemy, he made up his mind to carry out his designs by the hands of others. Accordingly he hired the services of two Scotchmen, of low birth and of bad antecedents, by whose aid he felt sure that he would be able to carry out his old-standing scheme of revenge.

Carlisle and Gray were their names. At Lord Sanquhar's suggestion and cost, they hired a low lodging in Whitefriars, where it was known that the fencing-master was often to be seen, as he was in the habit of looking in at an Alsatian tavern on his way home from his fencing-school. The rest of the story is soon told.

Sitting at the door with some of his friends, Turner asked Carlisle and Gray to come in and drink the king's health. They did so ; but scarcely had they sat down on the bench in front of the tavern, when Carlisle drew a pistol from under the breast of his coat, presented it at the poor fencing-master, and fired. The charge entered his left breast, and he fell dead, crying "Lord have mercy on me ! I am killed !" The assassins fled, but were captured in the end ; Carlisle in Scotland, and Gray at a port where he was about to take ship for Sweden.

Lord Sanquhar also absconded, a reward of a hundred pounds being offered for his head ; but the trio were all brought to justice. They were tried in Westminster Hall in the course of June, before Mr. Justice Yelverton. Sanquhar, feeling that "the game was up," confessed himself guilty, but pleaded what the French would call

"extenuating circumstances." He said that he had always believed that Turner used to boast of having put out his (Lord Sanquhar's) eye "of set purpose," and this, though, at the taking up of the foils, he had specially protested that he "played as a scholar and not as one able to contend with a master of the profession, the mode of playing among scholars being always to spare the face."

"After this loss of my eye," continued Lord Sanquhar, "and with the great hazard of the loss of life, I must confess that I ever kept a grudge of my soul against Turner, but had no purpose to take so high a revenge; yet, in the course of my revenge, I considered not my wrongs upon the terms of Christianity, . . . but, being trained up in the courts of princes and in arms, I stood upon the terms of honour, and thence befel this act of dishonour. . . . And now I am to die for my offence. But, my Lords, I do again assure your Lordships that if he (Turner) would have confessed, and sworn that he did it not of purpose, . . . I would have pardoned him, for, my Lords, I considered that it must have been done either of set purpose or ignorantly. If the first, I had no occasion to pardon him, and if the last, there is no excuse in a master, and, therefore, for revenge of such a wrong, I thought him unworthy to bear arms." He concluded his appeal to his judges by pleading in his defence several arguments which sound strange to the ears of people in this nineteenth century: firstly, the indignity received from so mean a man; secondly, that it (the wound) was done willingly, for he had been informed that Turner had bragged of it after the deed was done; thirdly, the perpetual loss of his eye, and the continued blemish which he received thereby; and, lastly, the want of the law to give satisfaction.

The sequel may be easily guessed. In spite of Lord Sanquhar's strong appeal to the Archbishop of Canterbury to save him from the hangman's rope, and of the still stronger appeal to the King, made by the Solicitor-General (Bacon), Lord Sanquhar was found guilty of murder, and was sentenced to be hanged like any other mortal, though he hoped to the last that King Jamie would step out of his way to extend his royal favour to a titled Scotchman. On the ladder he confessed the enormity of his sin, and also owned himself a Catholic. This confession very much dried up the sympathy of the crowds present, who strangely seemed, up to that moment, to think it extremely hard that a "proper" young gentleman like Lord Sanquhar should be sent to the scaffold.

At the execution we are told that, Roman Catholic as he was, he prayed earnestly for the King and the Queen, and for the State of

England and Scotland, and died penitent, but that the executioner allowed him to hang a longer time than usual "to display the King's justice." On the same day, the instruments of this murder were hung on two gibbets erected in Fleet Street, "over against the great Gate of Whitefriars." The men were respectively a page and a "serving man"; and it is recorded that the page's gibbet was six feet higher than that of the serving man, it being the custom at that time in Scotland that when a gentleman was hanged at the same time with one of meaner quality the gentleman had the honour of the higher gibbet, and, indeed, felt very much aggrieved if this last honour was denied him. So the laws of precedence extend even to the scaffold!

Lord Bacon, who, as Attorney-General, conducted the prosecution of Lord Sanquhar, called this trial the most exemplary piece of justice that had come forth in the King's reign; and it is said that James gained no small credit for the firmness which he showed in allowing the law to take its course against the titled murderer, in spite of the solicitations of his friends.

E. WALFORD.

SCIENCE NOTES.

Italian Wines.

IN the *Journal of the Society of Arts*, August 31, is an interesting article on the "Production of Roman Wine," in which we are told that the wine-growing industry of the province of Rome, which has always been one of the most renowned in Italy, has increased in late years, "and great improvements have been attained as to the qualities of the wine produced."

Consul Franz, of Rome, tells us that the celebrated wine districts, known collectively as the "Castelli Romani," have a soil of volcanic origin, and the cultivation is carried on under good technical rules, differing very little from those followed by the ancient Romans. The open sandy nature of the soil is not agreeable to the phylloxera, an underground sneaking brute, who only travels with propagating intent along tunnels or trenches that must be made in compact soil that will not crumble down and bury him.

Formerly the French market absorbed more than three-fourths of the total export of Italian wine, much of which, after being duly fortified, and then diluted, and flavoured, and plastered, and variously cooked, was exported to this country, and labelled according to the demand for choice vintages that happened to prevail among those easily deluded Englishmen who judge of the quality of wine by the price that is paid for it.

I have given some attention to the chemistry of wine, and have been astonished at the melancholy docility of these victims, as proved by the fact that in most cases the higher the *English* market price of the wine the greater is the amount of adulteration, especially that adulteration or "improvement" which consists in substituting sulphuric acid for the natural acid of the grape, "tartaric acid." This substitution supplies "dryness," an imitation of the effect of age, and, above all, *transparency*, a property which the ignorant Englishman primarily demands, and which no genuine wine can permanently and reliably possess. The reasons of this are fully expounded in my "Chemistry of Cookery," chapter 16, on "The Cookery of Wine."

As this substitution of a mineral for an organic acid produces some of the most horribly painful diseases to which the human body is liable, the madness of drinking brilliant wines cannot be too strongly denounced.

It is satisfactory to learn from the above-named source that the Italian Government intends to enact very stringent legislative measures for suppressing adulteration and to organise systematic analytical examination of wines; but I am sorry to learn that the use of gypsum (sulphate of lime) is allowed, though the quantity permitted to be used is to be limited. It should be prohibited altogether, its action effecting a substitution of bitartrate of potash (cream of tartar) by sulphate of potash, as the tartaric acid of the cream of tartar goes over to the lime of the gypsum, and the sulphuric acid of the gypsum unites with the potash of the cream of tartar. As the compound of tartaric acid and lime is insoluble, it sinks to the bottom, and "clarifies" the wine by substitution of the mineral compound of sulphate of potash for the unstable natural tartrate.

If the use of this deleterious substitute for white of egg in the clarifying of wines were altogether prohibited in Italy, the growth of intelligence, which is extending even to wine-drinkers, would gradually create a large demand for Italian wines in this country.

The Evolution of Tall Men.

IN a lecture delivered at the Royal Institution by Professor Flower on "The Pygmy Races of Men," he referred to the curious fact that the "tallest and shortest races in Europe are respectively the Norwegians and the Lapps, living in almost the same region. In Africa, also, the diminutive Bushmen and the tallest race of the country, the Kaffirs, are close neighbours."

These facts indicate that climate, soil, and other physical conditions have but small influence on human stature, and suggest the question whether it is due to social or moral agency. The comparative history of the Lapps and Norwegians indicates that it may be so.

The Vikings were always a fighting race; the Lapps certainly are, and, so far as we know, always have been, an exceptionally peaceful people, and the Esquimaux, with whom they are so nearly connected, are the same. The Lapps live on the snowfjelds of Norway, and the Esquimaux on the bitterest parts of the Arctic regions, just the places to which the weakest would be driven by conquerors who have appropriated the more fertile regions. The consequent hardship and semi-starvation would probably stunt the

growth of the weaker people, while, on the other hand, the conquering warlike race, in the days of hand-to-hand fighting with outsiders, and struggling for chieftainship among themselves, would be continually killing off the feeble and short-armed, and multiplying the big men by the "survival of the fittest" for such conditions of mutual murder-striving.

Coal in the Southern Counties.

THE President of the Geological section of the British Association made, in the course of a discussion at the last meeting, some suggestions that deserve continual repetition, thrusting and forcing upon the attention of our legislators.

The subject was the possibility of finding water supplies and coal supplies for the metropolis either under London, or, more probably, under the South-Eastern districts. Every deep boring that has hitherto been made reveals increasing data in support of such probability.

But further boring at increased depths is very expensive. Who is to incur such outlay? The suggestion of Professor Boyd Dawkins is that the Government should take the matter in hand, and give liberty to individuals to "prospect at their own risk in certain areas which might be mentioned and scheduled, and that if their efforts were crowned with success they should be entitled to a certain royalty on every ton of coal raised within a certain number of miles from the point where their inquiry, at the expense of their money, time, and labour, had revealed the mineral treasures."

Such "Government interference" would be most beneficent, seeing that the present landlords have neglected their primary duties, have practically resigned their trust, so far as the minerals are concerned; therefore the adventurer's royalty should be the sole royalty; the do-nothings should have nothing beyond fair compensation, at agricultural value, for the land occupied by the works and for workmen's cottages. Better and simpler than this would be a combined effort on the part of the landlords themselves, the expenses to be paid by a rate on the land.

Such co-operation is perfectly practicable—is practically carried out in minor matters. The mole-catcher's rate is an example. When I lived in Flintshire I paid twopence per acre to the parish mole-catcher, and all my neighbours did the same; nobody refused or even grumbled. The evidence of work was supplied by the suspension on a twig of the bodies of the moles on the spot where they were trapped.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

TABLE TALK.

The "Philobiblon."

TIME, which sees the rehabilitation of many of those whom it was the fashion once to decry, and the brightening of many names once sadly tarnished, now and then strips a man of wrongfully worn laurels. For five centuries and more Richard de Bury, the famous Bishop of Durham, has been credited with the authorship of the "Philobiblon," the first treatise on bibliography by an English writer. That the bishop was a collector, and a worshipper of books, is known. His passion for them, his bequest of his library, and his presence at Avignon, have linked his reputation with that of his illustrious contemporary Petrarch, and have drawn the warm and extravagant eulogy of Dibdin, who declared that "his fame will never die." That fame is now, however, assailed. The original text of the "Philobiblon" was first printed in Cologne in 1473. It was not printed in England till more than a century later, the first English edition being issued from Oxford in 1598. In a new text drawn from the collation of twenty-eight manuscripts, the second English edition now appears,[1] accompanied with a new translation by Mr. Ernest C. Thomas, late scholar of Trinity College, Oxford, and librarian of the Oxford Union. The new book is portable and handsome in form, and will be welcomed by all bibliophiles. I should not, however, have drawn attention to it, but for the postscript which follows the biographical introduction. The introduction in question is largely devoted to rebutting the attempt to deprive Bury of the credit of authorship in favour of Robert Holkot. A passage, however, in the Harleian MS., unprinted as yet, and unseen by Bury's biographer, has been found by Mr. E. Maunde Thompson. This passage, by Adam Murimuth, Canon of St. Paul's, states that the Bishop *fuisset mediocriter literatus*, and casts grave doubts upon the authorship of the "Philobiblon." Should it be proved that Richard de Bury was not the author of the "Philobiblon," an honoured name will disappear from English literature, and an almost unique instance of deprivation of laurels will be afforded.

[1] Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

The Lyceum Revival of "Macbeth."

HAVING once begun to ascend, public interest in theatrical affairs has rapidly reached fever heat. It may be doubted whether in the "palmiest days of the drama," during the Garrick "fever," the Kean "mania," or the Macready "craze," more anxiety than was evinced to be present at the Lyceum revival of "Macbeth" was often witnessed. Every wile of diplomacy was exhausted in the effort to obtain a seat for the first performance. Meanwhile, amateur critics, endeavouring to rival the sporting prophets, sought at any cost to obtain a sight of the rehearsals, which answer to the preliminary canters of the race, and, failing in the attempt, ventured on prediction as to the event. Altogether unprecedented is this at any rate in its extent. The writing that prefaced the performance of "Macbeth" constitutes a literature, while that which followed was described by one hopeless functionary, whose occupation it was to collect, as extending "over miles." In part only is this enthusiasm fictitious. It is a chief function of the press to find, or invent, or force a sensation where one is not ready to its hand. To the influence of this a portion of the preliminary clamour may be assigned. The public, however, was earnest, surprisingly earnest indeed, when the fact is recalled that Mr. Irving had already been seen in "Macbeth," and that the character had not seemed specially suited to his powers. That the enthusiasm was wholly artistic will not, of course, be asserted. To be at a first night at the Lyceum fixes a *cachet*, and those who are esteemed of themselves or of others to be of importance hold it due to themselves, if possible, to be present.

Changed Conditions of Public Taste.

THIRTY years ago such enthusiasm concerning a first-night dramatic performance was unknown. The possessor of a second ticket for such an occasion found difficulty in inducing any one to accompany him, the general playgoer holding, correctly enough, that it was better to wait and hear what the play was like, and see it when the actors were at home in their parts. Raptures—since the grown-up child must have its enthusiasms and its relaxations—were then confined to the opera, which a generation ago was the fashionable recreation. Those in society made a point of showing themselves at the opera, and the general public fought their way into the less fashionable parts of the house with a zeal and an energy that the playgoer of to-day may rival but cannot surpass. Arrangements are now better than they previously were. I have "assisted," however, on a Jenny Lind night at a scene of maddening exertion and enthu-

siasm, have seen women fainting in the vain endeavour to get into the house, and have, at the top of a flight of stairs, been thankful to find myself with my garments sound and in my own possession. Now opera has gone so thoroughly out of fashion, a single theatre more than suffices for a population practically double the size of that which required three.

The Spectacle at the Lyceum.

WONDERFULLY beautiful was the spectacle that greeted the eyes of the spectator fortunate enough to be present at the first representation of "Macbeth." Almost for the first time a tragedy was put on the stage and acted in a way that aided, instead of impeding, the imagination. Soldiers, gallant in equipment, picturesque in appearance, manly in bearing, tramped across the stage, or stood in easy attitudes of strong men resting from exertion. So heroic did they seem that one thought of their Viking neighbours and contemporaries, and felt regret when the necessity of issuing at the sides compelled the warriors to "mark time" and ultimately shuffle off the boards. Cannot Mr. Irving, with his genius for stage management, contrive to throw open a wider portal, and, preventing this huddling, allow the martial "tramp" to be maintained? The witch scenes were perfect in glamour, and gained rather than lost by the substitution of women for men. Meanwhile Nature sympathised, as she has always been supposed to do, with the "brewed enchantments" and magic rites of the weird sisters, and with the potent auguries before which Macbeth should succumb. Across the heath burned a fiercely striped and lurid sky, full of magic portent, the accessories were grim and stern, and the whole, even to the new music of Sir Arthur Sullivan, was calculated to prepare the mind to receive and be impressed by the acted fable. Feudal life, meanwhile, was finely illustrated in the interior scenes. It was a strange and glorified feudal existence, suggesting at some points the life at Camelot. Macbeth himself might have passed for Sir Mordred, or even for some nobler knight; while the Lady Macbeth of Miss Terry, what was she but a Guinevere, perfect in faith and constancy, and with no guilty secret to make her shrink from Arthur and dream of the coming Lancelot?

The Acting.

SO far for scenery; now for the acting. This was as good as we are likely, under the present conditions, to obtain. It is free to every man of intellect to form his own conception as to Macbeth. The characters of Shakespeare have this, among other things in

common with genuine mortals, that they may be seen in different aspects, and it is not easy to affirm that we know all about them. Mr. Irving's Macbeth is unlike any previously seen, and picturesque, impressive, and fateful as it is, is not to me convincing. Psychology in it so overmasters action that we wonder how one so subject to external influences could have won so high a reputation as a soldier. It is a marvellous study of a more resolute and unscrupulous Hamlet. Miss Terry's Lady Macbeth, meanwhile, is a creature of ineffable beauty and spirituality, a woman indeed for whose sake a man would do almost anything, but who surely could move him to nothing that was unblessed. It is impossible to imagine a being such as this filled "From the crown to the toe top-full of direst cruelty!" Adjuration to the infernal powers would in her case be wasted. A lovelier performance has not been seen. Its single and collected beauties would justify a rhapsody. The whole does not, however, constitute a Lady Macbeth that I am able to conceive.

How far should Tragedy be Conventional?

IT seems possible that, for what in the performances seems least Shakespearean, the fault is in the times. I remember when acting in tragedy was mainly conventional, and when the declaration was made that intellect, so far as the audience was concerned, was divorced from the stage. Of Phelps, an admirable actor, and his associates at Drury Lane, self-constituted critics spoke, in periodicals of supposed authority, in language of scathing contempt. Tragedy was, however, the last fortress of conventionality, and realism seems now to have effected a breach in it. Of the realistic acting, which is now the only acting, we have in "Macbeth" at the Lyceum the highest results likely to be attained. Are we, however, sure that conventionality is not indispensable to tragedy? The greatest tragedies of the ancient world were spoken by men wearing masks, elevated by artificial means above ordinary stature, and speaking through artificial mouthpieces in a sort of chaunt. In opera we are still wholly conventional, since the various characters sing their passions and their fears. Yet the purest tragic acting, with scarcely an exception, that I have seen has been upon the lyric stage. We have few, if any, of us witnessed tragedy in real life, though we are familiar with comedy. May it not then be that we are departing too widely from the state of affairs for which the plays of Shakespeare were written? Blank verse is, after all, as conventional as song. If we are to have the new tragedy, we can scarcely hope for anything better than Mr. Irving and Miss Terry supply. The last word on the subject, however, is not said.

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AN OUTPOST ADVENTURE.

BY ARCHIBALD FORBES.

THE war correspondent who accompanied the Russian Army which crossed the Danube in the summer of 1877, and who had the good fortune to be a *persona grata*, found his path of duty made exceedingly easy for him. And whether he was a *persona grata* or not depended almost entirely on himself. His newspaper might be held in obloquy, but the authorities ignored the hostility of the paper with something that closely resembled magnanimity, and the correspondent was not held responsible for the tone of his journal, but only for the matter in it which he himself contributed. It is rather a mild way of putting it to say that the *Standard*, for instance, was not friendly to Russia throughout the period in question; but Mr. Boyle, its representative, was quite frankly accepted, and has testified to the courtesy and comradeship of the Russian officers. He had to go, and everybody ought to rejoice that this fate befell him, because it was the occasion of his brilliant and amusing book, "The Diary of an Expelled Correspondent"; the *teterrima causa* assigned was a passage in one of his letters. The *Daily Telegraph* could not have struck the reader as being more bitter against the Russians than was its contemporary of Shoe Lane; but the gentleman designated to represent it when he presented himself at Kischieneff was refused his legitimation. This, however, was for reasons purely personal to the candidate, of whom something was known in the Russian headquarters, and in no degree because of the tone of the journal by which he was accredited.

His distinguishing badge once strapped round his upper arm—he had repudiated with a shriek of horror the dreadful brassplate such as street-corner messengers now wear that was first served out to

him—the well-seen correspondent stood, or moved, chartered to do pretty much anything he pleased. It may seem a paradox; but the Russians are simply the most democratic people in Europe, and for a Russian to be *borné* would be a contradiction in terms. Every officer was the correspondent's comrade. Prince Shakosky, the ill-conditioned general who made such a mess of the July Plevna, was the only exception I ever knew. If the samovar was in service the officer shared his tea with the correspondent; in the middle of a battle if the officer had a couple of sandwiches he would offer one of them to the correspondent. From the highest to the lowest, in regard to military information, the Russians were incredibly frank; the correspondent never required to ask questions as to situation, dispositions, or intentions—information in regard to those matters was volunteered to him. The only secret they ever had—and I must own they kept it well—was in regard to the point at which the crossing of the Danube was to be made. Skobeleff "had not the faintest idea," although a couple of hours previously he had been reconnoitring the approaches. Prince Tzeretleff "really had not the remotest conception." Still, even in regard to the crossing of the Danube, the friendly Russians were not inexorable. I could not be told the locality of the crossing, but I should be escorted betimes to the headquarters of the general commanding the division which was to take the lead in the operations. It was rather an amusing experience. The guide sent to escort me was in the uniform of a private soldier—a tall, handsome man, riding a fine grey horse. He spoke English fluently and without a trace of accent. As we rode along together and talked, the tone of this private soldier's conversation bewildered me. He knew his Europe as if it had been his native parish. He had what Americans call "the inside track" in regard to English affairs, social, political, and financial. He spoke of country-houses of which he had been the guest, and commented on the merits of a piece of statuary in the drawing-room at Sandringham. At last I asked his name. He was of one of Russia's oldest princely families, and belonged to the diplomatic corps, but when the war began had volunteered for military service, and, not being qualified to be an officer, had fallen into line as a private soldier. As we rode along I asked him where we were bound for, not imagining that a destination to which we were full *en route* could be any longer a secret. But he looked upon it still in this light, no doubt in accordance with his instructions, and of course I had no more to say for the time being. By-and-by we reached a point whence radiated four cross-roads. It became obvious to me that my guide was himself at

fault. I took no heed while he led me first along one road a little way, then along another, returning puzzled to the cross-roads. At last he had to confess, "It seems to me that I've lost my way." "Sorry I cannot be of any service," was my remark, "since I do not know where it is you want to go to. I have been all over this region and know where each of these roads leads." My prince-private-soldier-diplomatist burst into a laugh, and then mentioned our destination. "Then this way," said I, "about an hour's ride."

After the crossing of the Danube in the last days of June the Russian army spread out into the adjacent Bulgarian country like a fan. Krüdener went west to subdue Nicopolis, and later to come to grief at Plevna. Gourko rode away over the Balkans, through the Hankioj Pass, on that adventurous expedition which sanguine people expected to end at Adrianople. The Twelfth Corps forged away slowly in the easterly direction, toward the Danubian fortress of Rustchuk, the key-point of the Turkish quadrilateral in Bulgaria, and its advance I accompanied over the low rolling country, towards the Jantra, and later athwart the more broken terrain between the Jantra and the Lom. It was a sort of holiday stroll for Driesen's cavalry division, which leisurely pioneered the way for the force which later came to be known as "the Army of the Cesarewitch." We were received with offerings of corn, oil, and wine by the Conscript Fathers of Biela, and tarried in that pleasant *rus in urbe* for a couple of days. Then by short marches we dawdled on, past the copses of Monastir, and the grain-clad slopes of Obertenik, until well on into July we pitched camp on a long swell falling down to the Danube at Pirgos, with Rustchuk away in front of us, some ten miles off. We were far enough forward, pending the coming up of supports; so we threw out picquets to the front and flanks, and made ourselves as comfortable as might be in the bright sunshine tempered by cool breezes blowing down from the Balkans.

Baron Driesen was an active man, and made work for himself. He was always leading reconnaissances into the country up and across the Lom, in the course of which he had the occasional amusement of a skirmish. I used to accompany him on these expeditions, just to keep myself and my horses in exercise; they were quite unimportant from my professional point of view, and a dozen of them would not have been worth the cost of a five-line telegram. My comrade Villiers preferred to go sketching in the glens with dear old General Arnoldi, one of the brigade commanders, the simplest, quaintest, most lovable of old gentlemen, and I should

think the worst cavalry brigade commander to be found, even in the Russian Army. The other brigade chief, Staal von Holstein, read and wrote all day in the shade under the wide fly of his pretty striped tent, coming over to us in the evening to smoke a cigarette, drink a tumbler of tea, and relieve our *ennui* with his pleasant gossip about men, women, and things.

It was not my affair, but I confess I did not greatly relish the position we occupied. The division, with its batteries of artillery, was out here all by itself, with no infantry within several miles, both its flanks bare, overlapped by the Turks on its right, its left utterly in the air, and its line of retreat by no means safe. But while the Russians treated those conditions with a fine indifference, the Turks did not display any enterprise. A few weeks later they woke up, it is true ; and then the Russians had to fall back out of the unsafe angle, with considerable losses, and not without confusion ; but by that time I was elsewhere, and in watching the abortive efforts to drive Osman Pacha out of Plevna had ceased to feel a vivid interest in the fortunes of the Army of the Lom.

I must describe in a little more detail the position of Driesen's cavalry division in those July days of 1877, and the country in its vicinity, because I wish to describe a risky little experience that happened to me then, to follow the narration of which this description is requisite.

I have already mentioned that our camp was on a long swell running inland at about right angles from the Danube. Before us, as we looked out from the front of the camp in the direction of Rustchuk, there ran parallel to our position a long valley—deep, but with smooth bottom and sides—on which were fields of grain that had been cut and set up into stooks. Over against us, on the further side of this valley, rose a ridge very similar in formation to our own, but having its crest closed with woods, and on its slope facing us were clumps of trees interspersed among the cornfields. The valley between the two ridges was for the time neutral ground. The Turks held the wooded ridge confronting us, and our fore-post line ran along in our front about half-way down the slope of our ridge as it trended down into the intervening valley.

One bright warm afternoon our friends the enemy brought forward a couple of batteries of field-guns, and from a position in front of the wood which crested their ridge opened fire against our camp. The range was a long one, but the Turks had Krupp guns, and their shells came lobbing across the valley and occasionally pitched among the tents. The Russians, who have a great propensity

to the *dolce far niente* when the weather is warm, could not be bothered to reply to this fire for quite a while ; but at length, about four o'clock, I saw their gunners busy among the field-guns that were ranged in position along the front of the camp.

Just then I met Baron Driesen, who told me that he had remained quiet thus long because of a little scheme he had adopted to surprise and perhaps to cut off the Turkish guns opposite us there. Some two hours earlier, when he first noticed the guns being brought up into position, he had sent off Holstein with the light cavalry regiment of his brigade—the "Grey Hussars" we used to call them, from the colour of their horses—away to our right, with orders, if practicable, to cross the valley higher up out of sight of the Turks and, getting on to the slope of their ridge, work northward through the clumps of trees, till, if they had the luck to get so far, within charging distance of the left flank of the Turkish batteries, when the Russian troopers were to do their best to capture the guns.

I am an old cavalry man, and naturally always eager to be with the mounted arm on any duty assigned to it, and I rather made a grievance of it to the Baron that he had not let me know of the despatch of Holstein and his Greys, that I might have gone along with them. He was the best tempered man in the world. "Why," said he, "standing here, you've got the whole panorama under your eye, and if they have the luck to get up and do anything you can see them work a great deal better, and, what is more, a great deal more safely, than if you were over there with them, blinded by dust and smoke." But, nevertheless, I was only half-content.

The Russian guns opened presently, and then there was an hour or two of reprisal at long bowls, and nothing else. The Russians lost a horse or two, and one unfortunate fellow was cut in two back in the camp, but the futile powder-burning was getting very tedious. All at once, however, I noticed some horsemen showing little glimpses of themselves out of a long clump of trees a few hundred yards below, and on the left of the Turkish batteries.

"Look, Baron!" cried I, "there are Holstein's cavalry fellows, sure enough. They've worked round beautifully—quite artistically—and now they are gathering in that clump, getting ready for their dash at the guns!"

Driesen was not an enthusiastic man, and he rather drawled in his speech. "You may be right," he said, "but I, for my part, have a shrewd suspicion these horsemen are Turkish Tcherkesses, prowling about there just to cover that left flank of the batteries which I gave Holstein as his objective."

"Why," I exclaimed, "look at the grey horses. There can be no mistake!"

"*Mon Dieu*!" retorted the Baron, "can't a Turkish Tcherkess ride a grey horse as well as a Russian Hussar?"

"Well," said I, for Driesen's apathy made me the more stubborn in my own opinion, "I'm positive they are our fellows; and I am going across the valley to watch closely how they make their rush."

"Don't be a fool!" said the Baron genially. "Even if they are our fellows, you are much better here; and if you cross, and they are not, why then——" and he shrugged his broad shoulders.

But I was obstinate; Driesen was sufficiently conversant with our language to quote the proverb, about "a wilful man"; and so away I rode to the front out beyond the Russian guns, down the slope, and through the outpost line, crouching behind the corn-stooks about half-way down. I cantered briskly across the bottom of the valley, which I found to be a deeper trough than I had imagined; and then at a slower pace began to ascend the slope of the Turkish ridge, heading for the clump of trees about which I had seen the horsemen.

I had got nearly half-way up. I could hear the shrill scream of the shells speeding from ridge to ridge high over my head, as I plodded on upward, sitting well forward in my saddle, with a grip of my horse's mane in one hand. Just as I entered a cornfield, crack, crack, whizz, whizz came a couple of bullets close by me from behind a corn-stook close in front of me. I halted involuntarily, dazed with surprise, and took a hurried survey of the situation. It was not difficult to comprehend it at a glance. Moving in an easy, careless way I had ridden close up against the Turkish outpost line, which, just as was the Russian line on the opposite side of the valley, was drawn athwart the slope behind the cut grain. So close was I that I could actually see the Paynim rascals grinning at my attitude of scare.

Shot followed shot, and each one served to quicken my realisation of the fact that it was extremely injudicious to remain there longer than was quite convenient. So I wheeled sharply in my tracks and galloped headlong down the steep slope, stretched along my horse's neck. I did not wait to exchange any civilities of leave-taking with the humorous gentlemen squatting behind the corn-stooks.

In a twinkling, long before I had reached the bottom, the Russian outpost line had opened fire on the Turkish outliers who were persecuting me, and this friendly act drew off from me the attention of

the latter. Quite a general, although desultory, musketry skirmish ensued, the bullets of both sides whistling over my head, down in the bottom of the valley as I was by this time. But though I had ceased to be a target I did not feel in the least comfortable. I could not get home among the Russians while they kept up this abominable shooting of theirs—that was too clear—unless I was prepared to take an equal risk to that from which I had just been mercifully preserved. If you are shot it makes no perceptible difference to you whether it is friend or foe who performs the deed. The Turkish side, again, was renewing its inhospitable demonstrations; and it was not at all nice to remain quiescent down in the bottom of the valley, since every now and then a malignant Turk, disregarding his natural enemies the Russians over against him up there, would take a shot by way of variety at the inoffensive neutral prowling down below in the middle distance.

In my perplexity I resolved to follow up the trough of the valley till I should reach a section of the Russian front where quietude might be reigning, and where, therefore, I would have the chance to get back inside the friendly lines and out of my embarrassing predicament.

But as I moved along I carried strife and the fire along with me. The Russians, out in front of whom I had originally ridden down into the valley, had known at least that I had come from their camp, and had let me alone as being a friend. But as I moved out of their ken I found myself the pariah of both sides, the Ishmaelite against whom was every man's hand. Neither side had any good feeling toward me, and both took occasional shots at me, which came a great deal too near to be pleasant. Then, having fired at me, nothing would content them but that they should set about firing at each other, and so I was like a fox with a firebrand tied to its tail, spreading conflagration whithersoever I went. By-and-by I came on a bend in the valley, and this gave me hope; but as I marched along I thought I should never get to where the two hostile outpost lines ceased to confront each other. And then all of a sudden the valley began to disappear altogether and merge into the uplands, a change in the ground which bade fair to deprive me of what little cover the valley had been affording.

Suddenly, from an adjacent clump on the Turkish side of the shallowing valley, three horsemen came dashing down on me at a gallop. The alternatives were so clear that he who ran might read, and I was moving at a walk. Either the Turks would make a prisoner of me (if, indeed, they did not kill me on the spot), or I

must, if I would make an effort to escape this fate, take my chance of the Russian fire as I galloped for the shelter of the Russian outpost line.

"Of two evils choose the less," says the wise proverb. I had made up my mind, much more quickly than I can write the words down, to ride in upon the Russians; and so I gave my horse the spur and fled from my Turkish pursuers. It was pretty clear that the Russians had no sort of comprehension of the situation, but they judged that the simplest course, pending an explanation, was to try to kill somebody; so they opened fire with zeal.

For me it was like charging a square. I actually all but rode over a man who was confronting me kneeling, with his (presumably empty) rifle held like a pike; and when I was pulled up abruptly inside the Russian straggling line by a strong jerk on my horse's bit that threw him back on his haunches, I found myself surrounded by a *chevaux de frise* of bayonet-points projecting from rifles held by angry, vociferating, and unintelligible persons of Sclavonic extraction.

I never knew very much practicable Russian, and at that time three words was the sum of my acquaintance with that euphonious tongue. None of the three was at all applicable to the conditions of the moment, but I emitted them all in succession, making the best of my scanty stock-in-trade. They availed me nothing. Neither the officer nor any of his men knew a word of English, French, or German. In vain I looked for the Polish Jew who forms a considerable item in most Russian regiments, and who has always a smattering of abominable low German. Failing to make my captors understand anything concerning me, I was dismounted with considerable vigour, and promptly taken prisoner, one armed man on either side of me, and a third in a strategic position in the rear. As for my Turkish pursuers, two of them had turned when within a few yards of the Russian post; the third left his horse dead on the ground and himself limped back wounded.

For the only time save one, while I was with the Russian Army, did I now produce my formal "pass"—my captors refused to give any heed to the badge on my arm, and probably had no conception what it meant. Now the "pass" consisted of a photograph of the correspondent, with a dab of red wax on his chest, on which was impressed the headquarter seal, while on the back were written certain cabalistic figures, which, I had been given to understand, instructed all and sundry to whom "these presents" might come to recognise the bearer and assist him by all means in their power. It happened that I had grown a beard since the photograph was taken which con-

stituted my authentication ; my captors failed to recognise any resemblance between my bearded countenance and the smooth face of the photograph, and there was thus an added element of suspicion. At length it was resolved to send me up to the camp, to be dealt with there by superior authority.

A sergeant and two men shortly marched me off in the direction of the headquarters, while a third led my horse. It was a long tramp, and I was not allowed to choose my own pace. At length, on the plateau before the camp, the divisional flag was seen. The artillery firing was over, and Baron Driesen and his staff were standing behind the still hot guns.

My appearance was greeted with a simultaneous roar of laughter, in which I tried to join, I confess, rather ruefully.

"Well," said Driesen drily, "can you believe now that Turkish Tcherkesses can ride grey horses as well as can Russian Hussars?"

But as we walked back together to drink tea in his tent, there was genuine feeling in the quiet heartiness with which he congratulated me on my escape from this outpost adventure.

FACTS AND FANCIES ABOUT MACBETH.

THE present revival of "Macbeth" evokes a host of recollections of other Macbeths and Lady Macbeths, and of other sumptuous revivals possibly associated with comparisons as vexatious, as unjust, and as irrelevant, as those sought to be now established between the present and the past.

The old playgoer, faithful to his first impressions, invariably maintains, with the dogmatism of age, that the first was the best; the younger generation, with the modesty of youth, maintains exactly the same opinion from another point of view.

Both are right and both are wrong. The truth is, there were great actors before we were born—there are great actors now, and there will be great actors when we are all dead and gone. In one tree there are many very high branches—surely it is possible to recognise that fact, without insisting that one branch is the highest.

The play of "Macbeth," more especially ever since it has been allied to Locke's or Alleyn's music, has been an abiding attraction. The costume worn in D'Avenant's time was probably the Court dress of the period, since we know that long afterwards Quin disported himself in a periwig and the uniform of a brigadier-general, while the silver-tongued Barry, the elder Sheridan, and Garrick followed suit, minus the periwig. *En passant*, it may be remarked that Master Davy always had a fancy for improving the bard, and he wrote up for himself a dying speech of some eight or ten lines which continued to be spoken till the good taste of Macready banished it from the stage.

The first radical change in the costume of Macbeth was made by that remarkable actor and author Macklin. According to Lichtenberg, who saw him in Shylock, Macklin was "a portly man, with a yellowish coarse face, a nose by no means deficient in length, breadth, or thickness, and a mouth, in the cutting of which, nature's knife seems to have slipped as far as the ear on one side at least." In Zoffany's well-known plate of the trial scene in "The Merchant of Venice," Macklin appears big, burly, and clumsily made. If, as Pope put it, "This was

the Jew that Shakespeare drew," then Shakespeare must have drawn a huge corpulent elderly person, attired in the black coat, vest and breeches of a century and a half ago, and whose "make-up" consists of a thin wisp of black hair, tied like a couple of leeches in the middle of his ample cheeks, and who certainly could have played Falstaff without stuffing.

The stage, however, owes something to this portly gentleman. He banished Lansdowne's loathsome caricature of Shylock, and he was the first actor to introduce the Scottish costume for Macbeth, and, remarkable to relate, he was eighty-three years of age when he ventured upon the experiment.

From that time forth Macbeth was attired as a kilted, bonneted, plumed, Highland Scottish warrior.

It was only during John Kemble's last engagement at Edinburgh that he was induced by Sir Walter Scott to discard the huge bonnet and plume, still to be seen on the grotesque lay figures who mount guard at the portals of the Scotch snuff-shops. With his own hand the Wizard of the North affixed to Black Jack's bonnet the eagle plume of a Highland chief. The innovation became popular, and even Macready retained it upon the occasion of his great revival during the first season of his management at Covent Garden—indeed it has only been discarded very recently.

Up to a few weeks ago there was a capital likeness of Charles Kean to be seen in a music shop in Waterloo Place, in which the youthful Macbeth was plaided and kilted *à la Norval*; and up to this very moment an awful caricature of Macready, attired in the same garb, may be seen by the curious in such matters outside the door of Mr. Augustus Harris's sanctum at Drury Lane.

The first important new departure in costume is duly recorded in a plate of Macready as Macbeth, in Tallis's "Shakespeare." It is said that immediately previous to his retirement the "eminent one" was requested by Mr. Tallis to afford certain facilities for taking sketches of himself and his costumes. Upon his refusal, Tallis ordered his artists not to idealise the tragedian. These gentlemen bettered their instructions. The likenesses are revoltingly faithful. Like Charles Surface's ancestors, "there is no volontier grace or expression. They are all stiff and awkward as the original, and like nothing else in human nature besides." Hence Macready remains pilloried as Macbeth to all time—*gauche*, angular, rugged as to features, irregular as to nose, leech-like as to eyebrows, the right leg—and such a leg! a leg of wood—stands out as in the life, at a right angle from the knee downwards.

Unless the painter be a poet, and tries to catch the soul through the features, portrait-painting is but sorry work. The thing here described, though a likeness, is a libel! It gives not the scintillation of an idea of the mind, which shone through the body of this gifted man until his face became irradiated, as the mood moved him, with an infernal, or a celestial beauty.

From all we can gather from contemporaneous history—although the play continued to attract—none of the actors of the day (including Kean, Young, &c.) succeeded in permanently distinguishing themselves in Macbeth. It was reserved for the genius of Macready to assimilate the part to himself and to interpenetrate it with his own idiosyncrasy. It is probable that he had frequently acted it in his youth at his father's theatres in Birmingham and Newcastle; but the first record we have of his playing the part in town, was on the occasion of his benefit in 1820 at Covent Garden. The *Morning Herald* of the period said: "His air of bewildered agitation upon coming on the stage, after the interview with the weird sisters, was a most judicious and effective innovation upon the style of his predecessors. In the banquet scene, too, he made an original and admirable effect. Instead of intimidating the Ghost into a retreat, he fell back, sank into a chair, covered his face with his hands, then looked again, perceived the Ghost had disappeared, and upon being relieved from the fearful vision recovered once more the spring of his soul and body. The effect was powerful. His expression of terror after the murder produced a long-continued stillness. . . . The pathos which he infused into Macbeth was a principal merit in his delineation."

Now this business with the Ghost was distinctly an innovation. The elder actors, who remembered Kemble, Cooke, and Kean, alleged that they invariably bullied the Ghost off the stage; and Forrest (whom I saw in the part) had doubtless acquired this very business from the old tragedians, who took it with them to America.

It was in Edinburgh that I first saw Macready act Macbeth. I have related elsewhere how I came to be there, but I have not mentioned that I was engaged to play the part of Banquo, in consequence—it was alleged—of a gentleman from London, a friend of Mr. Phelps, disappointing Mr. Murray at the last moment. Now Murray had only seen me from the front of the house in Glasgow. On that occasion I had effectually concealed my youth behind a rugged sunburnt make-up, and an abundant beard of auburn *crêpé* hair. When therefore I presented myself at his sanctum, with my fair complexion, my smooth beardless face, and turn-down collar, he blandly en-

quired: "When do you expect your father to arrive, young gentleman?" Upon replying that the father he expected was myself, he curtly informed me "that it was ridiculous for a boy like me to think of playing Banquo!" So "there was another check to proud ambition," and I was ignominiously relegated to the Bleeding Sergeant and the First Officer.

How small the world is after all! A quarter of a century after this event I happened to be staying at Edenbridge with my friend the late Watts Phillips, the dramatist. Comparing notes one day after dinner, he informed me that he was "the gentleman from London, the friend of Mr. Phelps," who had disappointed Mr. Murray on that occasion. Lucky disappointment! It gave me my first start, and made him a distinguished playwright.

Macready was not, however, the Macbeth on the occasion of my first appearance in Edinburgh. The Thane was enacted by Edmund Glover, and the Thane's wife by Miss Cushman. I shall refer to that performance by-and-by, so for the present I confine myself to Macready.

In recalling my first impressions of this great actor in "Macbeth," I am struck with their resemblance to the impressions recorded by Lady Pollock in her delightful monograph, "Macready as I knew him." She says: "He looked like one who had communed with himself among the mists of his native mountains. . . . When he spoke 'into the air,' we could almost see the hags pass away, and, like a wreath of vapour dissolve into the invisible element. Afterwards he was rapt; thick-coming fancies seemed to crowd through his brain—large thoughts which left no room for lesser perceptions."

These words are so vivid and lifelike, that they bring the man back to me "in his habit as he lived." As I only played a small part I never left the wing during the entire performance. I hung upon every word, every look, a rapt and delighted auditor, taking copious notes (now, alas, unfortunately lost!) between the acts. There was little of "Bellona's bridegroom" about him when he made his first appearance upon the blasted heath. He was simply a rugged, semi-barbaric chief, a being of another age; a man physically brave, but eerie and superstitious; a believer in wraiths and bogles and witches and warlocks, and all the mysteries of second sight. Only that the anachronism was too absurd, I could almost have imagined that I heard him crooning out through his clenched teeth the lines from the part he played so well; the part he detested, but which clung to him "like the shirt of Nessus"—"Now the mist is on the brae, and the spirit of the Gregarach stalks abroad!" My

foolish fancy was, however, instantly dispelled by the guttural growl of "So foul and fair a day I have not seen!" He had barely uttered the words when the sinister apparition of the witches confronted him.

It seemed as if he could scarcely repress his impatience during the six or eight lines of interrogatory which came from his co-mate in command, and it was in a quick imperious tone that he dashed over to the centre of the stage and exclaimed: "Speak, if you can! What are you?" The sinister prophecies of the weird sisters seemed to thrill through the man's body and soul as he started away, and, for a moment, "stood rapt in the wonder of it."

Whether the words suggested the immediate inception of murder, or whether their insidious promptings merely coincided with the fell instincts of the sleeping devil that lurks in every human breast, I know not; but this I know, that from that moment "fate and metaphysical aid" seemed to surround him and to environ him with death and doom. His tell-tale face revealed the working of his mind, and one could instinctively realise that "the horrid image which unfixed his hair and made his seated heart knock at his ribs," and which was there and then present to his mind's eye, was the gory image of the gracious Duncan with his white hair dabbled in blood, and all the attendant horrors of the awful scene, in which the genius of the great actor arose to a tragic altitude—not indeed to its most supreme height, for ever as he progressed he rose to the "swelling act of his imperial theme" until the bitter end.

His passion was terrible, but his pathos trembled into tears. Who that has ever heard can ever forget his better nature trying to assert itself in the irrepressible wail of agony which finds vent in—

> And pity, like a naked new-born babe
> Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim horsed
> Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
> Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
> That tears shall drown the wind!

The depths of dull, leaden despair in—

> Duncan is in his grave;
> After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.

The dreariness of desolation in—

> I have lived long enough, my way of life
> Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf.

Or the tenderness, the heart-rending pathos of—

> She should have died hereafter;
> There would have been a time for such a word!

No one who heard Macready intone those words could doubt that this ruthless blood-stained warrior loved the wicked woman he had lost, "not wisely, but too well."

The desperation of his final defiance of fate was appalling to witness. So might the fallen star of morning have confronted the archangel in the last dread conflict. His hair stood up erect, his eyes flashed fire, and his frame dilated to almost preternatural proportions. As he himself has finely said, "One would have thought almost that his soul would have lived on from very force of will! Death could not have been felt by a man so resolute to resist it!"

This was my first impression of Macready's Macbeth. When next I saw it I had become more critical; the beauties remained, but the blemishes had become more apparent, the artifices more obvious, and the sudden transitions (always re-echoed with thunders of applause by the groundlings) more irritating. In the very torrent and tempest of passion he would drop from the height of his theme to an abrupt and colloquial growl; for example, in the "If it were done" soliloquy, after rising to heaven on the words—

> Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
> And falls on the other—

he dropped to earth with a growl of—

> "How now, what news?"

Similarly, when in the last act he emitted the warlike cry of defiance—

> Send out more horses, skirr the country round;
> Hang those that talk of fear!

with a sort of "Err—err—How d' do?—Good-morning" intonation he descended to his boots—or, to be precise, his sandals, with

> How does your patient, doctor?

Had not one been entirely carried away by the cunning of the scene, his exit into Duncan's chamber must have excited derision. Up to that moment he had reached the highest pitch of tragic horror, but his desire to over-elaborate made him pause, and when his body was actually off the stage, his left foot and leg remained trembling in sight, it seemed, fully half a minute.

It is easy, however, to be critical; and when all was said and done, these were only spots upon the splendour of the setting sun.

It was my misfortune, both in Edinburgh and Bristol, to disconcert the great man. In the former place, when I came on to announce that the wood of Birnam was moving towards Dunsinane, I deranged my dress, and, with dishevelled hair and eyes starting

from my head, came rushing on to announce the awful sight. Evidently he thought I had taken leave of my senses, for he started back exclaiming, "Good God!" and then, growling *sotto voce*, "Don't act, sir!—don't act!" he resumed aloud:

Thou cam'st to use thy tongue—thy story quickly!

In Bristol (where I had the honour to act Macduff with him) the fury of his first onslaught in the fight staggered me, and I recoiled. When, however, he continued to let drive at me, growling "Come on, sir, come on!" I responded to the best of my ability, and at last, losing my head, gave him a crack on the wrist, whereat he emitted a scream like a wounded horse, and shrieked, "Kill me! Kill me!" I needed no second invitation, but let him have it with such a will that the impact of the pommel of my sword brought him a cropper.

When the curtain fell he was so blown that he could only give me a parting benediction as he responded to the "call." Deeming it superfluous politeness to await further compliments, I made myself scarce. When he came off, puffing and blowing, he growled, "Err—err—where's that young maniac? Err—I verily believe the wretch has broken my wrist!" I really was afraid I had almost cut his hand off, but a weight was taken off my mind when, upon calling to make my peace the next day, I found that the only damage done was a slight bruise, which speedily disappeared, leaving scarcely a scar behind.

It was as Macbeth that this great actor took leave of the stage in the zenith of his powers. He himself has chronicled the event in his diary in these words: "Acted Macbeth as I never before acted it: with a reality, a vigour, a truth, a dignity, that I never before threw into my delineation. I felt everything I did, and of course the audience felt with me. I rose with the play and the last scene was a real climax." This is within the exact limits of truth. He never acted so well in his life as on this occasion.

The mantle of Macready fell upon Phelps, who had enacted Macduff through the run of both revivals at Covent Garden and Drury Lane, and who resumed that part on the occasion of Macready's farewell benefit, under circumstances which afford ample testimony of the high regard in which these two distinguished men held each other. It was with Macbeth that Phelps commenced his memorable management of Sadler's Wells, when he had the advantage of being assisted by Mrs. Warner, the matchless Lady Macbeth of Drury Lane, Covent Garden, and the Haymarket. Both Macready and Phelps assured me that this accomplished actress was *the* Lady Macbeth, the only possible one since Siddons.

Popular opinion pronounced Phelps to be the only possible successor of Macready in Macbeth—possibly popular opinion was right. For my own part, Phelps's Macbeth struck me as being a sound, sensible performance, instinct with manly vigour and rugged pathos, but not superabundantly distinguished by subtlety or originality. In this particular character, whether from the force of long association—or involuntary imitation—he was so impermeated with the master's manner, that in some cases had I closed my eyes I could easily have imagined that I heard Macready himself speaking.

During the entire period of his reign at Sadler's Wells Macbeth remained one of Phelps's most potent attractions.

This distinguished actor had some remarkable peculiarities of pronunciation—for instance, he invariably said:

> My way of life
> Is fall'n into the sear—the *yallow* leaf.

Asked the reason why, he said he didn't know, but he preferred it. Remonstrated with, he persisted. I quoted:

> Not more aghast the stupid audience stared
> When Kemble talked of *aiches* and a *baird*!

He replied: "Kemble was right! Rules were made for fools—Kemble made his own pronunciation, so did Garrick—so do I!"

The next notable revival of "Macbeth" was Kean's at the Princess's. This was the most magnificent work of the kind that had been seen in central London since Macready's time, and it had a great vogue. Kean's Macbeth was a picturesque and vigorous performance. In the last act especially, he had fine moments, and his fight was one of the most spirited combats it is possible to imagine.

Mrs. Kean was far too feminine for Lady Macbeth, although, needless to say, she played the part, as far as her resources carried her, admirably. Ryder was a vigorous, manly Macduff.

The scenery and costumes were very striking. Amongst the scenic effects, I recall with pleasure Duncan's camp at Forres. The scene was discovered in night and silence, a couple of semi-savage armed kerns were on guard prowling to and fro with stealthy steps. A distant trumpet-call was heard, another in reply, another and yet another; a roll of the drum—an alarum. In an instant the whole camp was alive with kerns and gallowglasses, who circled round the old king and the princes of the blood. The Bleeding Sergeant was carried in upon a litter, and the scene was illuminated with the ruddy glare of burning pine-knots.

Another fine effect was Lady Macbeth and her retinue appearing before the Castle-gate, bidding Duncan and his suite welcome.

The terror-stricken group, at the end of the murder scene, created a veritable sensation. When the alarm bell rang out, crowds of half-dressed men, demented women and children, soldiers with unsheathed weapons, and retainers with torches, streamed on and filled the stage in the twinkling of an eye. Wild tumult and commotion were everywhere, while in the centre of the seething crowd, with pale face and flashing eyes, the murderer held aloft his blood-stained sword! The music was a great feature of this production, and the witches were splendidly grouped and arranged. The picture formed by the myriad white arms, which gleamed in the moonlight, bare and beautiful, and uplifted in a Bacchic frenzy at the words "We should rejoice," is a thing of beauty to remember even now. The ascent of Hecate, with her "little aërie spirits," was admirably managed, and revealed a magnificent view of "steeples, towers, and turrets" in the distant city, which lay at our feet miles and miles away.

The banquet was a fine composition, and was full of life and animation. White-bearded bards in the gallery aloft made sweet music with their harps. There were crowds of lords and ladies, soldiers, servitors, and serfs—the repast smoked upon the board, as if it were real—there were colour, motion, everywhere. The most remarkable scenic feature, however, was the apparition of Banquo's Ghost in one of the pillars of the rude arch which supported the roof of the Banqueting Hall. These pillars were built out of the solid. By an ingenious contrivance they were made to appear either opaque or transparent, as the exigencies demanded. When the Ghost appeared the lights on the stage remained unaffected, but the lime-light, then in its infancy, threw a ghastly sepulchral glare upon the blood-boltered Banquo.

At this period it was the fashion for certain persons to deride Kean's revivals, and to hold him up to ridicule as "the great Shaksperean upholsterer, &c."

Doubtless the first element, essential to the proper representation of these great works, is the actor's art; but acting, even of the highest order, is materially aided by adequate scenic embellishment.

Never has there been a more striking illustration of this than during Salvini's performance of Macbeth at Covent Garden, some three or four years ago. On the occasion of my visit the house was half filled with dead-heads and with the claque, without which foreign actors appear to be unable to act. When the Italian tragedian made his first appearance fresh from the fight, he was indeed "Bellona's bridegroom lapped in proof," and his costume was as correct as it was becoming. During the first act he travelled in beaten lines. He

jumped instinctively at the diabolical suggestion of the weird sisters, and as instinctively resented the wrong done him by Duncan's nominating that feather-bed warrior, Malcolm Canmore, Prince of Cumberland; and came to the point at once with his wife.

Not a Macbeth this, who was likely to wait for his better half to suggest the "removal" of Duncan. In reply to the inquiry, "and when goes hence?" he paused one moment, looked furtively around, as he replied, "To-morrow, as *he* purposes;" and when Lady Macbeth made answer, "Never shall sun that morrow see!" his face lighted up, with murder written on every line of it. His doubts and fears in the following scene were admirably rendered.

Unfortunately his costume in the murder scene was so *bizarre* as to somewhat distract one's attention. It was a bright green corded silk abomination, trimmed with fur like a woman's modern dolman, and with sleeves of so vivid a hue that it was impossible (except with the aid of an opera-glass) to distinguish the blood on his hands from his blood-red sleeves. Despite this drawback the scene was acted both by himself and Signora Piamonte in strict accordance with the true and terrible spirit of its tragic horror.

The restoration of the porter here (an example followed in the present revival at the Lyceum) is an innovation to be commended. The appearance of this semi-drunken and drivelling idiot, at this supreme moment, is a safety-valve for the pent-up hysteria of the audience, while it also gives Macbeth the requisite time to "wash the filthy witness from his hands." Strange to say, when he returned to bid Macduff welcome, this Macbeth was unarmed—surely he could not have despatched the luckless grooms without a weapon? Apart from this, and leaving altogether out of sight the dramatic appropriateness of the frenzied figure waving his bloody brand above the heads of his affrighted guests as he rushes forth from Duncan's chamber, it is scarcely likely that the murderer would leave himself without the means of selling his life dearly, in the event of his treachery being discovered.

Nothing nobler, stronger, better, has been seen on the English stage than the two first acts of Salvini's Macbeth, but, unfortunately, the acting climax of the play was reached at the end of the murder scene.

The next act brought another remarkable eyesore in the way of costume. The usurper's regal robes were of white silver lama, the material affected by fairies and burlesque princes in the pantomimes. A delicately-jewelled filigree waistbelt vainly attempted to restrain the rebellious region which obstinately persisted in asserting itself.

This portentous figure suggested an irreverent resemblance to a gigantic Twelfth-night king on a monster Twelfth-cake.

The music selected for the opening of the banquet was a Scotch jig, usually associated with the Highland fling. The half-empty stage was sparsely peopled by pale, squalid guests, attired in tawdry costumes of all periods and all nations. These poor creatures gazed helplessly and hopelessly at the tinfoil trumpery before them, while they ate not, drank not, neither did they make merry. The ghost of "Banquo," in the first instance, scrambled up from under a table, tumbled down again, and re-appeared from a front-trap, jerked up like a Harlequin. That no element of grotesqueness might be wanting, upon Lady Macbeth happening to drop her veil her *caro sposo* plucked forth his dagger, rushed forward and made a succession of prods at it. When the curtain fell upon this business, the leader of the orchestra handed over the footlights a colossal laurel wreath, bound with the colours of Italy, whereat our friends of the claque applauded incontinently.

The most notable feature of the fourth act was the fainting away of Macbeth (apparently from shock at seeing the apparitions) and the witches dancing a *pas de trois* around him as the act-drop descended.

The performance now became of a purely pantomimic character, save and except for one lucid interval, during which Signora Piamonte gave a mild imitation of Ristori's sleep-walking scene. Lady Macbeth had, however, barely made her exit, when a pair of stalwart flunkies, attired in the costume of the present period, entered to remove the table on which she had placed the lamp, and to bring on a chair for Macbeth. The claque were somewhat dilatory in getting up a "call;" hence, when her ladyship, now wide awake, "all nods and becks and wreathèd smiles" returned to make her obeisance, she unfortunately came plump against the flunkies, with a result which must have sorely disconcerted her royal spouse, who appeared at the very same moment from the opposite side, attended by his motley retinue.

From this time forth this really magnificent actor appeared totally demoralised. It seemed as if the squalid surroundings had "cowed his better part of man."

Things got from bad to worse when some twenty or thirty wretched supernumeraries in nondescript costumes came scrambling over the stage, in a kind of bungled *mêlée*, during which they exchanged an occasional crack on the head, or tumbled over one another, as the spirit moved them, with charming impartiality.

At last the massive Macbeth was confronted by a diminutive

Macduff, with a two-handed sword as big as himself, and a nose like Slawkenbergius or Espinosa. Then came the fight—surely the most remarkable combination of misses and double misses ever seen out of a burlesque. At length the usurper received his *coup de grâce*, in the shape of a left-handed prod with a poniard, whereupon he collapsed, sank down gently, and shuffled "off his mortal coil" so quietly, that it might be said of him, as was said of his predecessor, the former Thane of Cawdor:—

> He died
> As one that had been studied in his death
> To throw away the dearest thing he owed,
> As 'twere a careless trifle.

Here was a conclusive answer to Kean's detractors:—A great actor—one of the greatest actors living—brought to earth, rendered absolutely ridiculous by the paucity and poverty of his surroundings.

After Kean's retirement, there were various splendid revivals of "Macbeth" in important provincial centres, such as Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, and Dublin; and in one instance Charles Calvert introduced the music of Verdi's Opera.

Gustavus Brooke, James Anderson, Creswick, Charles Dillon, T. C. King, and Barry Sullivan, have all appeared in the title *rôle* at one time or other in various important London and provincial theatres.

Brooke's performance was distinguished more by vigour than subtlety. Anderson followed in the same lines, and was a very king of men. Creswick was sound and manly. Dillon was both vigorous and subtle. King was powerful and impassioned, and had a voice like thunder.

Sullivan, who, though strangely unsuccessful in town, was most popular and attractive in the country, was an actor of a high standard of intelligence. Though apt to be occasionally *bizarre* and fantastic, he ventured not only to think for himself, but he entertained a very high opinion of his own opinions.

Here is a case in point. One night in Manchester, after he had played Macbeth, we went into the tavern next door together. An obtrusive booby came up and inquired, "Mr. Sullivan, what is your opinion of Mrs. Siddons' rendering of 'We fail'?"

"Never did fail, sir, so can't possibly form an opinion on the subject," replied Barry.

When he played Macbeth years after, at the St. James's, he had developed two or three eccentricities. First, he wore a pair of handsome modern whiskers, without beard or moustache; next he revived John Kemble's "business," anent the Ghost of Banquo in the banquet scene; that is to say, he omitted the actual appearance

of the apparition altogether, but stultified himself by ultimately letting the "blood-boltered one" appear, "with twenty trenched gashes" on his head, after the spectral kings in the incantation scene.

During Dillon's management at the Lyceum he appeared for a few nights in conjunction with Miss Helen Faucit in Macbeth. The next great revival, however, took place at Drury Lane, under Chatterton's management, with Phelps, Dillon, Creswick, Swinbourne, Sullivan, and Miss Faucit in the principal characters. Lady Macbeth has always been the touchstone of a *tragédienne's* ability, and not unfrequently the grave of her ambition. Miss Faucit is, beyond all doubt, one of the greatest actresses that has ever adorned the English stage, but it is not as Lady Macbeth that she will be remembered. The great gifts which enabled her at her zenith to hold her own amidst the milky-way of stars by which she was surrounded were utterly wasted in the uncongenial task she had imposed upon her gentle nature. She is not the only great actress who has made this mistake. La Woffington tried the part and failed. The beautiful Bellamy, when a slip of a girl, tried the experiment with the same result; in point of fact, every sucking Juliet thinks she is Lady Macbeth.

The first Lady Macbeth I ever saw was Mrs. Kean, the next was Miss Cushman, then a woman of mature years and majestic proportions. When first I saw this lady discovered on the stage as Bianca, in Dean Milman's gloomy play of "Fazio," she seemed hideous as the Witch of Endor; but, after all, "mind is the brightness of the body," and I forgot all about her homely features as the play progressed. Besides, to compensate for her unfortunate face, nature had given her a superb bust and beautiful arms, and she knew how to use them. When the poor demented creature confronted the Princess Aldabella in the garden, exclaiming, "There's dancing here, and I've been dancing too!"—well, the words sound commonplace enough, but the way in which she uttered them curdled my blood. In Lady Macbeth she dominated the scene, and made Macbeth the plaything of her imperial will.

The next Lady Macbeth I encountered was Mrs. Butler (Miss Fanny Kemble), on her returning to the stage after her marriage. She was supported by the company of the Theatre Royal, Liverpool, then one of the most powerful combinations in town or country—Messrs. Creswick, Couldock, T. Mead, Robert Roxby, Addison, James Rodgers, G. K. Dickenson, H. Nye Chart, Romeo Maddocks, Salter, Corrie, and myself; Miss Emmeline Montague (Mrs. Compton), the beautiful Mrs. Maddocks, Miss Kattie Fitzwilliam, and a host of others.

At this time Mrs. Butler was approaching the meridian of life. She was not only short of the heroic standard, but was perilously disposed to *embonpoint*; she had an opulent bosom, massive but statuesque arms, the Kemble features, the Kemble eye, and a voice which might have been like her aunt's, but which certainly was not like her uncle's nor her father's. She had evidently inherited the Siddonian traditions, but failed to portray them in Lady Macbeth; not so in Queen Katherine, which was a majestic, yet womanly performance, dignified yet tender. This gifted woman and delightful writer underrated her own abilities, as much as she depreciated the art which had brought fame and fortune to her family, or, at any rate, such fame and fortune as they possessed.

In our time, at least, no woman, or man either, has ever achieved such a *tour de force* as she created in the one line "Do it! nor leave the task to me!" in "The Hunchback." My pen lingers on this pleasure of memory, with the desire to describe it, but I reserve the description for a future occasion.

My next Lady Macbeth was that crude, uncertain, but powerful actress, Miss Glyn.

This lady and I had to open the season at Newcastle-on-Tyne with this play. She had to travel from Liverpool, and I from Bury St. Edmunds, which involved my taking a chaise and pair to Thetford to catch the train to Ely. Our Jehu had been to a ball overnight, and was about as "fou" as he could carry himself. The worthy fellow drove us to Thetford, just in time to see the train depart, and there we were stuck till the next day, when we succeeded in reaching Peterborough, from whence we travelled to Hull in a horse-box, crossed the Humber at early morning, arriving at Newcastle at three o'clock on the day of performance. Lady Macbeth had only arrived half an hour earlier. There was no rehearsal, and I did not meet my "dearest partner in greatness" until she hailed me as "Great Glamis," "Worthy Cawdor."

Unfortunately we agreed to differ about the "business" (dramatic action of the scene). The lady had a temper; so had I—but, poor soul, she is now very ill, and we have buried the hatchet long ago.

She too had been taught the Siddonian traditions by her master, Charles Kemble; besides which, she was for some time under the management of Phelps, and, although a somewhat intractable subject, must have learned a good deal from that rigid disciplinarian. Some of her performances were as unequal, and, not to put too fine a point upon it, as bad as possible; but in this one she stood forth beyond her compeers. With her wealth of raven black hair, her

dark flashing eyes, her majestic figure and demeanour, she was in person the very beau-ideal of Lady Macbeth or Cleopatra.

Miss Goddard and Miss Atkinson, both with Phelps at Sadler's Wells, were admirable exponents of the part, and Mrs. Herman Vezin and Miss Marriott were better than either; but *the* Lady Macbeth of the last two decades is, unquestionably, Adelaide Ristori.

Twenty years and more have elapsed since I first saw this distinguished actress essay the part, supported by the veriest troupe of Italian barn-stormers that ever emerged from a show at a country fair. It was rumoured that one of these distinguished performers was Madame la Marchesa's cook, and another M. le Marquis's valet, and really it seemed quite probable. Yet even these poor creatures scarcely dimmed the splendour of her genius. When she came on the stage she seemed to fill it with her majestic presence. When she had finished reading the letter, and commenced the invocation to the spirits of evil, she crooned forth the opening words, until the voice changed almost to the hiss of a serpent; anon it rose to the swelling diapason of an organ, her eyes became luminous with infernal fire, the stately figure expanded, her white hands clutched her ample bosom, as if she would there and then have unsexed herself, and turned "her woman's milk to gall," and it really required but little stretch of imagination to conceive that the "dunnest smoke of hell" would burst forth and environ her, there and then.

As for Macbeth, he was but the veriest slave of her will and pleasure. In the murder scene she was everything, he was nothing —in fact, all throughout she overshadowed and extinguished the wretched creature.

The hypercritical might possibly have taken exception to the somewhat florid and objective character of her sleep-walking scene.

For myself I was entranced, carried away to a dead and bygone age, till I awoke and found myself almost alone in the boxes of the Theatre Royal, Liverpool, anathematising the bad taste, so peculiar to foreign players, which induced the great actress who had but now left the stage as the guilty Queen, to return a moment later as Madame Ristori, curtsying to the ground in abject acknowledgment of a few miserable half-hearted hands of applause from the sparsely-peopled pit.

Recalling the farewell of the Siddons, I felt half-inclined to cry "Enow, drop the curtain!" but being only an actor and not an autocrat, I sat it out to the bitter end. And now, even as the curtain fell upon that memorable performance, so falls the curtain on this brief record of "Facts and Fancies."

JOHN COLEMAN.

"THE HOLY GRAIL"

A HEATHEN CELTIC STORY.[1]

THE Quest of the Grail, versified by the Laureate with that close adherence to the old story which is the charm of the Idylls—indeed, they cease to charm when, ceasing to follow Malory, they become didactic—also inspired Mr. Hawker, of Morwenstow, with a long poem containing many fine lines. I have no thought of comparing the two. Hawker has, more than most poets, the defects of his qualities. Thus "a man of Pentecost for words that burn" is ill-spoken of Sir Gawain, whom the veriest beginner in Round Table lore knows to have been "light," the analogue of the Gaelic Conan.

> So forth they fare, King Arthur and his men,
> Like stout quaternions of the Maccabee,

is another example of Hawker's strength and weakness; while his connecting the Reformation with the use of gunpowder would commend itself to the Ghazis of the Black Mountain, who must be intensely disgusted that, instead of fighting

> With equal shield, and with a measured brand,

we insist, most unfairly,

> On hurling distant death from some deep den,
> And wing the flame with metal of the mine,
> And so we rend God's image.

What I have now to say is that the story must be a fine one which could thus stamp itself on two such thoroughly different minds. It is one of the finest in the Arthurian cycle, and the one which best proves how easily the old heathen tales lend themselves to Christian adaptation. For it is undoubtedly an old heathen tale,[1] older than even the readers of Villemarqué and Souvestre and Lady Charlotte Guest suspect. According to Mr. A. Nutt, we owe it, not to the Cymri, whose version in the "Mabinogion" is adapted from the Continental

[1] *Studies on the Legend of the Holy Grail, with especial reference to the Hypothesis of its Celtic Origin.* By Alfred Nutt.—D. Nutt, Strand.

romances instead of being the basis on which they were framed, but to that earlier Celtic wave, the Gael.

Everyone who has looked into the "Mabinogion" loves it. I remember my first introduction to it, after one of those days that never come again. I had gone to bid good-bye to St. Fagan's and Llandaff and Caerphili, for I was leaving the Somersaeta's land for King Arthur's Cornwall, ay, for a parish on whose coast I could hear "Genver" [Guinevere] "calling" whenever there was going to be a storm. We had heard prayers in the Cathedral and a week-day sermon on the value of the Apocrypha as a collection of Jewish moral tales, and we had gone on to Caerphili, only to be baffled with rain, which kept us all the evening prisoners in the comfortable old-fashioned inn. There was a great search for books; I fastened on an odd volume of *Blackwood*, in which was cynically sketched the early career of my friend Robert Aitken of Pendeen, but soon deserted it for "The Red Book of Hergest, by Lady Charlotte Guest" (she had not then exchanged that name for a German one). I was not in a critical mood; who could be there, almost under the shadow of Castle an Dinas? Every page was for me full of "the magic of the Celt.' But I have since learned that at any rate the Mabinogi[1] of Peredur (Perceval) in its present form is not old. Simrock pronounced it "later than Chrestien of Troyes," who, about 1189, wrote the first part of that composite poem "Le Conte del Graal" (Nutt, pp. 101, 115, and 145, "the Welsh tale is only a copy"). It is a sort of Welsh Malory. Even the Breton tales, altered as they are almost out of knowledge, are more original. Doubtless there was an earlier, wholly heathen, tale of Peredur, but it was lost in the general cataclysm of early Welsh literature, though we may be pretty sure it formed the groundwork of the earliest form of the *conte*. Its modern namesake is pieced together from Chrestien and from old Welsh fragments (Nutt, p. 132). The original was an old Celtic folk-tale which Continental poets gradually loaded with Christian symbolism.

Nobody who reads the story as it is given, for instance, in Hawker or in Tennyson, would suspect a heathen original underlying the mysterious record of how the cup that Christ used at the last Supper, wherein also Joseph of Arimathea caught His blood after the soldier had pierced His side, was brought by the same

[1] The word means "Tales for the Young" (Cymric, *mab*, *map*, *ap*; Gaelic, *mac*. Queen Mab, the ever young queen.) Shakespeare knew Welsh: Puck is clearly the *pwca*—Gaelic *phooka*. In West Cornwall the late Judge Bevan was once hopelessly puzzled by a witness saying: "A *mabyer* (young hen) fled out through the quarrel (window-pane)."

Joseph, its God-appointed guardian, to Glastonbury, where it was kept by several generations of watchers until the wickedness of the land became so grievous that (like Justice when the Iron Age began) it disappeared into heaven. Its last guardian, Amfortas, "the wounded king," the King Pellam or Pelles of Malory, lay waiting the coming of "a clean knight," who, having been permitted not only to see but to handle and use the Grail, should heal him with a touch of the holy blood. The fated knight was Galahad; and his adventures, and those of Perceval and the others, while on the Quest, though "steeped in old heathen Celtic magic" for those who know anything of Celtic lore, might be read as wholly Christian by the uninitiated. Mr. Baring Gould, in "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages," following Villemarqué, points out this heathen element, and shows how the mystic vessel given to Bran the blessed, "which had power to heal all mortal ills, to stanch blood, and bring the dead to life again," is the heathen analogue of the Grail.[1] And from Cymric we go back to Gaelic, for Bran's vase answers to Fionn's healing cup, mentioned so often in the Fenian stories, "which," says J. F. Campbell in the "Tales of the Western Highlands," "is the same as the Holy Grail, of course." Mr. Nutt, who takes these words for one of his mottoes, dedicated his book to the memory of J. F. Campbell, who first taught him to love Celtic tradition; and few can read Campbell's tales without getting to love the lore which he collected, and which is older as well as richer than what Villemarqué gathered in a similar way among the Bretons. Older; for, on the whole, that is true of Breton which Mr. Nutt (p. xiii.) predicates of Welsh literature: "It is late, meagre, and has kept little that is archaic." Was it his fondness for Campbell that leads Mr. Nutt to add: "The study of Irish promises better?"[2] It is seldom that an Englishman admits, what nevertheless is within the truth, that "of all the races of modern Europe the Irish have the most considerable and the most archaic mass of pre-Christian traditions. By the side of their heroic traditional literature that of Cymry or Teuton (High or Low), or Slav, is recent, scanty, and unoriginal." I am glad it is an Englishman who admits it; for an Irishman to say it, except with a blush on his cheek, and the ashes of repentance on his head, would be sickening. What is the use of our having such a literature when we

[1] Birch-Hirschfeld, on the other hand, wholly denies the connection.

[2] We must remember that the Old Irish and the Highland lore are identical; the people are both, in the main, Gael; one reads of the "Irish of the Isles"; Scotland till the 11th century was Scotia *minor*, Ireland being *major*; Ossian is just the Irish Oisin (pronounced *Oshín*).

leave the study of it to Germans? One of the most humiliating remarks I ever read was long ago in the *Revue Celtique*, how M. Gaidoz came to Dublin to sit at O'Donovan's feet and to learn from him how Middle differed from Old Irish; and how at the Professor's lecture he sat alone—not a soul in all Ireland could spare time from rack-renting and boycotting, scenting out police evidence and gathering evidence to rebut it, and dancing at Castle balls and denouncing those who dance at Castle balls, to study, even *dilettante* fashion, the old literature. How scathingly M. Gaidoz compares this indifference with the zeal of little Servia, whose professor of Old Servian at Agram had always a roomful of pupils. I used to think it was the hard names that made Irish folk-lore unpalatable in England. They have something to answer for. It is not easy to get up an enthusiasm for Dubhthach, the bard who "put a thread of poetry about the *Senchus* for Patrick," or for Queen Medbh, though perhaps she is the analogue of Mab, and though, like Boadicea, she was tall and blue-eyed, and "yellow was her hair like the flower of the St. John's wort (*sobarchi*)," or for the "Tain bò Cuailgne," albeit the story is as fine as that of the Quest of the Golden Fleece. The spelling was needed when speech was more of a fine art than it is now. Very few of us know how many gutturals there are in Arabic, and how in that tongue as well as in Old Irish a to us clumsy spelling is needful to mark shades of pronunciation for which our rough and ready speech has no equivalents.[1] But what has chiefly told against Irish lore has been the indifference of the Irish themselves. Where is the Irish Lady Charlotte Guest? Where the Irish Potvin? Why, Potvin spent a lifetime in studying, and five years in editing, the "Conte del Graal." As Sir S. Fergusson once wrote me, "Those who would popularise our old literature have to encounter, on the one hand, the scorn of a contemptuous West-Britonism; on the other, the distrust of those whose policy is to recognise nothing as national which is not either pro-Roman or anti-English."

Yes, we've left our folk-lore in the lurch, or (even worse) have vulgarised it to suit the caterer for tourists, just as we have neglected those Christian antiquities of ours which, rightly looked at, are the closest bond between the two islands. There they are, sprinkled all over the north and middle of Britain, as unmistakably "Scotic stones" as any at Clonmacnois, and proving in the clearest way that even of South Britain a great part owes its Christianity and its

[1] Unclassical names do tell against a literature. If my memory serves me, Boileau pours scorn on the poet who

"Parmi tant de héros va choisir Childebrand."

earliest Christian art to Irish missionaries. St. Augustine is no more entitled to the credit of converting England than Chrestien of Troyes and Wolfram and Borron are to that of inventing the Grail story. For both we have to thank the much-abused "Celt," and this thought, surely, should help to draw the two peoples together. It would certainly do good if English readers of the Idylls were, by books like Mr. A. Nutt's, led to reflect that these Arthur legends are but late versions of the great Celtic epic of which Irish folk-lore has preserved for us the earliest-known forms. They were modernised from Welsh or Breton stories, into which, probably, even before they got known on the Continent, a Christian flavour had been introduced.[1] But these same Welsh and Breton stories are told in much more archaic form of Gaelic heroes and heroines. From Sir Perceval's Grail to Bran's basin is several steps backward; it is only one more from Bran or Peredur to Fionn and his cup. The same holds of other Arthurian stories; Lancelot and Guinevere, for instance (which I hope Mr. Nutt, following M. Gaston-Paris' able lead, will deal with as exhaustively as he has with the Grail), is the mediæval analogue of the Ossianic tale of *Diairmuid agus Graine.* Here Fionn becomes Arthur, the blameless king, and Diairmuid, bravest of the Feine, is "Lancelot, the best of all his knights." I plead, then, for a re-reading of the Holy Grail in the light of modern Celtic research, just on the same principle on which I should like every one to read Mr. Romilly Allen's "Rhind Archæological Lectures," and thereby to learn how much early Christian art in England owed to Irish missionaries. These "Scotic stones" have suffered from a double neglect. The English have ignored them because they were Irish, being unwilling to own that it is to the Irish they owed the Gospel; the Irish have been even more silent about them, because in those early days the Scotic Church was not subdued to that Roman obedience which, thanks to persecution, has, by a strange nemesis, long come to be, for most Irishmen, a part, the most vital, of their very life. Oh, that synod of Whitby; I often think what a different and a nobler history these islands might have had but for the uxoriousness which made Oswiu ungratefully turn his back on his old teachers. It was hard for him that Eadgitha should have been still in strictest Lent while he was keeping his Easter revel; but it was unfair of Wilfrid to follow up that sufficiently potent argument by dangling before him the power of the keys. And England paid dearly enough for her

[1] It is a curious fact that the Gospel of Nicodemus, containing the Joseph of Arimathea legend, was known in England long before it had got vogue on the Continent. (Nutt, p. 220.)

rejection of Aidan and Colman and the rest. Had she held with the Church of Iona (Hy.), and been linked to Rome only as Patrick and Columbkill and Columbanus were, in the loving bond of younger brotherhood, we should have had no hundred years' war, no feudal system, no Nag's Head ordination and Titus Oates's plot and Glorious Revolution: above all, no sæcular degradation of Ireland. We talk of the blessing and the glory of a metropolitan at Canterbury, patriarch of the English-speaking race over a third of the world, gathering his crowds of foreign and colonial bishops to his Lambeth fêtes; but how much more glorious would have been a patriarch of the Isles, centred in Iona, free from that stain of Henry the Eighthism which, try how we may, we Anglicans can never quite rub out to the satisfaction either of Roman or of Nonconformist critics. For one thing, we should have had the Union—a true, not a parchment Union—600 years sooner. "The sister isle" would have remained really a sister, as she was in the days when, *teste Bæda*, sons of Saxon kings used to go over there to finish their education. English and Irish would have all along pulled together like brothers, instead of only beginning now to think of doing so.

But what has all that to do with the Grail? Why, just this: that, as the English have been too forgetful of the Gaelic first fathers of their faith, so have they been of those who preserved the earliest forms of the legends of which the latest form delights us in the Idylls. That is why I class Mr. A. Nutt with Mr. Romilly Allen and his school, because both have been doing a good work in calling to remembrance truths to remember which cannot fail to make for charity, and to draw together those who have so long been sundered.

I don't pretend to follow Mr. Nutt in his scholarship. Who am I that I should weigh the Didot Perceval against Wolfram, or Gautier de Doulens against Heinrich von dem Türlin? Years ago I might have done it; but now, as I dream over his book, it all seems a confused welter (as in Ceridwen's cauldron) of Bran god of the nether world, and Bran the Blessed, and Fionn-eges, the old fisher of the salmon of wisdom, and Brons, the Fisher and Apostle of Britain, and "expulsion and return" myths, and that Avalon, of which clearly Robert de Borron did not understand the meaning (Nutt, p. 222), and which is at once the British Glastonbury and the Gaelic Tir n'an Oge (land of the young), the lowland Scotch Fairyland. But out of the strife of authorities—Simrock against Hucher, Martin combating Birch-Hirschfeld, Furnivall and Halliwell and Steinbach and Renan each fighting for his own hand, and Mr. Nutt keeping the field against them all—one fact comes forth as

clearly as fact can: that of the Holy Grail, this most Christian of all the Arthurian cycle, the main part—altered, broken up, and then patched together again, but still recognisable not only by the scholar, but, under Mr. Nutt's careful guidance, by the *dilettante* reader —is undoubtedly Celtic and heathen. This accounts for the strange furniture of the Grail quest—these knights who are always coming to castles full of damsels as kind as they are lovely, Castle of the Spells, Castle Perilous, Castle of Mount Orgellous; a light on an altar quenched by a black hand that has slain four thousand knights; a bier whereon lies a knight bleeding, yet in a trance. All this is very unchristian, but it is just the stuff (*mutatis mutandis*) of which the old Gaelic (and, as far as we know them, the oldest Cymric) tales are made. It is Matthew Arnold's "magic of the Celt"; and the way in which Mr. A. Nutt takes the romances and compares them, incident for incident, with what he claims as their heathen analogues, is most convincing; the "Great Fool," for instance, of Gaelic folk-lore (Campbell's "Tales"), Peredur of the Mabinogi, and Peronik the Idiot (Souvestre, *Foyer Breton*), is, in his summing up, etc., the counterpart of Perceval.

How is it, then, that the minds of *trouvères* and *minnesingers* got saturated with these Celtic legends? There is Marie of France and her *lais*; but to Geoffrey of Monmouth Mr. Nutt assigns the chief share in "making British legendary history accessible to the lettered class of England and the Continent. Nothing in literary history is more remarkable than his success. He opened up a new continent of romantic story. Twenty years had not passed before the British heroes were household names throughout Europe, and by the close of the century nearly every existing literature had assimilated and reproduced the story of Arthur and his Knights. Charlemagne and Alexander and the Teutonic Sagas paled before the fame of the British king" (p. 229). "Gallant little Wales" has therefore a good deal to be proud of; and of Ireland we shall think more kindly when we remember that the legends which developed into the Arthurian cycle belong also to her, and that she has preserved by far the oldest form of them.

The Celtic tales spread at once, because their spirit just suited an age of daring such as crusaders displayed, and of sorcery such as crusaders believed in, and of that frank, absolute unmorality in sexual relations which the word *minnedienst* connotes. Gael and Cymri were unmoral, not immoral. Ethne feels no more shame and thinks no more wrong in giving herself to King Connell than did Orgueilleuse in giving her love to Gawain. Thetis was not disgraced by loving

Peleus, nor was fairy Niambh, the golden-haired, by carrying Oisín off to Tir n'an Oge. And this freedom was reproduced in early mediæval life, with its courts of love and such like, with such manifestly evil results and unchristian effects that a reaction set in towards a false asceticism. That is how "that passing shadow, Galahad," comes into the story. Perceval is the real hero, whom his mother, when she sends him to Court, admonishes, among other things, to kiss any maiden who is willing; and in the oldest legends Perceval is very different from "Perceval, tempted and on the point of yielding, yet moved by the sight of the symbol of his Faith" (as Mr. Furnivall puts it). I must leave him and Mr. Nutt to fight out the battle whether virginity, the ascetic ideal, is or is not a high and noble ideal. "No," says Mr. Nutt, "it is inhuman, impossible." Perceval's sister, who

> Prayed and fasted till the sun
> Shone and the wind blew through her, and I thought
> She might have risen and floated when I saw her,

she who had eyes

> Beyond my knowing of them beautiful,
> Beyond all knowing of them wonderful,
> Beautiful in the light of holiness;

and Galahad, who, when he heard about the Grail, was so filled with Perceval's sister's spirit that

> His eyes became so like her own, they seemed
> Hers, and himself her brother more than I,

are to his mind unreal, fantastic. I am not going to argue the point. Mr. Nutt has on his side the late Canon Kingsley, who said many a hard, many an unfair thing against this particular form of asceticism. I think Galahad was meant (as I fancy most of us take him) not as an example, but as a protest—a protest against a vilely low standard and a practice which was fast tending to mere animalism. We have so much of the beast in us that from time to time, from age to age, we need such protests.

But, leaving this moot point, and admitting the great weakness of the old romance: "that fully half of it is one long exemplification of the essential vileness of the sex-relation" (Nutt, p. 243), I return to my thesis. The Grail-story is at bottom a heathen Celtic story; and in its heathen form there is no virgin-souled Galahad, no Perceval, pure in body, but certainly not in mind, no Sir Bors sinning once and then repentant, for to the heathen Celt asceticism as the ideal life was wholly and totally unknown. The Gaelic and Cymric heroes and heroines are, like St. Paul in his early days, "alive without the

Law." For them "sin has not revived"; and therefore I recommend all who can get hold of them to begin (as Mr. Nutt did) with "Campbell's Tales" (I know of no Irish collection at all comparable with them);[1] then to read Souvestre and Villemarqué; and all through to have Mr. Nutt's book by them for reference and guidance, remembering my socio-political moral that every study is really good which brings us more face to face with Gael and Cymri as they are.

I am assuming, perhaps rashly, that my readers know all about the Grail story. Let me give a few more words about it. The Grail in the romances is, as I said, the vessel used by Our Lord at the Last Supper (Nutt, p. 65, *seq.*). Pilate gives it to Joseph of Arimathea, who in it receives the blood from Christ's wounded side. After the Entombment, Joseph is imprisoned, and the Lord brings him the Grail, which he had hidden in his house. Its marvellous power of feeding men is proved on Joseph himself during his captivity, and, after his release, on a great company, all of whom, sitting round the table on which it is placed, "are filled with sweetness and the desire of their hearts," only those guilty of carnal sin having nought. Joseph brings it to England, and leaves it to his brother-in-law, who confides it to his son, he to his, and so on; and it is kept in the Castle of Montsalvatch *till the good knight should come.* Manifold are the legends, some telling how, through the sin of one of its keepers, the vessel had been removed into heaven; others (as that which Malory translated) that it was to be seen in the Castle of King Pelles, and that Lancelot was the first who caught a glimpse of it there. We all know, from the Laureate, how it once appeared, during a great thunderstorm, to the knights at Camelot. "Then there entred into the hall the holy grale, covered with white samite, but there was none that might see it, nor who bare it; and there was all the hall fulfilled with good odours, and every knight had such meat and drink as he best loved in this world." Thereupon began the Quest of the Grail, for every knight stood up and vowed not to return till he had gotten a full view of it. Lancelot is not allowed to do so. "When, having prayed fervently, he would enter the chamber door whence issued a great clearness, a voice said unto him, 'Flee, and enter not, for thou oughtest not to do it;' and when he did force his way in, and came toward the table of silver, he felt a breath that him thought was intermedled with fire, and therewith he fell to the ground

[1] My late friend P. Kennedy's *Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celt* (Macmillan), is too little known. The author belonged to no mutual admiration society; he got no "log-rolling." But as far as it goes it is excellent.

and had no strength to rise." More successful are Sir Bors and Sir Perceval, though the full sight is reserved for Sir Galahad, in whose hands the Lord Himself places it, that he may take it to the holy city of Sarras, of which he is made king. Here is seen the piecing together of the two tales, as plainly as in the old Chinese mermaidens made up of a fish and a monkey. The Joseph legend is Christian, based on that Gospel of Nicodemus which somehow had special vogue in Britain. The germ of the Quest is heathen; and the stories of castles, and witch-maidens, and wounded kings, to be healed by a touch of the sacred spear, have their analogues in the old Gaelic tales. Of course every romancer added fresh incidents; it was his business to do so; but the spirit of "The Quest" is heathen and Celtic. So much the Marquis de la Villemarqué and Souvestre contended for; so much Mr. Baring Gould ("Curious Myths of the Middle Ages") assumes; so much Mr. A. Nutt may now be said to have proved in the able monograph which certainly ought to give an impetus to Celtic studies.

HENRY STUART FAGAN.

*** I feel I may be thought to have underrated Hawker. Nay, did he not add some grand lines to the grand old refrain:

And shall Trelawney die?

And is not the man who wrote:

The queen, the queen; how haughty on the dais,
The sunset tangled in her golden hair,
A dove among the eagles, Gwenhyvar,

a poet and no mere academic rhymester?

A PILGRIMAGE TO NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

WITH the exception of "Merry Carlisle," it may be doubted whether any other portion of this kingdom of England still retains the name of "merry," unless it be the forest of Sherwood, which six centuries ago was the haunt of Robin Hood and Little John and their "merry men." It is true that a very large portion of that forest has long since been disafforested, and brought under the iron sway of the plough and harrow; but many of its old oaks still remain, gnarled giants in various stages of picturesque decay; and the fair town of Mansfield, whose miller is conjoined in the popular song with King John, forms, as it did then, one of the centres of the district. Around Mansfield stand the "dukeries," studded with Welbeck Abbey, and Thoresby, and Worksop, and Clumber; but for the student of poetry and picturesque beauty the gem of Sherwood now is the Abbey of Newstead, once the home of the poet Byron and of his ancestors.

Newstead lies low in a pleasant valley, some five miles from Mansfield, and about double that distance from Nottingham. From either point the drive is agreeable, and varied by successions of hill and dale, field and forest; the traveller from Mansfield has the advantage of passing by "the Robin Hood Hills," "Thieves' Wood," both names suggestive of jolly outlaw life, and also Fountain Dale, the home of Friar Tuck; while those who set out from Nottingham may descry on their right the little village of Sherwood, which once gave its name to the entire district.

At the lodge entrance to the domain of Newstead, a very fine oak, with feathering branches to the ground, stands as if to guard the place. It is a noble sentinel, less ancient than many of its compeers, and spreads in every direction its leafy branches. It is a tree with a history. Some hundred years ago, when William, known locally as "the wicked Lord Byron," the predecessor of the poet in that title, cut down all the fine timber on the estate to spite his heir, this tree, like others, was sentenced to be felled. But the good people

of Nottingham and Mansfield, who had often made their pic-nic lunches beneath its shade, rose up in arms to denounce the cruel wrong, and saved the tree by a money payment to its owner.

We enter the lodge-gates, and find ourselves in a broad drive which leads by a winding slope between shrubberies of rhododendrons, firs, and beeches, mostly of modern growth, down into the home park. The road winds, and we have probably travelled a mile from the lodge-gates before we see on our left a silvery lake, and close to it a sombre castellated building, which on a nearer approach turns out to be an abbey. One portion—the Abbey Church—is in ruins. The sky is its roof, and the greensward its floor. The rest stands before us in all its old outlines; tower and window, arch and mullion, are for the most part sound and perfect; even the figure of our Lady smiles down from a niche over the great window of the chapel as of old; and we see, not what is so often seen—at Stoneleigh in Warwickshire, for instance—a new mansion built on to or in front of the ancient cloister, but the old abbey itself, cloisters, hall, abbot's lodging, and all, converted by judicious repairs into a gentleman's country seat, much as is the case at Ford Abbey, on the confines of Dorset and Devon.

We reach the front door and are about to knock, when we notice that the knocker is a huge richly-carved survival of the monastic times, and so we humbly ring the modern bell instead. We enter and produce our ticket of admission, for be it known that by the courtesy of its present owners, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Webb, Newstead Abbey is shown to strangers who apply beforehand by post for leave to view it. We find ourselves in a small lobby or entrance hall, and at once pass on to the left into a long and spacious apartment, which serves as the hall, in the modern sense of the word, but which, by its groined roof and pointed arches, bespeaks itself five centuries old, and must have been the Crypt or undercroft of the abbot's lodging. It is full of the spoil of African deserts and Indian jungles, for its owner is a traveller and mighty sportsman, and was the friend and fellow-traveller of Livingstone; and he has not spent months in tropical climates without bringing home some trophies as *souvenirs* of his travels and proofs of the goodness of his rifle.

From this hall we are conducted by a courteous housekeeper into a series of corridors which run above the cloisters; and as the latter form a perfect quadrangle, the ground plan of the house is not so perplexing as it would otherwise be. From most of the windows of this corridor we look down into the square court, the centre of which

is occupied by a quaint mediæval fountain, carved with grotesque heads and gurgoyles, and on a scale rather too large, perhaps, for the quadrangle in which it stands. It still throws out its sprays of water, as in the old monastic days, and cools the heat of summer,—when, that is, there is any summer heat to cool.

Ascending a few steps on to this corridor, and passing through a massive door, we find ourselves in the saloon, a room very little altered from what it must have been in the days of the Plantagenets and Tudors, though it then served as a dormitory for the monks. The roof, however, is quite entire, and so are the windows, in spite of all the mad pranks which the poet and his boisterous friends from Sherwood and Cambridge used to play within its walls. These are adorned with a few portraits of the family, and of royal visitors to Newstead, among whom the late Duke Sussex is conspicuous. He was often a guest here in the time, not of Lord Byron, but of Colonel Wildman (of whom I shall speak presently), and one of the state bedrooms is still called after his name. Another bears the name of Livingstone, having been occupied by the great African missionary and traveller when on his last visit. Another is named after King Edward III., who is said to have slept here in one of his journeys northward. The Great Dining Hall is spacious, and panelled with oak ; it has a fine carved screen, with minstrels' gallery at the lower end ; this room was the monks' Refectory.

Not far from the hall are the two rooms which the poet Byron called his own, and used whenever he was at Newstead. In the outer chamber, which is small and rather gloomy, slept his valet ; and its walls are still adorned with prints of Cambridge, and portraits of his old servants Fletcher and Joe Murray, and his own youthful friends and companions, including Jackson, who taught him the art of boxing. The furniture of this chamber, and that of the bedroom beyond, is the same which Byron used, and the bedroom windows still look out on the green turf, and command a view of the stream-fed lake, which Byron loved so well, and which, of course, is unchanged since his time.

Another part of the corridor, however, holds the objects of special interest with the friends and admirers of the poet. Here are his writing-table, his fencing-sticks, and boxing-gloves, his desk and inkstand, just as we can fancy they must have lain in his rooms at Trinity College, when he was rising into fame. Here also are one or two of the school books which he used at Harrow, and a few specimens of his handwriting, which, it must be owned, was so extremely bad as to be scarcely legible. We see also under a case, the tasselled cap and

belt and scymitar which he wore on his last expedition in Greece, in the course of which he died at Missolonghi.

Opening out of the Great Dining Hall a small, but comfortable room on the first floor, once the abbot's parlour, is used as a breakfast-room, on account of the pleasant view of the lake and park which it commands. An apartment of about the same size, on the lower or basement floor, now utilised as a private lunch-room for the family, was probably in "olden times" the refectory of the lay brethren, who waited at meals on the abbot and his monks. The pointed arches of its vaulted roof bear silent witness to its age as coeval with the hall by which we entered the house.

In one part of the great corridor, the visitor is shown a part of the oak tree, formerly in the garden grove, on which Lord Byron carved the names of himself and his sister Augusta during his last visit to Newstead, in 1813.

In the volume of "Beauties of England and Wales," which treats of Nottinghamshire, and which was published in 1813, we have a sketch of the house as it appeared when the poet was quite a young man. At that time, instead of and above the present entrance, a heavy flight of stone steps led up to the first floor, so that the visitor did not see the most interesting parts of the old building. A Gothic summer-house, resembling a village cross, then stood on the turf, nearly opposite the great western window of the roofless chapel; but in other respects the external appearance of the house has undergone but little change. The writer describes the "Great Hall" as "quite in the antique style," adding that "its only ornaments are two pictures of a wolf-dog, and another from Newfoundland, both favourites of Lord Byron; to the latter indeed he once owed his life." He also mentions the Little Drawing Room as containing "a few family pictures still interesting from their locality," but what this means is not clear. "In this apartment," adds the writer, there is a very ancient carved wooden chimney-piece, in which are introduced four of the old monarchs of this kingdom, Henry VIII. and two of his concubines, and the family arms of Byron in the centre." He describes the great dining-room as "a most noble apartment, presenting a good idea of ancient manners, but now deserted and forlorn." All this, it must be owned, tallies very well with the poet's well-known "Lines on leaving Newstead Abbey."

> Through thy battlements, Newstead, the hollow winds whistle,
> Thou, the hall of my fathers, art gone to decay.

And then he refers to the differences between the last lord and his son (who died young,) as having led to the partial ruin of

the house and estate, and to wilful dilapidations, which were stopped only by an injunction in Chancery. The poet's means were never sufficient to maintain, much less to restore, the noble pile of buildings which he had unexpectedly inherited; and therefore the house was shut up during his long absence on the Continent, and at last sold, some three or four years before his death, to his friend and school-fellow at Harrow, Colonel Wildman, the purchase money being £95,000. The Colonel preserved all that he could of its ancient outlines, and spent a large sum of money on the fabric besides; but it was reserved for the present owner, Mr. W. F. Webb, who purchased the estate on the Colonel's death, to revive most of the glories of the Newstead of the past, and to bring it back, so far as might be, to its primitive grandeur and beauty.

"The gallery over the cloisters," writes the author above quoted, "is very antique; and from its windows we see the cloister court, with a basin in the centre, used as a stew for fish. It is impossible to view this scene without a recurrence to past ages; in fact, when we look down on the Gothic arches, or up to the hoary battlements, amid the sombre silence that reigns around, busy fancy peoples the scene with ideal beings, and the shadow of some tall ash-trees in the area may readily be mistaken, by a poetic imagination, for the shadow of some religious passing from his cell to the altar. . . . . The cloisters themselves exactly resemble those of Westminster Abbey, only on a smaller scale, but possessing, if possible, a more venerable appearance. These were the cloisters of the ancient abbey, and many of its ancient tenants now lie in silent repose under their flagged pavement. There is something particularly sombre in the circumstance of the habitable part of the house not only opening into this scene of departed mortality, but even having it in some measure as a thoroughfare. These cloisters lead into an ancient and extensive crypt under the body of the church, but for many generations used as cellars." The chapel is an exquisite little building, scarcely more than twenty feet square, with a groined ceiling, and surrounded by an arcade of stone columns and pointed arches: it has been repaired and restored on the old lines, and its light clustered pillars and ancient carved windows add much to the melancholy expression of the scene.

"The Abbot's parlour," writes Mr. Murray in his "Handbook for Notts," "is panelled with oak, and has a curious chimney-piece with heads, and the figure of a lady between two Moors in one compartment. A similar chimney-piece is to be seen in one of the bedrooms, in which the female figure is said by tradition to be a

Saracen lady, rescued by one of the Byrons, a Crusader, from her infidel kinsfolk."

The garden, or at least that portion of it which adjoins the house, is square, and laid out in the Italian style, and in the early autumn is rich with sunflowers, hollyhocks, and other flowers of that kind. Close by is a level expanse of the greenest turf, covering what once was the burying-ground of the monastery. In the middle of this stands a pedestal of white marble, erected by the poet to the memory of his faithful friend, his Newfoundland dog "Boatswain," with the well-known and oft-quoted inscription, which gives so little credit to man's friendship, and speaking of friends, declares:

> I never had but one, and here he lies.

The garden is flanked with a balustrade, and a terrace bounds it on the east. Beyond and facing this is the ancient stewpond of the abbey—dark, gloomy, and oblong; and beyond it again is the grove in which the Nottinghamshire folk will have it that the wicked lord celebrated unholy rites, for they mistake the statues of a classic Satyr and Faun, which his lordship set up within it for unearthly beings from the lower world—in common phrase, "the old lord's devils."

Before the abbey stretches out a bright and shining lake, which on still days reflects back the image of its front, with the great west window. In this favourite lake Lord Byron used to swim about at his own sweet will, with his friend "Boatswain" by his side. He more than once refers to it in his poems:

> Before the mansion lay a lucid lake,
> Broad as transparent, deep, and freshly fed
> By a river, which its softened way did take,
> In currents through the calmer waters spread.
> Around the wild fowl nestled in the brake
> And sedges, brooding in their liquid bed,
> The woods slop'd downwards to its brink, and stood
> With their green faces fixed upon the flood.

And then, writing from his abode in Switzerland, he thus apologises to his beloved sister Augusta:

> I did remind thee of our own dear lake,
> By the old hall which may be mine no more.
> Leman is fair; but think not I forsake,
> The sweet remembrance of a dearer shore;
> Sad havoc time must with my memory make,
> Ere that or thou can fade these eyes before!

On the sides of this lake still stand some mimic forts built by the

wicked lord, as if to make up for his wholesale destruction of the timber. Not far off, on a promontory, once stood a tuft of trees, to which Byron alludes in his poem "The Dream," and which should have been sacred to all time, as the spot where the poet took his last farewell of the love of his early years, Miss Chaworth of Annesley; but these trees were cut down (*proh nefas*) by the unsentimental successor to the Annesley estate, Mr. Chaworth-Musters.

In the greensward between the house and the stewpond near the flower-garden stands an oak-tree which Lord Byron planted on his first arrival at Newstead in 1808, and which had a narrow escape from being cut down by Colonel Wildman, before he was made acquainted with its origin. The tree has now been immortalised by the poet's verses.

At a short distance from the house, in the opposite direction to the lake, stand the new stables and the offices; they are built of stone and castellated, and have replaced the former stables described in "The Beauties of England and Wales" as "a sombre deserted courtyard, in the midst of which is a curious erection of red stone in the form of an ancient cross."

It should be mentioned that in the belief of the tenants of Newstead the lake is still the depository of some hidden treasures which were removed from the abbey at the dissolution. This belief is largely based on the fact that in Colonel Wildman's days an ancient lectern of brass, which had stood in the church, had been fished up, and that on opening its stem, some curious charters and documents relating to the abbey were found. This lectern now adorns the Cathedral Church of Southwell, which has lately been erected into a bishop's see.

Newstead has been mentioned by one or two well-known authors. John Evelyn, the author of "Sylva," compares its situation to that of Fontainebleau, and speaks of the front of its "glorious abbey," as a building "capable of being made into a noble seat, accommodated as it is with brave woods and streams." And Horace Walpole, in spite of his cynicism, writes, after a visit paid to it a century later:—

"I like Newstead. It is the very abbey. The great east window of the church remains, and connects with the house; the hall entire, the refectory entire, the cloister untouched, with the ancient cistern of the convent and their arms upon it, a private chapel quite perfect. The park, which is still charming, has not been so unprofaned: the present Lord has lost large sums and paid part in old oaks, £5,000 of which have been cut near the house. In recompense he has built two baby forts, to pay his country in castles for the

damage done to the navy; and planted a handful of Scotch firs, that looked like ploughboys dressed in family liveries for a public day. In the hall is a good collection of pictures, all animals; the refectory, now the great drawing-room, is full of Byrons; the vaulted roof remains; but the windows have new dresses making for them by a Venetian tailor."

The past history of Newstead Abbey is not very eventful, and may soon be told. It was founded as a house of Black or Austin Canons by order of Henry II., as a means of atonement for his share in the murder of Thomas à-Becket at Canterbury. Its abbot and its monks would seem to have been neither better nor worse than those of other religious houses; and if it be true that in the reign of Henry VIII. the income of the house was only a little over £200 a-year, one might have fancied that the ruthless tyrant might have spared them in his greed. But the royal word went forth for the "suppression" of the house, which was given, with the estate adjoining, to one of the king's friends and favourites, Sir John Byron, then His Majesty's Lieutenant of Sherwood Forest. At first, possibly, Sir John held it as his official residence; but eventually he obtained a grant of it in fee, and handed it on to his descendants, who were zealous royalists, and who defended Newstead when besieged by the Parliamentarians. After the Restoration, the then owner was raised to the peerage; and hence the poet could, without exaggeration, address Newstead as the "hall of my fathers."

Sir John Byron figures largely in the traditions of the Abbey, under the quaint and graphic title of "Sir John the Little, with the Great Beard," and it was he who converted the monastic walls into a secular and castellated structure.

For very many years his descendants, the Lords Byron, lived in great state at Newstead, keeping up a large retinue of servants and dependents. The proud edifice, however, partook of the vicissitudes of the times; so that the poet-lord was not indulging in wild ideas when he sings of it as alternately the scene of lordly wassailing and of civil war:—

> Hark, how the hall, resounding to the strain,
> Shakes with the martial music's revel din!
> The heralds of a warrior's haughty reign,
> High-crested banners wave these walls within.
> Of changing sentinels the distant hum,
> The mirth of feasts, the clang of burnish'd arms,
> The braying trumpet, and the hoarser drum,
> Unite in concert with increased alarms.

From what I have said above, the reader will be disposed to agree

with Washington Irving, who, sixty years ago, described Newstead as "one of the finest specimens in existence of those quaint and romantic piles, half castle and half convent, which remain as monuments of the olden times of England. It stands, too," he adds, "in the midst of a legendary neighbourhood, being in the heart of Sherwood Forest, and surrounded by his band of outlaws, so famous in ancient ballad and nursery tale."

It goes, of course, almost without saying that such a place as Newstead, with such an evil history in the past, is not without its ghosts. Washington Irving, in his account of the Abbey, devotes several pages to "the superstitions" of the place, and tells us of the curious, strange, and unearthly noises which are, or have been, heard, from time to time, in the "vaulted cloisters" and "echoing halls," while the winter blasts rush through the ruined windows of the roofless chapel. Colonel Wildman, it is certain, on one occasion heard the noise of a huge roller being moved over the gravel path at night; and some of the older race of Byrons have been seen pacing the upper gallery at night, or sitting in the high-backed chairs in the bedrooms, just as if they had started out of the panels of the picture-frames. And Lord Byron has immortalised in his verses the Goblin Friar, whom he saw, or pretended to see, only a few weeks before his ill-starred marriage.

> Beware, beware of the Black Friar,
> Who sitteth by Norman stone,
> For he mutters his prayer in the midnight air,
> And his mass of the days that are done.
> When the Lord of Hill, Amundeville,
> Made Norman church his prey,
> And expell'd the friars, one friar still
> Would not be driven away.

But these ghostly orisons, even if the ghost of the Black Friar is not yet laid, are not so often seen now, since the Abbey has been repeopled by the present squire, and his family, and guests.

When Washington Irving wrote, Sherwood Forest still kept up many of the old customs of "Merry England," which now are rapidly passing into oblivion. The servants' hall was then the scene of rude pageants and antics on Plough Monday, performed by the morris dancers and the country lads and lasses, dressed in quaint costumes; and at Christmas the great hall, into which the yule log had been drawn in triumph, was filled with "mummers" and "the waits," with ballad, song, and traditional dialogues, and the famous old interlude of "the Hobby Horse"; while the boar's head, crowned with rosemary,

was carried in procession to the high table. It is a sad pity that these antique celebrations are dying out.

No one who pays a visit to Newstead will leave the neighbourhood without making a pious pilgrimage to the grave of the poet, in the parish church of Hucknal Torkard, though it is three miles distant. He lies beneath a plain stone in the chancel floor, and a small tablet on the wall records his name, with the dates of his birth and death. Unfortunately, the old church, too small for the wants of an increasing population, has not escaped the hands of the "restorer," and even if the fabric has been improved thereby, as it would be heresy to doubt, still it is not to the advantage of the poetical associations which will for ever haunt the grave of Byron.

E. WALFORD.

THE EULOGY OF RICHARD JEFFERIES.[1]

THE very excellence of Mr. Jefferies' writing has set him at a great disadvantage in view of general readers. He was not an observer of nature intent on practical purposes, direct or indirect, but a poet who aimed at interpretation of her higher aspects. Much as his art depended on the eye, it depended yet more on imagination, as allied with that kind of sympathy which ever calls the ear into close alliance. He listened as well as looked; and the sense of the undercurrent of music conveyed by his writing—the secret rhythm and mystery which it constantly suggests—forms the charm to all those who truly admire his works and enter into his spirit. Just as an indefinable atmosphere enters into and pervades all great landscapes, so he caught and preserved in his style the atmosphere, the secret, subtle, indescribable something which, after all, remains outside the senses, though the senses only find their full enchantment in the lull and feeling of restful self-absorption which it inevitably brings with it. One of the inseparable accompaniments of the mood is wonder—knowledge touched with wonder is the note of such an interpreter.

Strictly, we have, in all such cases, a revelation of the soul of the interpreter as well as of nature; the man who can rise into such sympathy or identification with nature is, perforce, an egotist, though of the highest and noblest type, and his record is, in the last result, a *confession*. Nature's retired scenes are his shrines; there he worships. To her in her temples of conciliation and reconciliation—fields, woods, streamsides, retiring hedgerows, and lordly hills—he makes his confession, that he, in turn, may become a priest and a confessor for others. The commonest bit of earth is enough for him, if the priestly mood be upon him; and the wavering gleams of sunset are as the coals of fire to the altar which consumes the sacrifice.

In the most ordinary piece of description from Mr. Jefferies' pen

[1] *The Eulogy of Richard Jefferies.* By Walter Besant. London: Chatto & Windus.

there is the suggestion of this consecration—a religious sentiment, a worship—the unity of things stands out; we feel that he opens up to us a new world of beauty and wonder unseen of mortal eye, though words may suggest it. Such a work as "The Story of My Heart" is the final crown of such study and faithful record; it seems to be connected with all that went before by tendrils that pulsate with the sap they carry; the loftiest points in them seem as the foundations on which this other rests—the stepping-stones by which the author has raised himself to the stage whereon he can safely give utterance to his most personal and holy thoughts, and yet speak to us in accents of the most simple and sincere personal experience.

"Knowledge *touched with wonder.*" We have set this down as *the* note of such a teacher and interpreter. We trust our readers will forgive us if we attempt to show, by a comparison of Mr. Jefferies with another great man recently deceased, what we mean. For Mr. Darwin we cherish nothing but the most grateful and profound admiration, and no word shall come from us to discredit in any way his vast and varied attainments, and the great benefits he has conferred on science by his most patient researches and his constant and steady observation, any more than we shall forget to do justice to his real warmth of heart, his native tenderness, mildness, and amiability. But in him we have the pure observer—the man who notes the fact *only* for purposes of arrangement, for systematisation, for the sake of and in hope of *more* knowledge. He disclaims wonder, he repudiates mystery; the sense of awe, of fervent worship, of mystery and of divine revelation are far from him. With the frank and childlike sincerity which was so fine a trait in Mr. Darwin's character, we have his own clear and definite confession on this point given to us in his "Memoir," as it lies more and more explicit in his books towards the end of his laborious life. The influence of scientific research, even on so good a man, was purely disintegrating. He looked so closely that he could not look around or above, and even the facts themselves were not seen in affinity but only in superficial relation.

We are told in the "Life" that when in maturer years he recalled the feelings of wonder and awe and admiration and devotion with which in younger days he had looked at the beauty and grandeur of a Brazilian forest, he marvelled at himself, and actually wrote: "*Now* the grandest scenes would not cause any such convictions or feelings to rise in my mind. It may be truly said that I am like a man who has become colour-blind" ("Life," vol. i. p. 311).

And again: "Up to the age of thirty, or beyond it, poetry of

many kinds, such as the works of Milton, Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Shelley, gave me great delight, and even as a schoolboy I took intense delight in Shakespeare. I have also said that formerly pictures gave me considerable, and music very great delight. But now, for many years, I cannot endure to read a line of poetry. I have also lost my taste for pictures and music" ("Life," vol. i. p. 101).

So the process was, at all events, not broadening but narrowing. The larger interests of life fell into the background, shrunk, and finally became lost altogether. The "sweet humanities" preserved to us from other ages by literature and art were no longer links in the chain of development—gave no hint of wider, fuller horizon. The avenues of delight associated with them were irrevocably closed.

The colour-blindness thus had its own effect on his views, not only of the destiny of the human race, but of man's descent, and not only of his descent, but of his claim to rank in any essential way above the animal life around, that never questions or wonders or realises itself as separate from and above the mere material elements by which it is surrounded and in which it is involved. "Would any of us trust in the convictions of a monkey's mind?" he seriously asks, and goes on to say, "The doubt always arises whether the convictions of man's mind, which has been developed from the mind of the lower animals, are of any value" ("Life," vol. i. p. 316). As he has himself ceased to wonder, to reverence, to feel any awe in presence of the universe, he chooses to ignore the existence of those elements in man which do definitely differentiate him from the animals and mere material nature around him; for the fact that man does instinctively wonder, and look up, and question, and seek solution of problems, and stretch out arms of appeal in moments of deep distress and trial, and yearn for some nearer approach to something felt to be divine, is just as much a fact of human nature—the Scotch philosophers would have called it "a primary fact of human consciousness"—as that men in common with other animals breathe, and have five senses, and eat and digest, and sleep and wake. Mr. Darwin, in the very fact that he could recall a past and record it, if he did not mourn it, gave the lie to his dogmatic position, and wrote the most damning evidence against the tendencies of his favourite science as at war with the broad facts of human nature and its higher and better aspirations. Who, indeed, that thinks of the matter with any healthfulness, and with sympathies still alive and responsive to the appeals of nature, can but endorse these words of Miss Power Cobbe in her recent volume?

> What shall it profit a man if he discover the origin of species, and know exactly how earth-worms and sundews conduct themselves, if all the while he

grow blind to the loveliness of nature, deaf to music, insensible to poetry, and as unable to lift his soul to the Divine and Eternal as was the primæval ape from whom he has descended? Is this all that science can do for her devotee? Must he be shorn of the glory of humanity when he is ordained her priest? Does he find all his loftier faculties atrophied when he has become a "machine for grinding general laws out of large collections of facts"?[1] . . . . . To collect a million of facts, test them, classify them, raise by induction generalisations regarding them, and hand them down to the next generation to add a few thousand more facts, and (probably) to reconstruct the pyramid on a different basis and another plan—if this be indeed to arrive at "Truth," modern science may boast she has reached the goal. Yet in other days Truth was deemed something nobler than this. It was the interests which lay behind and beyond the facts, their possible bearing on man's deepest yearnings and sublimest hopes, which gave dignity and meaning to the humblest researches into rock and plant, and which glorified such discoveries as Kepler's, till he cried in rapture, "O God, I think Thy thoughts after Thee," and Newton's, till he closed the "Principia" (as Parker said of him) by "bursting into the Infinite and kneeling there." In our time, however, science has repeatedly renounced all pretension to throw light in any direction beyond the sequence of physical causes and effects; and by doing so she has, I think, abandoned her claim to be man's guide to Truth. The Alpine traveller who engages his guides to scale the summit of the Jungfrau and finds them stop to booze in the Wirthschaft at the bottom, would have no better right to complain than those who fondly expected science to bring them to God, and are informed that she now never proceeds above the Ascidian. So long as all the rivulets of laws traced by science flowed freshly onwards towards the sea, our souls drank of them with thankfulness. Now that they lose themselves in the sands, they have become mere stagnant pools of knowledge.[2]

Now, in one aspect, and a most important one, Mr. Richard Jefferies in *his* first fresh contact with nature recovers for us the links of relation which men like Mr. Darwin are constantly wearing away, till at last they snap, and leave us, as it were, stranded and desolate, robbed of the sense of light and freedom, far away from that "Palace of Delight" which is the home of childhood, and should be the home, too, of whole-hearted, healthy, enduring men, from which they reap the best refreshment and also their best incentive to good acts, "those little unremembered acts of kindness and of love," as Wordsworth puts it. It is, in a word, the hymn of the soul, which, set to nature as to an instrument, brings out its whole tones, its clear and unmistakable revelations of the immensity which lies beyond, and of which it is but a part.

I have only just commenced to realise the immensity of thought which lies outside the knowledge of the senses. Still, on the hills and on the seashore, I seek and pray deeper than ever. The sun burns southwards over the sea and before the wave runs its shadow, constantly slipping on the advancing slope till it curls and covers its dark image at the shore. Over the rim of the horizon waves

[1] Said of himself by Darwin. *Life*, vol. i. p. 182.

[2] *The Scientific Spirit of the Age*, pp. 17–19.

are flowing as high and wide as those that break upon the beach. These that come to me and beat the trembling shore are like the thoughts that have been known so long; like the ancient, iterated, reiterated thoughts that have broken on the strand of mind for thousands of years. Beyond and over the horizon I feel that there are other waves of ideas unknown to me, flowing as the stream of ocean flows. Knowledge of facts is limitless; they lie at my feet innumerable, like the countless pebbles; knowledge of thought so circumscribed! Even the same thoughts come that have been written down centuries and centuries.

Let me launch forth and sail over the rim of the sea yonder, and when another rim rises over that, and again and onwards into an ever-widening ocean of idea and life. For with all the strength of the wave, and its succeeding wave, the depth and race of the tide, the clear definition of the sky; with all the subtle power of the great sea, there rises an equal desire. Give me life strong and full as the brimming ocean; give me thoughts wide as its plain; give me a soul beyond these. Sweet is the bitter sea by the shore where the faint blue pebbles are lapped by the green-grey wave, where the wind-quivering foam is loath to leave the lashed stone. *Sweet is the bitter sea, and the clear green in which the gaze seeks the soul, looking through the glass into itself.* The sea thinks for me as I listen and ponder; the sea thinks, and every boom of the wave repeats my prayer.

Sometimes I stay on the wet sands as the tide rises, listening to the rush of the lines of foam in layer upon layer; the wash swells and circles about my feet; I lave my hands in it, I lift a little in my hollowed palm, I take the life of the sea to me. My soul, rising to the immensity, utters its desire-prayer with all the strength of the sea. Or, again, the full stream of ocean beats upon the shore, and the rich wind feeds the heart; the sun burns brightly—the sense of soul-life burns in me like a torch.

Leaving the shore, I walk among the trees: a cloud passes, and the sweet, short rain comes mingled with sunbeams and flower-scented air. The finches sing among the fresh green leaves of the beeches. Beautiful it is, in summer days, to see the wheat wave, and the long grass foam-flecked of flower yield and return to the wind. My soul of itself always desires; these are to it as fresh food. I have found in the hills another valley grooved in prehistoric times, where, climbing to the top of the hollow, I can see the sea. Down in the hollow I look up; the sky stretches over, the sun burns as it seems but just above the hill, and the wind sweeps onward. As the sky extends beyond the valley, so I know that there are ideas beyond the valley of my thought. I know that there is something infinitely higher than Deity. The great sun burning in the sky, the firm earth, all the stars of night are feeble—all, all the cosmos is feeble: it is not strong enough to utter my prayer-desire. My soul cannot reach to its full desire of prayer. I need no earth, or sea, or sun to think my thought. If my thought-part—the Psyche—were entirely separated from the body, or from the earth, I would of myself desire the same. In itself my soul desires: my existence, my soul existence, is in itself my prayer, and so long as it exists so long will it pray that I may have the fullest soul-life.

The fact of soul-experience here unveiled is just as much a fact (whether the result of evolution or of any other process) of human nature as any fact pertaining to the physical body—nay, more so, for it insists on its claim to perpetuity and continuance. Mr. Jefferies thus establishes and reinforces the fact of soul-desire and immor-

tality—without the consciousness of these nature were but a dead, dumb show, the voices were vague or unheard; her lights are the signs of the light of soul, of desire, of heartfelt yearnings. Even in his lightest essays this idea lies implicit. The sense of beauty is the prevailing fact. Even when he deals merely with the simple aspect of hedgerow or meadow, he seeks to appeal to this sense or to awaken it. All his efforts, however trivial, have this one end in view. He is essentially a poet and a teacher. I remember a little article in *Good Words* some years ago under the title, "The Green Corn," which I do not recall as reprinted or embodied as a section in some of his books or larger works, though it may be; in this aspect it was one of his most characteristic bits of work. The fact is good; he seizes it, but it never wholly suffices him: he passes from the fact to its impression, to the something which it symbols and witnesses within.

"Pure colour," he writes, "always gives the idea of fire, or rather it is perhaps as if a light shone through, as well as the colour itself. The fresh green blade of corn is like this, so pellucid, so clear and pure in its green so as to seem to shine with colour;" and then follows some exquisite passages of description, showing the loving eye intent on the object, and he proceeds: "Force cannot make it; it must grow—an easy word to speak or write, in fact, full of potency. It is this mystery of growth and life, and beauty, and sweetness, and colour, starting forth from the clods that gives the corn its power over me. Somehow I identify myself with it; I live again as I see it. Year by year it is the same, and when I see it I feel that I have once more entered on a new life. And I think the spring, with its green corn, its violets, and hawthorn leaves, and increasing song, grows yearly dearer and more dear to this our ancient earth. So many centuries have flown! Now it is the manner with all natural things to gather as it were by smallest particles. The merest grain of sand drifts unseen into a crevice, and by-and-by another; after a while there is a heap; a century and it is a mound, and then everyone observes and comments on it. Time itself has gone on like this; the years have accumulated, first in drifts, then in heaps, and now a vast mound, to which the mountains are knolls, rises up and overshadows us. Time lies heavy on the world. The old, old earth is glad to turn from the cark and care of drifted centuries to the first sweet blades of green.

"There is sunshine to-day after rain, and every lark is singing. Across the vale a broad cloud-shadow descends the hillside, is lost in the hollow, and presently, without warning, slips over the edge, coming swiftly along the green tips. The sunshine follows—the warmer for its momentary absence. Far, far down in a grassy coomb stands a solitary corn-rick, conical-roofed, casting a lonely shadow—marked because so solitary, and beyond it on the rising slope is a brown copse. The leafless branches take a brown tint in the sunlight; on the summit above there is a furze; then more hill lines drawn against the sky. In the tops of the dark pines at the corner of the copse, could the glance sustain itself to see them, there are finches warming themselves in the sunbeams. The thick needles shelter them from the current of air, and the sky is bluer above the pines. Their hearts are full already of the happy days to come, when the moss yonder by the beech, and the lichen on the fir-trunk, and the loose fibres caught

in the fork of an unbending bough, shall furnish forth a sufficient mansion for their young. Another broad cloud-shadow, and another warm embrace of sunlight. All the serried ranks of the green corn bow at the word of command as the wind rushes over them.

"There is largeness and freedom here. Broad as the down and free as the wind, the thought can roam high over the narrow roofs in the vale. Nature has affixed no bounds to thought. All the palings and walls and crooked fences deep down yonder are artificial. The fetters and traditions, the routine, the dull roundabout which deadens the spirit like the cold, moist earth, are the merest nothings. Here it is easy with the physical eye to look over the highest roof. The moment the eye of the mind is filled with the beauty of things natural an equal freedom and width of view come to it. Step aside from the trodden footpath of personal experience, throwing away the petty cynicism born of petty hopes disappointed. Step out upon the broad down beside the green corn, and let its freshness become part of life.

"The wind passes, and it bends—let the wind too pass over the spirit. From the cloud-shadow it emerges to the sunshine—let the heart come out from the shadow of roofs to the open glow of the sky. High above, the songs of the larks fall as rain—receive it with open hands. Pure is the colour of the green flags, the slender pointed blades—let the thought be pure as the light that shines through that colour. Broad are the downs and open the aspect—gather the breadth and largeness of view. Never can that view be wide enough and large enough, there will always be room to aim higher. As the air of the hills enriches the blood, so let the presence of these beautiful things enrich the inner sense. One memory of the green corn, fresh beneath the sun and wind, will lift up the heart from the clods."

Ah, the gate called Beautiful yet exists, and is open to all still, and many souls by it enter the Temple. The tendency of modern science is to close this gate—though it can never stop the search for it—the vague desire after some kind of communication, some kind of poetic identification with the soul that reveals itself through the rolling year, the mysterious presence that is felt to lie behind the outbuddings of spring, the wealth and greenery of summer, with all its whisperings and music and rippling laughter, the blue of autumn, with its fruitage, its expansive horizons, its glory veiling temporary decay. The soul, if lifted up on tiptoe by even a momentary poetic enthusiasm, rebels against the dogmatism and the dicta of science, and oversteps them. The poet is powerful when he ministers here with sincerity and hope and gracious self-forgetfulness. His assurance of immortality is linked with this aspiration and the interpretation of it, and he knows it. We might almost, with assurance of our readers' suffrages, alter by one word the lines of Coleridge in "Geneviève," to suit our purpose:

> All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
> Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
> All are but ministers of this,
> And feed its sacred flame.

In the very necessity for the use of symbol, the poet, even when

most intent on the rendering of other passions, confesses that he leans on nature, and cannot help maintaining his ministry to her.

And one may be pardoned if one suggests how significant it is that, just at the moment when science and scientific methods are perfected up to the point of claiming an autocracy of influence, such a writer as Mr. Jefferies should have arisen, and without any sense of conflict or opposition, quietly and in his own way, maintained the rights of nature and of religion—touched knowledge with wonder once more, and appealed directly to the sense of beauty and of worship.

Who loves not Knowledge? Who shall rail
  Against her beauty? May she mix
  With men and prosper! Who shall fix
Her pillars? Let her work prevail.

But on her forehead sits a fire.
  She sets her forward countenance,
  And leaps into the future chance,
Submitting all things to desire.

Half-grown as yet, a child, and vain—
  She cannot fight the fear of death;
  What is she, cut from love and faith
But some wild Pallas from the brain

Of Demons, fiery-hot to burst
  All barriers in her onward race
  For power? Let her know her place;
She is the second, not the first.

A higher hand must make her mild,
  If all be not in vain; and guide
  Her footsteps, moving side by side
With Wisdom, like the younger child.

For she is earthly, of the mind;
  But Wisdom heavenly, of the soul.
  Oh, friend, who camest to thy goal
So early, leaving me behind,

I would the great world grew like thee,
  That grewest not alone in power
  And knowledge, but by year and hour
In reverence and in charity.

I preferred to give the somewhat lengthened extract above, from "The Story of My Heart," to presenting separate sentences—mere snippets from a number of books; though from each of them sentences and paragraphs might be found in abundance to attest the truth of what has been said. Here is one, ready to hand, from "Field and Hedgerow":

"The chief use of matter is to demonstrate to us the existence of the soul. The pebble-stone tells me I am a soul because I am not that that touches the

nerves of my hand. We are distinctly two, utterly separate, and shall never come together. The little pebble and the great sun overhead—millions of miles away; yet is the great sun no more distinct and apart than this which I can touch. Dull-surfaced matter, like a polished mirror, reflects back thought to thought's self within."

Here is another:

"I want the soul of the flowers. I want the inner meaning and the understanding of the wild-flowers in the meadow. What are they? What end? What purpose? The plant knows and sees and feels; where is its mind when the petal falls? Absorbed in the universal dynamic force, or what? They make no shadow of pretence, these beautiful flowers, of being beautiful for my sake, of bearing honey for me; in short, there does not seem to be any kind of relationship between us, and yet language does not express the dumb feelings of the kind any more than the flower can speak. All these life-laboured monographs, these classifications, works of Linnæus and our own classic Darwin, microscope, physiology—and the flower has not given us its message yet."

Even in the "Gamekeeper at Home" and "Round about a Great Estate"—concerned as they necessarily were in a greater degree with the practical side of rural life—there are many touches of the same quality. Mr. Jefferies, in fact, could not write without betraying his affinities; he was so saturated with the ideal, the atmosphere, the imaginative impression associated with what he looked on. Capable of the clearest and most practical statements, as his letters to the *Times* about the agricultural labourers show, his native element was in the reverie and dreamy thought which close communion with nature is calculated to awaken. As this taste, like others, grows with what it feeds on, we are not surprised to learn that Mr. Jefferies' life was very solitary, though far from unsocial or ungenial in spirit. But he did not care to live among crowds; his haunts were in the secluded corners that he knew so well, where he found his true friends and companions; and he eschewed temptations to those pleasures which are regarded as most congenial to cultivated minds. Bright, lively talk and the interchange of news and gossip had little or no attraction for him. In a sense he lived his life apart, caring nothing for "society." We can hardly make up our minds that this was much to be regretted. Had he mingled more with men he might have lost his hold on nature, though there is a possibility that he might have learned something more of the kind of interests which hold the great mass of men, and have thus been able to impart somewhat more of broad human interest to his stories. These were never strong in construction, and the dramatic sense, it is evident, was weak in their author. They will be read more for their careful pictures, their fine fancy and reflective wisdom, than for any skill in presenting character or of using incident effectively. His

very fineness, his very devotion to his own sphere, as we have said, have limited the circle of his readers, as they limited his own sympathies in a sense, with the result that we have work almost perfect in its own kind, but that not of a kind to strike a broad surface of readers, if they strike deep where they do strike at all. This is the penalty which men of Mr. Jefferies' genius must pay for their faithfulness. They have the abiding love and gratitude of the few instead of the applause of the many; the satisfaction of having, in the best sense, edified and instructed instead of merely amusing.

But if this must be said of Mr. Jefferies' own books, the same does not quite hold of Mr. Besant's Memoir, which he has published under the title we have adopted for our article. There we have all the interest of a heroic struggle, first, against the most adverse circumstances of poverty and lack of systematic education, and then against the drawbacks of a constitution never strong, and, finally, against chronic ill-health. It is, indeed, surprising how work of the kind that Mr. Jefferies did, and continued to do up almost to the day of his death, could have been done, amidst pain, poverty, racking anxiety, and threatened starvation, such as we have hint of in Mr. Besant's book. The "Eulogy" is, in this sense, certainly the record of a heroism of patient self-denial and unfaltering courage such as we hardly have any parallel to in the lives of authors—sad and desolating as many authors' lives have been; and, in contrast to many of these, our feelings of pity and regret are only intensified when we reflect that Mr. Jefferies' sufferings were due to no fault or vice of his. So much might and could have been done to relieve the sorrowful reflections which must have been his in the prospect of leaving those he loved so utterly unprovided for, while he was racked with pain, and still making efforts, that should have been spared him, to lighten the prospect that lay before wife and children. No more touching story has been given to the public for many years than is to be found in the later chapters of Mr. Besant's book. And when we reflect that to so many Mr. Jefferies had opened up new and ennobling sources of pleasure—had stood waiting, as it were, to point others to the gate Beautiful, and saw them enter, while he still stood there amid pain and sorrow, to do equal service by others yet to come, we are moved to more than ordinary grief.

ALEXANDER H. JAPP.

YACHTING IN NORFOLK WATERS.

HE would be a bold man who imagined that a description of Norfolk waters would convey a novelty to the public mind, especially in the face of the superabundant effusions which have from time to time flowed fresh from the pens of enthusiastic visitors, who have dealt generally with the circumstances of their experiences, or the possibilities of their impressions. With a practical knowledge of this fact, I do not profess to say much that is absolutely new in regard to the Norfolk rivers and "broads," but as a yachting man I desire to record a few impressions which may interest those who have not visited a locality which has been so extensively "written up" during the past few years.

There are few places that have come to the front more quickly than this peculiar stretch of flat country, and the reputation East Norfolk now enjoys as a pleasure resort is absolutely unique in its way. In referring to the map of Norfolk one finds nothing to indicate a peculiarity of country except the word "broad" here and there. That word conveys nothing to the mind of the uninitiated. Had the word been "lake," the stranger would be struck by the frequency of it, and his curiosity would have been aroused, because as a matter of fact Norfolk has its "lake district"—or broad district—just as Cumberland has. But how strange it is that a large area of land and water, now celebrated by pen and paint, should have been discovered only a few years ago. Whether the simple beauties of Norfolk river scenery and the subtle charm of the "broads" were accidentally discovered, or whether it was the outcome of an organised band of discoverers, is of little consequence; but the interesting fact remains, that this very scenery which took by surprise and filled with admiration hundreds of pleasure-seekers, was almost as unknown to residents in the county. In the old days yachting was a luxurious occupation confined to a select few, who did not go very far afield, and, as a natural consequence, there was little known of an area which is extensively advertised as "the rivers and broads of Norfolk."

Without diving too deep into ancient history, what a marvellous

change has come o'er a scene, or scenes, which but a few years ago were familiar only to the wherryman or the solitary sportsman, who cared little, and thought less, about scenery which was destined to attract thousands of pleasure-parties from all parts of the kingdom, and to become a theme to all. The sturdy wherryman saw wonderful sunsets, dazzling sunrises, and brilliant moonlight nights, and marvelled not. The direction and the strength of the breeze received his concentrated thought. Occasionally, perhaps, a tempting shot at a flock of wildfowl would induce him to unearth an old fowling-piece from the depths of his smoky little cabin, and pour a leaden shower into an innocent, unsuspecting group, and having secured his prizes, the gun would disappear, and the huge sail would once more fill to the wind, and the long, low-lying craft would steal along round the next bend of the stream and disappear, leaving only the big black sail standing stiff and bold against the background of bright green meadows, or the rising chocolate of the uplands far away in the distance. The deep silence, broken by the sharp crack of the gun, then became more intense as the tinkling sound of the bubbling water at the wherry's bow died away. If the day was hot and calm, the silence would be all the more profound, for the wherry would lie like a log on the broad bosom of the stream, her enormous tanned sail hanging motionless and limp against a pale-blue sky, while her brilliantly-painted hatches, her snake-like-looking hull, and her stout strong mast, would be faithfully reflected upon the glassy surface of the water—a perfect picture. The wherryman's figure has a counterpart in the river; even his stumpy clay pipe is there, with its occasional film of blue smoke, which hangs over the head of the bold waterman like a little halo. Look where you will, not a sign of human life is to be seen. The silence is peculiar, and almost oppressive. Groups of cattle stand or lie upon the banks on either side, looking moodily into space, or standing knee-deep in the limpid stream, under the impression that it is not only cooler in the water, but that their tormentors, those ever-present flies, will not follow them there. Far away over a stretch of flat marsh-land the thin veil caused by the heat trembles in the distance, where a sequestered village and a short brown-coloured church are the only signs of human habitation. Yes, there is yet another abode on the river-bank, nestling in a cluster of tall reeds. This is a queer house, for it is a bluff-bowed, square-sterned old ship's boat, on which has been built a wooden house; that is to say, a square apartment running nearly the whole length of the rusty, dingy-looking old craft, having a door at the after-part, and a stunted chimney in the fore-

part. This is the eel-catcher's home. Here he mends, lowers down, and hauls up his net, which stretches across the river, and sinks to the bottom. Alongside the boat, partly in the water, is a square box, perforated with holes so as to admit the water. This is the eel-box, and into this the eels are put and kept until the catcher secures enough, and then he disposes of them in the ordinary way. The greater part are sent by train to London and other large cities. Curious, old-world kind of men are these hardy, thick-bearded old fellows. Their habits are simple, harmless, and silent. The very silence that surrounds them, the dull monotony of their daily life, seems to enter into their existence, to influence their actions, and to control their voices. Some I have never heard speak ; when hailed, they nod solemnly, lift their hand wearily, or simply gaze abstractedly at the passing craft.

In these queer little house-boats these watchers live for weeks, having little or no intercourse with the world, and knowing nothing of the fierce struggle for existence, and the toil and moil of town, or city, life. Very strange these house-boats look at night. Approaching them, one sees only a light in the distance, like a big fire-fly in the reeds, or a will-o'-the-wisp ; then as your craft creeps past, there one sees the faithful watcher seated in his humble little house, mending some old net or smoking grimly, while the light flickers and falls with a red glare upon the water alongside, making the darkness outside seem all the deeper. In another moment we are past, and the silent eel-catcher and his house are lost to view. Yachts do not carry side lights at night in Norfolk waters, and when sailing in the dark, one yacht will steal upon another so quickly that only the red glow from her cabin, and the sheen of her white sails under the starlit sky, give notice of her whereabouts ; except it be the voices of those on board. The sensation of sailing with a gentle breeze at midnight along a Norfolk stream appeals strongly to the imagination and to one's sentimental propensities. No light is in sight ; no sound is heard, except the reeds whispering melodiously to each other, or the swish of the water under the bow, as the graceful yacht leans over to a soft night breeze. You want sharp eyes to keep clear of the "points," and to distinguish the bank, for the reeds are deceptive, and the swinging lamp in the cabin does not improve one's eyesight in the dark. Up aloft the cut of the big mainsail is indistinct, and the stretch of canvas soars upward and seems in the darkness to be unreal. The great jib, just rounded into shape by the evening zephyrs, and doing good work, seems to be extending into space ahead ; the bowsprit end is lost in the shadows,

and only a good knowledge of the twists and turns of the river renders a mishap unlikely. Suddenly one is startled by a splash and a screech of some night bird disturbed, or some large fish upon his nocturnal rounds. The sensation is uncanny ; the stillness, the absolute dumbness of nature, and the whispering reeds, which seem conspiring together, all contribute to awaken a sense of thoughtfulness difficult to describe. Even the merry crew smoking their pipes in the cabin, from the open door of which issue long wreaths of smoke that disappear mysteriously under the lee of the mainsail, relapse into a state of peaceful silence and profound taciturnity. But the ever-watchful helmsman has his "weather-eye lifting," and he arouses his mates and breaks the heavy silence by shouting, "The ferry ahead!" And so it is. The ferry is our destination for the night, and right snug the old place looks, as it looms up in a blurred mass of dark shadows, foliage, and pastoral characteristics. The cheery stream of glowing light filters out into the summer night, and familiar sounds break upon the ear. The bend of the stream is turned, and we notice that we are not alone, for two other yachts lie moored alongside the bank ; lights flash through cabin windows ; singing, music, and laughter float through the still air, and mingle with the occasional river-noises of the night. Just this arrival at the old ferry seems like entering into a crowded city, after the deep gloom on the water. The mainsail comes down noisily, the sheaves of the blocks rattle musically, the big jib collapses like a summer cloud, the spars, that had a minute before been smothered with canvas, now stand bold and naked, while running and standing rigging shows up clear and distinct against the gleaming exterior of the old ferry, with its low-thatched roof and whitewashed walls. This is Horning Ferry, where a hearty welcome and the best of good cheer are extended to all comers, to which the inscriptions in the visitors' book bear faithful witness.

Every year the influx of visitors, comprising anglers and yachting parties, increases, although climatic eccentricities last summer militated somewhat against a thorough enjoyment of that prince of pastimes—yachting. The enormous number of yachts, pleasure-wherries, and sailing-craft, of every size and description, that are now to be found in these waters, has revolutionised the river traffic. At first the wherrymen resented the intrusion of yachting parties, with their doubtful navigation, and their personal peculiarities, upon their trading-ground, or, in this case, their trading-water ; and let it be recorded as a fact that wherrymen often had their patience, as traders, very sorely tried, in consequence of the dangerous manœuvres which were carried out by amateur yachtsmen, whose

skill in navigating a heavily-canvased Norfolk yacht was as great as their experience—and that is saying very little for many of them. However, the wherrymen conformed to circumstances, and soon became familiar with the erratic tactics of the strangers, and at the present time a right good feeling exists between the river traders and the river pleasure-seekers. Indeed, the incursion of visitors has proved highly beneficial in many ways, especially in the increased accommodation at the various river-side inns, the greater facilities offered for obtaining provisions, and the sweeping away of old discourtesies and native prejudices. The ill-mannered, careless, and ungentlemanly section of visitors has been responsible for a vast deal of irritation, however, among the riparian owners of water ; that is to say, the "broads," and the many indentations, to which they lay claim, and over which they exercise a certain amount of authority. And as a result, we find that hydra-headed riparianism, which lay dormant for some years, has been aroused to action by the wanton mischief done by marauding bands of young men visitors, who stick at nothing—from pitch-and-toss to bird slaughter. Their range of capabilities often increases its limits to outspoken abuse and a flagrant breach of common courtesy. Thus it often happens that the other, and larger, section of visitors frequently suffers for the sins of others, and riparian owners, great or small as their claim to the water may be, are not to be blamed for protecting their interests and putting their veto upon proceedings which would not be tolerated in any part of the country. I make these remarks, knowing that those visitors—and their name is legion—who have never been guilty of these illegal practices will forgive the insertion of a strong protest in what I intended to be a purely descriptive sketch. Those young gentlemen who think it within their right to overrun private property, to wilfully damage valuable cover, blaze away at every feathered thing they see, and rudely resent any interference with their sport (?) by people in authority, will doubtless consider that they have been very hardly treated. But this is exactly what the supposed owners of the water think.

Coming once more to the subject of this article, I wish to take upon myself the responsibility of the assertion that no cleverer manipulation of sailing craft can be witnessed in any part of the kingdom than on our Norfolk rivers, where space is limited and where the tide runs fairly fast. The Norfolk yacht has always been a unique and graceful specimen of the boat-builder's craft, and the skilful manner in which amateurs will handle a boat of from one to ten tons has ever been a proud boast. The enormous spread of canvas

carried by the Norfolk yachts, and their tremendous spars, have always been subjects of surprise and admiration among visitors who have witnessed a regatta upon these waters. It says great things for the coolness, the skill, and the fertility of resource which characterises the sailing of these river craft, when one knows that collisions of any consequence rarely or never take place, notwithstanding the fact that half-a-dozen yachts will be turned to windward through a foul reach in the river, each within a length of the other, and frequently right alongside. Strict navigation is observed, although among paid watermen there is remarkable ingenuity displayed, and these various tricks in the art of yacht-sailing lead to fierce arguments and mutual recriminations at the conclusion of a sailing-match. Personally, I should like to see a greater development of amateur talent, and I believe if the sail area and the tonnage of the yachts are reduced, we shall, in the course of a few years, give an impetus in this direction which will place Norfolk, and Suffolk, in the proud position of attaining a pinnacle of amateur proficiency difficult to surpass by compeers in any similar waters in the kingdom. Those who have spent a few weeks in summer-time upon the rivers of Norfolk, will carry away with them remembrances of sights and scenes not easily forgotten, or easily described. As I have remarked before, Norfolk is peculiar in the remarkable facilities it gives for amateur yachting, and only in Norfolk is to be found the variety of craft which compete almost weekly for substantial prizes, offered under the auspices of the many yacht clubs in existence in this favoured locality.

Oulton Broad, near Lowestoft, is a favourite rendezvous for the yachting fraternity, and here in the summer season may be seen some of the fastest and finest yachts we call our own. As a sailing course Oulton Broad is one of the best known, and perhaps one of the best for the purpose. On the occasion of a regatta there, the "broad" is a picture of life, colour, and picturesque beauty difficult to describe. Here is a large expanse of water, surrounded by meadow-land for the most part, and on the other by sloping lawns and pasture, while at the extreme easternmost end is situated the village of Oulton, conspicuous among the houses being the "Wherry Hotel," flanked by other public resorts. It is within very easy reach of Lowestoft, being about five minutes' journey by train. Oulton is a veritable haven of peace and plenty for yachtsmen, for fresh provisions of all kinds can be purchased at a reasonable cost, while the "broad" itself is one of the most charming specimens of the kind. Let us drop our anchor here, and take a view of the appearance the "broad" presents upon a big regatta day—and there are many.

Awakened early, one emerges from the cabin, amid a silence profound—a silence that can be *felt*. As is often the case in this district, a harmless fog, or dense mist, succeeds a broiling hot day, and at this time one is literally "in a fog," for on all sides the marsh mist seems to hug the craft. Everything is obliterated from view. The air is cold—reminding one of the tropics at such an hour—but bracing and healthful. Not a sound breaks the deep silence which reigns supreme. But wait. The fog gradually and by easy stages lifts a little, and to one's surprise—for we anchored in a clear space the night before—we discover the hull of a strange yacht close alongside; then the glorious sun gleams through the watery vapour and reveals the hulls of many other river craft, all more or less draped in this grey veil; and by-and-by not only the fabrics of some scores of yachts are visible, but the masts and proportions of each are produced. Yet not a soul is stirring—all is quiet and calm. Gradually the sun climbs up and over the eastern horizon, for the sea is only two miles distant, and disperses the shade of night, ultimately bathing the whole scene in a flood of golden light, which plays upon the smooth surface of the water, creating a myriad hues, and these flicker and co-mingle in beautiful variety. The sides and masts of the many craft catch the glint of early light, and flash brilliantly at every phase of the sun's ascendancy. Truly it is a poetic spectacle. Stretching away down to the quay-head, which forms the foreground of the Wherry Hotel, is a forest of masts. Every class of river-boat lay at anchor here, from the fine 20-tonner, with its brass cabin fittings flashing boldly in the sun, to the smart 16-foot sailing-boat, while a dozen pleasure-wherries and a few steam-launches comprise the pleasure fleet assembled here. As a striking contrast, the battered and rusty hulls of two or three old fishing-boats may be seen moored cosily among the reeds. This is their last port. Old and dismantled as they are, the sunlight gilds their broadsides and invests them with a comeliness to which distance lends an enchantment. Soon, however, there is a movement on board the various craft forming the "butterfly" fleet. First the watermen emerge from their quarters in the forepeak, rub their eyes, stretch their legs, and sit and blink their eyes in the sun, short pipes are lighted, and the Norfolk waterman commences his day's work—or lets some one do it for him. Fires are lighted on board, and breakfast, consisting of meat, eggs and bacon, or fish, will be served some two hours later. The movement is now general, for one by one the sleepers turn out, some to slip quietly over the side and enjoy the luxury of a bath in deep, clear water, others to yawn and smoke a matutinal pipe.

Jolly-boats are now flitting to and fro, bringing off provisions, and the "cheep" of the oars in the rowlocks and the bubble of the water at the bow, as strong arms force the boat through the water, sounds pleasing. Ladies are on deck enjoying the lovely freshness of a summer's morning, and some of them are trying their luck at a little early fishing. There are plenty of sounds now—the ceaseless rowing of boats backwards and forwards, the hum of life ashore, and the occasional scream of the "iron horse" as it rushes along one side of the "broad," hidden by thick trees and rising ground. Then a temporary lull ensues, for breakfast is being partaken of with an avidity which one soon acquires upon the water. The first meal being over, preparations for the day's sport begin, for this is a regatta day. All is life and activity, and our flags are flying, and streamers of bright-coloured flags stretch from the mast to the end of the boom and to the bowsprit end on board many of the yachts, adding more beauty to an already beautiful scene. Trains arrive, bearing freights of pleasure-parties, armed with the necessary luncheon-basket, which will be conveyed with its owners on board many of the craft, while the sport will be witnessed from the shore by those who have not yachting friends. Rowing-boats are hired by those who intend spending the day on the water, and soon the surface of the "broad" is alive with a class of sailing- and rowing-boat usually designated by yachting men as "small fry."

Snowy canvas is being hoisted on board the yachts which will compete, and as the day is gloriously fine and the wind steady, each yacht shows an enormous spread of canvas—so great, indeed, that to the uninitiated it seems impossible for a craft of some four tons, or, as the case may be, ten tons, to carry it. The sails being set to the owners' satisfaction, the racing boats will leave their moorings to take a turn round the "broad" previous to the match. A military band takes up its place on the hatches of an empty wherry and discourses sweet music throughout the day. It is a wonderful picture to see several yachts leaning over to the breeze, every stitch of canvas drawing, and the foot of the big jib just lipping the water, while the sails are scientifically and splendidly worked by the respective crews. The decks of the craft at anchor are filled with gay parties of both sexes, basking in the rays of the benignant July sun, and taking the greatest interest in the match in all its phases. Then when the regatta is over, and the train hurries away with the holiday-makers and the empty luncheon-hampers, the evening closes in, the shades of night steal round the edges of the "broad," and cabin lamps are lighted, convivial parties are held on board, and complimentary calls

from one to another are made ; the strains of music resound on all sides, snatches of songs come rippling over the water, and laughter is loud and long. The bright stars find counterparts in the glassy surface of the water, and the splash, splash of oars in it are the only disturbers of its placid serenity. Lights from cabins illumine its surface, and it is a long while before the laughter, the song, and the music cease. At a late hour all is quiet again, that indescribable stillness which is one of the great charms of the Norfolk rivers reigns around, and every sound is hushed. And here we will leave it, solemn, silent, and weird in its mysterious nature.

ROWLAND GOODWIN.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

IN the first half of the sixteenth century a French gentleman of the name of Perlin took the trouble to commit to paper the unfavourable impressions he had received during a brief sojourn in the kingdoms of England and Scotland. His spelling of proper names, it may be premised, is sometimes a little puzzling. It is not easy, for instance, at the first glance to recognize Cambridge in Cābruches, Whitechapel in Blanchapton, Paternoster Row in Rue Pateno stre, Southwark in Soudouart, Westminster in Oesemestre, Lord Warden in Milor Quardon, Oxford in Auxonne, or Duke of Suffolk in Milor Suphor. M. Perlin, however, was not singular in his misapprehension of English sounds. We find elsewhere Quessa-Ouarroé for cassowary, Ouïtal for Whitehall, Longenker for Long Acre, Gresin for Gray's Inn, Likensen-Fils for Lincoln's Inn Fields, and Hiac for yacht. Neither is M. Perlin a safe historical guide even when describing an incident of which he professes to have been an eye-witness. Not content with making Lady Jane Grey the daughter of the Duke of Northumberland and daughter-in-law of the Duke of Suffolk, he affirms that he was present at the execution of Milor Notumbellant, Duc Suphor, and Milor Arondelle, whereas the Earl of Arundel was not even put upon his trial, and the Duke of Suffolk was not beheaded until after the failure of Sir Thomas Wyatt's rebellion. As Sir John Gates and Sir Thomas Palmer suffered on the same scaffold with Northumberland, M. Perlin may have mistaken them for the two noblemen he erroneously mentions. His ears were not more faithful than his eyes. In his hearing, he says, the Duke of Northumberland uttered the following prayer previous to laying his head upon the block: "Lorde God mi fatre prie fort ous poores siners noud vand in the hoore of our theath"—which reads somewhat differently in vulgar English, "Lord God, my Father, pray for us poor sinners, now and in the hour of our death." As already remarked, M. Perlin was not quick in catching the exact sound of English words. For example, he tells us that when an Englishman desires to treat a friend to a bottle of wine, he says to him, "Vis dring a quarta

rim oim gasquin oim hespaignol oim malvoysi"—"Will you drink a quart of wine from Gascony, from Spain, from Malvoisie?" At table he will say to his guest a hundred times "drind iou,"—"I drink to you,"—whereupon the other replies "iplagiu"—"I pledge you." Drinking goblets were usually made of silver, handed round by servants bare-headed. Well-to-do people commonly used earthenware jugs with a silver handle and lid, while the lower classes were satisfied with tin or wooden flagons. There were two kinds of beer and two kinds of brown bread, though manchets of white wheaten bread were served up in most town-houses. Cakes sweetened with currants gave a zest to "double beer." Excellent houses were to be seen everywhere, though their owners were devoid of letters, coarse at table, and very ill-mannered. It might be said, we are told, of Englishmen in those days that they were neither strong in war nor faithful in peace. The Spanish description of England was quite true, "bonne terre, male gente." The common people were proud, seditious, false to their word, averse from foreigners, fickle and changeable, devoted to their sovereign one day, and ready to kill and crucify him the next. They were addicted to banquetings, whereby the tavern-keepers grew rich. Wages were high, so that working men earned in a week more than Germans or Spaniards could do in a month, and were always ready to stake a crown piece when the fancy took them. Worse than the English themselves were the naturalised Frenchmen from the Pays de Caux, who were truly an accursed race. The coins then current in England were the "fardin," two of which made a "hahapeni," the "peni," the "gros" (groat), the "sixpens," the "chelin," and the "crown." Englishmen as a rule were robust, of a ruddy complexion, handsome, upright, cheerful, and so fond of music that mass was chanted in the smallest churches. The women were the fairest in the world, like unto alabaster, of a joyous temperament, courteous in their manners, and greatly admired by foreigners. For all that, M. Perlin cordially disliked England and the English. Among other peculiarities there was scarce a nobleman to be seen whose father had not been beheaded. Indeed, in that island there were only two modes of punishment, the block and the gibbet, whereas in France there was a third course open in the shape of a sound flogging. As for Scotland, that poor country owed everything to France. The sooner it was annexed the better, and that contingency could not be a remote one, and whenever Scotland became dependent on France, the two together would trample upon prostrate England.

In a very different light did Englishmen appear to M. de la Serre, privy councillor historiographer of France, and author of some fifty

books long since forgotten, who came over in the train of Mary de' Medici in 1638. That worthy man was delighted with everything, except with the seven stormy days' passage from Henvliet to Harwich. He could not say enough in praise of the mansions, gardens, and parks of London, especially between Temple Bar and Westminster. The society of the capital appeared to him exceedingly gay. There were continual banquets and dances. Music was to be heard everywhere. The police were admirable, and kept down all confusion and disorder. The streets were as secure by night as by day. Everybody went about unarmed, trusting implicitly in the goodness of the people.

On the other hand, M. Sorbière, who visited England in the reign of Charles II., and was well received at court and by the Royal Society, abused the country and its inhabitants with so much acerbity and smartness that, shortly after the publication of his "Voyage en Angleterre," he was banished for a while from Paris to Nantes. He begins by depicting Englishmen as the most indolent, lazy, self-indulgent nation in the world. He accuses them of glorying in their sloth, and of believing "that true living consists in their knowing how to live at ease." Even the better class, he continues, "are prone to laziness, presumption, and a sort of extravagance which is to be met with in their best writings." The climate, he thinks, may be partly answerable for these blemishes, and yet he presently adds, "there is something in them that is great, and which they seem to retain from the Romans." Unhappily he explains away this good point by ascribing to it the islanders' love of boxing, wrestling, bull and bear baiting, and cock-fighting. He admits, however, that they are intrepid in danger, great lovers of their own country, and closely united against all foreigners. This inhospitable feeling was shown to Frenchmen as soon as they landed at Dover, where the children ran after them, screaming "A monsieur ! a monsieur !" and not unfrequently indulging in abusive language, such as calling them "French dogs." The unpopularity of the French, M. Sorbière partly attributes to their forwardness of manner and quickness of temper. The peasantry were not so poor as in France. They were content with fewer of the necessaries of life. While too slothful to seek for more, they were also too proud to push themselves forward in search of superfluities. The county of Kent is commended for its natural beauty and fertility, though the only gardens to be seen were bowling-greens, while the finest castles were inferior to at least 4,000 pleasure-houses in the neighbourhood of Paris. Englishmen were "pestered by too many religions." The English Catholics took life too easily, and were not sufficiently zealous. At the same time, M. Sorbière acknowledges

his inability to write fully or positively about the English, seeing that they are "of a very irregular and fantastic temper," and not easily understood, especially by strangers ignorant of their language. Nevertheless, he does not scruple to accuse them of haughtiness, partly caused by the natural advantages of their country, so that even tradespeople look upon foreigners with "a careless air." Moreover, they are, he says, given to suspicion, hollow-hearted, capricious, and melancholy, but they "may be easily brought to anything, provided you fill their bellies, let them have freedom of speech, and do not bear too hard upon their lazy temper." They are not, he continues, dainty feeders. The greatest lords sit down only to big joints. They have no "bisques or potage." Upon one occasion he saw a milk potage—probably curds and whey—"some of which as a singular favour the master of the house gave in a china dish to some of his guests." Pastry in those days was coarse and ill-baked, while stewed fruits and confectionery were simply uneatable. Forks were rarely used, nor were ewers handed round, everyone dipping his or her fingers into a basin. Smoking after dinner was a common practice among the middle classes, but not among people of quality. The tradesmen chiefly frequented taverns and alehouses and neglected their business, their shops being seldom opened before seven in the morning. Precisely similar articles were sold cheaper in French than in English shops, while the Dutch had always been able to undersell the "voracious and lazy" English, whose ships were over-manned and whose sailors were overfed, and who were never contented with small profits. The Dutch would sell salted herrings at a loss until they had driven their English competitors out of the market, and would then demand higher prices than before. English actors were very indifferent, and comedies were written in blank verse, contrary to the custom of more polished nations, and what they called eloquence was mere pedantry—the same remark being applicable to their sermons. Their books were downright rhapsodies and almost never original. "They are," says M. Sorbière, "great admirers of their own language, and it suits their effeminacy very well, for it spares them the labour of moving their lips." The neighbourhood of Covent Garden is recommended to foreigners as being conveniently situated between the City and Westminster. Though covering more ground, London appeared to M. Sorbière as less densely peopled than Paris. The houses were not so lofty, nor were they so crowded with inmates. A sufficiently furnished room could be had for a crown a week, but it was advisable to take one's meals elsewhere.

Though by no means disposed to flatter the inhabitants of the

British Isles, Fynes Moryson, at the opening of the seventeenth century, looked upon them with considerable respect, and evidently strove to be just and impartial in his estimate of their character. Whenever the price of wheat rose to seventy shillings a quarter, its exportation was permitted. On the other hand, not once in ten years was it necessary to import foreign wheat, and only then because covetous men had forestalled the market and had concealed large stores of grain, or perchance had shipped it to other countries. A bad custom, however, was creeping in of laying down corn lands as meadows or pastures, because they then required fewer hands for their cultivation. Tame swans were to be seen almost everywhere. In towns ravens and kites were seldom molested, by reason of the services they rendered as scavengers. The same impunity was extended to crows by the farmer-folk, who recognised their utility as destroyers of worms and insects. The most abundant kinds of fish were herrings, mackerel, and oysters, though the Flemings were more enterprising as fishermen. The best customers were the Italians, who purchased large quantities of "pilchards, Poore John, Caniale, Botargo, and the like." England was then a successful producer of saffron, flax, and all kinds of pulse; and imported from Dantzic flax, pitch, and fir trees for ships' masts. English silk stockings were considered the best in the world. English broadcloth was also famous, and among the exports saltpetre may be mentioned. The oxen were greatly admired for their size, and the cows for their distended udders, while "the flesh of hogs and swine" could only be equalled in Westphalia and the southern islands. Red deer were common, but fallow deer were more numerous than in all the rest of Europe put together, though many country gentlemen in consequence of their waning incomes had been obliged to convert their parks into grazing-lands. "No kingdome in the world," we are told, "hath so many dovehouses." Of dogs there were many varieties. Some were petted for their smallness and beauty. Others were useful as waterdogs and other sporting purposes, nor were bloodhounds unappreciated. Rabbits were innumerable, their black and silver haired skins being in great request in Turkey. Nowhere could be seen more splendid horses and geldings. There was a common proverb, however, which said that "England is the hell of horses, the purgatory of servants, and the paradise of women, because they ride horses without measure, and use their servants imperiously and their women obsequiously." Unlike the Italians and the Netherlanders, English gentlemen disdained commercial pursuits, and consequently were often compelled to part with their patrimonies to lawyers,

citizens, and quite vulgar persons, just as the French were doing. The English mariners were acknowledged to be the most daring in the world, and conducted a wide-spread commerce with Iceland, Muscovy, and both the Indies. The trade with Turkey, however, had fallen off, because spices were procured direct from the lands in which they were grown. The English were great consumers of poultry, and very partial to geese after harvest, and also at Whitsuntide, when they were "green." Hares were "thought to nourish melancholy," though eaten as venison, both roasted and boiled. Brawn was much relished, and also venison pasty—a dainty dish unknown on the European Continent. The art of cookery was greatly esteemed, but English cooks appeared at their best in roasting plain joints. Foreigners unjustly accused Englishmen of being addicted to gluttony, because it was their habit to sit a long time at table, though in reality they eat no more than any other people. They seldom took more than two meals in the day—dinner and supper. In a respectable house one could be comfortably boarded for £10 to £20 per annum. Throughout England, even in villages, the inns were admirable. A traveller who dined at the common table was charged only fourpence to sixpence a meal, though he paid at a higher rate if he was served in a private room, in which case he could also call for music. "A man cannot," we are told, "more freely command at home in his owne house than he may doe in his inne, and at parting, if he gave some few pence to the chamberlin and ostler, they wish him a happy journey." The German custom of "garausing" had been introduced by certain commanders on their return from the Netherlands, but it had not taken root, and was already dying out. In a few houses, chiefly on the part of captains and soldiers, and among citizens and artisans, "large and intemperate drinking is used, but in generall the greater and better part of the English hold all excesse blameworthy, and drunkennesse a reproachfull vice." "Clownes and vulgar men onely use large drinking of beere or ale," while "gentlemen garause onely in wine, with which many mix sugar"—a practice never seen elsewhere. To gratify this taste tavern-wines were mostly sweetened, for which purpose such large quantities of "corands of Corinth" were imported, that the Greeks wondered what could be done with them, unless they were employed for dyeing or for feeding hogs.

In the matter of apparel Englishmen were extravagant. Their everyday hats were made of beaver, and their shirts and bands of the finest linen; daggers and swords were gilded, garters and shoe-roses were of silk ornamented with gold or silver lace, silk stockings

were commonly worn, and were wrought in the seams with silk or gold thread. In summer silk cloaks were universal, which in winter time were lined with velvet. Englishmen and Frenchmen alike—including even the notaries—carried their rapiers and daggers in velvet sheaths. Queen Elizabeth's courtiers preferred dark colours, but simple light colours prevailed at the court of James I., though fashions were frequently changed. Jewels and diamonds were much affected, while plain rings and gold chains were despised—men, indeed, seldom wearing chains. Women of the upper classes were partial to chains of fine pearls, and even to light French chains, but it was indispensable that all precious stones should be genuine. It was quite an ordinary thing for gentlemen and rich merchants to possess cupboards of gold and silver plate worth from £200 to £300. There were few well-to-do persons who did not drink out of silver cups and goblets, while the nobility indulged in Venice glasses. Bankrupts, players, and actors dressed like gentlemen, through the mistaken leniency of magistrates. Merchants were dressed in a becoming manner, eschewing gaudy attire. They usually wore gowns of some light stuff or silk, gathered on the back and girded with a belt, over which an apron was put on of silk or fine linen. Their heads were covered with a fine linen coif, the hair being slightly raised over the forehead. Out of doors the choice lay between a silk cap and a beaver hat; light French chains and pearl necklaces were affected by a few. In the City swords were never seen. The graver sort of citizens wore gowns and caps, or hats and cloaks—the latter being also the costume of apprentices. Husbandmen were contented with garments of coarse cloth made at home. Homemade, too, were the light stuff kirtles of their wives, and their coarse linen aprons and underclothing. When they went abroad they donned a linen coif and a high felt hat. "Gentlewomen virgins," we read, "weare gowns close to the body and aprons of fine linnen, and goe bareheaded, with their haire curiously knotted and raised at the forehead, but many against the cold (as they say) weare caps of haire that is not their owne, decking their heads with buttons of gold, pearles, and flowers of silk, or knots of ribbon. They wear fine linnen and commonly falling bands and often cuffes, both starched, and chains of pearle about their neckes, with their breasts naked." Young married gentlewomen were sometimes as bareheaded as the "virgins," decking their hair with jewels and silk ribbons, but commonly putting on a coif and hat. All alike wore gowns hanging loose at the back, with a kirtle and close-fitting upper-body made of silk or some light stuff, "but have lately left the French sleeves borne out with hoopes of

whalebone, and the young married gentlewomen no lesse than the virgins shew their breasts naked." Servants usually wore cloaks ornamented with lace, "and for the rest are apparelled with no lesse pride and inconstancie of fashion than other degrees." The Irish and the Scotch dressed after the English style, except that the "wild Irish" went about naked even in winter, with only a small cloth round their loins.

Fynes Moryson cannot be accused of excessive partiality towards either Ireland or the Irish. He described the island as unapt to ripen seeds, though the earth was luxuriant in "yielding faire and sweete hearbs." The winters, truly, were milder than in England, and cattle were abundant, but the harvest was late because of the cloudy sky and watery soil. Fruits of all kinds were raw and tasteless, and produced "looseness of the body," "yet for the rawnes they have an excellant remedy by their aquavity, vulgarly called usquebagh, which binds the belly and drieth up moisture more than our aquavity, yet inflameth not so much. Agues were very prevalent, and were treated by women, who kept their patients on a milk diet, and prescribed a few vulgar remedies. The cattle were allowed to feed only in the daytime. At night they were shut up in dirty yards without a mouthful of hay, through dread of thieves and of wolves, which were increasing in number. No nightingales were to be heard—no magpies to be seen, nor moles, nor black crows. Pheasants, however, were plentiful—sixty being served up at a single banquet. Cornrails too were very common, though partridges were scarce, as likewise were red and fallow deer. On the other hand there was no lack of eagles, goshawks, hares, conies, and bees, but the natives were too slothful to attempt either birding or fowling. Sheep were sheared twice in the year, but the wool being coarse, was consumed at home, and woven into rugs, men's cloaks, and women's mantles. Flax was largely grown and the yarn exported, as was linen likewise at one time. The price of linen was so low that the "wild Irish" would put thirty to forty ells into a single shirt, full of gathers, and washed in saffron to hide the dirt, as it was never changed until quite worn out. Horses were called "hobbies," and were taught to amble, but being accustomed to bogs and undrained land were soon lamed on English roads. The mountains were full of minerals, though neglected by the slothful barbarians, whom their rulers kept in poverty in the belief that they would thereby be more manageable. The seas, too, swarmed with fish, but the Irish were too lazy to go out fishing, so that the coasts were swept by English and Scottish boatmen.

The Anglo-Irish quickly acquired the filthy habits of their neighbours, and were just as coarse in culinary operations. Except in Dublin and Waterford the common people lived on oatcakes and a kind of ale quite different from the English beverage brewed from malt and hops. "At Cork," our traveller remarks, "I have seene with these eyes young maides starke naked grinding corne with certaine stones to make cakes thereof, and striking off into the tub of meale such reliques thereof as stuck on their belly, thighs, &c." Although excellent butter was made by English settlers who kept aloof from the mixed population, no respectable Englishman could touch either butter or cheese made by the Anglo-Irish. Only in a few large towns were taverns to be found. As a rule French and Spanish wines were sold retail by merchants from their own cellars in pints and quarts. Irish usquebagh was the best in the world, being mixed with raisins, fennel, and other ingredients to mitigate heat and inflammation. Both men and women drank to excess. Even women of good quality would "garause health after health" in men's society. In cities feather beds could be had "soft and good, but most commonly lowsie, especially in the high waies, whether that came by their being forced to lodge common souldiers, or from the nastie filthinesse of the nation in generall." Englishmen were in the habit of hiring apartments in citizens' houses, but they were seldom swept, and then the dust was heaped in a corner and left there for a month or two.

In most towns there were a few houses kept by English folks where meat could be cooked fit to eat. The native Irish were filthy in their kitchen arrangements. They would strain new milk through a handful of dirty straw, which would be used also for skimming seething pots. They devoured great morsels of beef and swine's flesh, but seldom touched mutton. They were partial to horseflesh, even when the animal had died from disease. Farinaceous food was held in poor esteem, though it was considered mean not to consume before the close of the year all the corn they had grown on their own little plots. Shamrock[1] plucked out of ditches was eaten greedily, by reason of its pungency. The ordinary beverage was milk warmed by a hot stone being dropped into it, or beef broth mixed with milk. A small farmer disposing of a horse or cow at the market would be drunk for two or three days afterwards, either on usquebagh or on Spanish wine—called the King of Spain's daughter. Many "lords" and their wives were no better in that respect. Many of the "wild

[1] In no more cloathing than a mantle go,
And feed on shamrocks, as the Irish do.
G. WITHERS: *Covetousness.*

Irish" refused to eat meat until it was putrefying. They made short work, however, of the soap and starch belonging to the laundresses attached to Lord Mountjoy's army. In war time they frequently opened a cow's veins and drank the blood. Candles and tables were alike unknown. The dish was placed on a bundle of grass, which likewise did duty as table-napkins. Fires were kindled in the middle of the cabin, the smoke escaping through the roof—another illustration of the supposed Scythian origin of the aboriginal Irish. Men and women circled round the fire at night, with their feet turned to it, and both sexes quite naked, except that wetted mantles were thrown over their shoulders. Not only Irish lords, but many Anglo-Irish lords, lived in this manner when they went "coshering"—that is, living on their tenants so long as there was anything to eat or drink.

Very similar was the experience of M. Misson, who visited the British Isles in the reigns of James II. and William III. This traveller describes the "wild Irish" as being as savage as they were 1,600 years before that time. He avers that they were not really Christians, that their religion was a superstition, and that they reverenced the moon and wolves. They would kneel before a new moon and repeat the paternoster several times, concluding with a prayer that she would leave them as she found them. As for wolves, they declared that Jesus Christ loved them, so that it could not be wrong to wish them all prosperity. If a man sick unto death asked to receive the Sacrament, his friends straightway despaired of his recovery, and would carry him into the road or other open space and there cry aloud. Passers-by would stop and ask the sufferer why he wished to die; where would he be better off than where he was; had he not a good wife, pleasant mistresses, children, kinsfolk, horses, and cows? When death released the sick person, women gathered around from all quarters, screeching, howling, tearing their hair, and beating their breasts. Implicit reliance was placed in witches. In the month of May no countryman would give a light to a neighbour, lest butter should run short in the ensuing summer. Briefly, they were credulous, lazy, inconstant, cruel, thieves, devoid of shame, boasters, blasphemers, addicted to idle oaths. On the other hand they were habitually sober, patient under adversity, robust, well-made, brave, agile, and intelligent. They hated the English, and loved the French and Spaniards, without knowing them. Their hair was worn long, and their shirts were stained of a saffron colour. They eat little meat, and that little almost raw. Their diet consisted for the most part of potatoes, roots, greens, fruits, porridge made with boiled milk, and occasionally cow's blood mixed with milk and butter. They were

too lazy to fish. In towns marriages were usual, but country people dispensed with that ceremony.

M. Misson was not much more complimentary to the Scottish Highlanders, whom he characterised as cruel, vindictive barbarians, professing Christianity, but too ignorant to discriminate between one religion and another. A more favourable appreciation was formed by M. Macky, who was a few years subsequent to M. Misson. The Scotch are portrayed in his book as a grave and taciturn people, devoid of Spanish stiffness, but addicted to long prayers and graces. The Sabbath was observed with great austerity. It was on a Saturday evening that the traveller, coming from the Isle of Man, arrived at Kirkcudbright, too late to lay in supplies for the morrow. He was put into a room that had apparently not been washed for a century, and next day was told that he could have bread, butter, and fresh eggs, or else he must fast until after the evening sermon, when a hot supper was invariably served. The women dressed as in England, except that one and all, from the highest rank to the lowest, when they went abroad, wore a plaid that covered half of the face and the whole of the body. It was striped with green, scarlet, and other bright colours, so that the interior of a church looked quite gay. The common people were not so clean or so good-looking as the same class in England. Ladies of good position walked firmly, their limbs extended and their toes turned out. They were brought up as good housewives, the spinning wheel being always at work. Their husbands' clothing was usually woven by themselves and their female servants. The landed gentry, spoilt by a Frenchified education, were indolent and unenterprising, so that industrial occupations were monopolised by the burghers, who were hampered for want of capital.

According to Fynes Moryson the Scots of his day were great consumers of red colewort and cabbage, and also affected salted mutton and geese, but cared little for beef or for any fresh meat. Numerous retainers were kept, who lived on corn and roots. At a knight's house in the country he remarked the number of servants, wearing blue caps, who were in attendance, "the table being more than half furnished with great platters of porridge, each having a little piece of sodden meate; and when the table was served the servants did sit downe with us, but the upper messe, in steade of porridge had a pullet, with some prunes in the broth." And I observed, he continues, "no art of cookery or furniture of household stuffe, but rather rude neglect of both, though myself and my companion, sent from the Governour of Berwicke about bordering affaires, were entertained after the best mannere." Although "harth cakes of oates"

constituted the ordinary fare of plebeians, wheaten bread was in great demand among townspeople. "When I lived at Berwicke," the traveller remarks, "the Scots weekly, upon the market day, obtained leave in writing of the Governour to buy pease and beanes, whereof, as also of wheate, their merchants at this day send great quantities from London into Scotland." Wine was commonly drunk without sugar, though at feasts comfits were often dropt in "after the French manner." There were no public inns with signboards hanging outside, but, we read, "the better sort of citizens brew ale, their usual drinke (which will distemper a stranger's bodie)." Bedsteads were let into the wall like cupboards, "with doores to be opened and shut at pleasure, so as we climbed up our beds." Only one sheet was provided, open at the sides and top, but closed at the feet. The country people and tradesmen drank freely, but gentlemen more sparingly, though in excess of the English. The upper classes, even at court, spent a great part of the night in quaffing wine and beer.

Reverting to the England of the latter part of the seventeenth century, it is pleasant to read M. Misson's eulogy of the people. "Les habitans de cet excellent païs," he observes, "sont grands, beaux, bienfaits, blancs, blonds, simples, robustes, courageux, meditatifs, religieux, aimant les beaux arts, et capables des sciences autant qu'aucuns hommes du monde." The French, he proceeds, are not justified in accusing the English of treachery, seeing that they are generous and great sticklers for fair play. Neither are they uncivil and discourteous because they do not raise their hats even to a social superior. It is only they do not overflow with vain compliments, like Frenchmen and Italians. The more they are known the more they are liked and respected. Nevertheless, they are, he confesses, large eaters at dinner—"ils mangent à réprises et remplissent le sac"—but supper is always a light meal, so that they may be described as "gloutons à midi, fort sobres au soir." The table, however, is not delicately served, and only a few of the great lords have French cooks. The upper middle classes are acquainted only with ten or a dozen dishes, which they repeat again and again. Their dinner consists usually of two dishes—a pudding and, perhaps, a joint of roast beef, or boiled beef slightly salted and surrounded with carrots and turnips, over which melted butter has been poured. Besides these dishes are mentioned roast and boiled legs of mutton, poultry, sucking pigs, tripe, tongues, rabbits, pigeons (buttered, not larded), occasionally broth, always a pudding. Market fruits are pronounced uneatable, and alas! M. Misson was not the only foreigner who con-

demned the English for giving way to eructation at table, and for defending the practice as no worse than coughing or sneezing.

M. Macky, who dates a few years later than M. Misson—the one publishing in 1698, the other in 1724—has also a good word to say for the English. "Although," he remarks, "the English give no great encouragement to strangers to settle among them for life, yet is there no nation under heaven where a gentleman-traveller meets with so much humanity, civility, and good entertainment, free from the vanity and insincerity of the French, the haughtiness of the Spaniard, or the moroseness of the Dutch, nor where conversation is so open, free, and easy, without restraint or dissimulation." He complains, however, like his predecessors, of the lack of ordinaries and dinners in common. Travellers and strangers must bespeak a dinner for themselves, which is both dear and lonely. There were at that time in London two good French houses, at which a well-cooked dinner cost from five shillings to a guinea a head. The coffee-houses were crowded from the time the theatres closed till midnight. Men of the highest rank, with stars and ribbons conspicuously displayed, conversed familiarly with gentlemen of no apparent distinction. At Tunbridge Wells social equality was the order of the day, and occasionally led to unpleasant consequences. Swindlers abounded, dressed in the height of the fashion, polite to excess, and much too attentive to the ladies. Epsom was still more dangerous, because ladies were visited at their lodgings by comparative strangers, to whose fascinations they sometimes succumbed in the absence of their husbands, detained in London during the weekdays. Epping is described as a "delicate village in a royal forest," while the "pretty village called Eastborn" was praised for its little birds resembling ortolans and known as wheatears. Of Newmarket it is written, "All mankind here are upon an equal level, from the duke to the country peasant; nobody wears swords, but, without distinction, are cloathed suitable to the humour and design of the place for horse-sports. And a country grazier lays his money at a horse match with the same freedom as the greatest lord of them all; for here is no ceremony, but everybody strives to outjockey, as the phrase is, one another."

M. Misson, by the way, sarcastically avers that the English believe their language to be the finest in the world, though it is spoken only in their own island. Their estimation of English poetry is still more extravagant. It is read and recited in a peculiar tone. Passing from prose to verse—"leur ton de voix devient doux et langoureux; ils sont charmés, ils se pâment."

JAMES HUTTON.

GÉRARD DE NERVAL.

"THE happy man is he who distinguishes the boundary between desire and delight, and stands firmly on the higher ground; he who knows that pleasure not only is not possession, but is often to be lost and always to be endangered by it. In life, as in those prospects which, if the sun were above the horizon, we should see from hence, the objects covered with the softest light, and offering the most beautiful forms in the distance, are wearisome to attain and barren." Among the many utterances of poets and philosophers on a fascinating and ever recurring topic, this classic and delicately perfect aphorism, placed by Landor in the mouth of his Quinctus Cicero, bears the stamp of calm, untroubled wisdom. But it is not in human nature to acquiesce in the quietism of such contemplative wisdom; flowers are plucked even with the knowledge that their decay is hastened thereby, and we rest not till the illusions and alluring mystery of the coveted object are exchanged for the palling satiety and disappointment of attainment. Yet it is with reason that we are ever enamoured of what lies beyond, that we ever find ourselves unsatisfied with the realisation of that which seemed so fair when unpossessed. Faust could not fall within the power of his tempter till he should have cried to that fleeting hour which should seem perfect to him to stay its course; the continuity of human exertion, the development of man, is insured by the very dissatisfaction at the present, and the sense of imperfection that points to some obscure goal still to be sought and won. The scheme of life is so arranged, and if the sceptical mind indulges at moments the thought that these illusions and promises of the future may be, after all, but delusions, action is paralysed, and the unhappy thinker is afflicted for a time with the insanity of melancholy. This being so, it is strange to find a man like Gérard de Nerval, who endeavoured perversely to shirk the laws of life because he was reluctant to exchange dreams for realities. At first sight we seem to be dealing with the exaggeration of a poetical foible, but we soon discover that it is Gérard de Nerval's fixed idea, his ruling passion, and that it was not in one case alone

that he feared by possession to endanger delight, or judged that the distant object was fair—on condition that the distance should not be lessened. Had he written a play; it broke his heart to see it represented, he lamented the loss of the ideal. Gas jets, he would say, in place of the sun, painted canvas for verdure, a hireling actress usurping the name of my tender heroine! Feeling the impulse to vagabondism stronger than his philosophical tenets of the necessity of not destroying the mental ideal by comparison with the reality, he wandered over Europe and the East, only to find, as he sorrowfully feared, that at each contact with prosaic nature his ideal, fantastic world lost some of its magic colouring, some of its fabulous regions. Haunted by metaphysical phantoms, and cherishing devotedly all that was vague and mysterious, he endeavoured, as he says, to construct his life like a romance, and to isolate himself from the busy crowd within the ivory tower of the poet, there to breathe the rare air of solitude, and, drinking oblivion from the golden cup of legend, to love Love and Poetry.

In laying stress on this marked feature of Gérard de Nerval's life and work (for in his case the two are inseparable), there is no risk run of pressing a paradox too hard. He shunned stern reality and surrendered himself to the opiates of reverie, until the boundaries of the two worlds became confused and intermingled, and the malady of the ideal turned to the actual malady of madness. Yet it would be wrong to suppose that the recurring attacks of insanity with which he was afflicted invalidate the beauty of his delicate pages; there is rather occasion to admire the pure limpidity and sweet simplicity of style which he persistently preserved. Again, acknowledging the legitimacy of the fantastic and capricious in literature, may we not with a half smile assert that his chronic dreaminess, ever verging on the confines of madness, was a qualification the more for success in his writings? Though, with Heine, we detect the treacherous glamour of consumption in the pages of Novalis, and the fire of fever in those of Hoffmann, we still are held beneath the spell they lay on us. And, furthermore, in the last of Gérard de Nerval's works we have the strange spectacle of madness writing its own memoirs, and we possess a lucid recital of the phantoms and visions that haunt the unhinged brain. It is difficult, and perhaps impossible, to judge character apart from circumstances, and fruitless to endeavour to separate, in a subjective, lyrical being like Gérard de Nerval, an innate tendency from the many influences that fostered it to ripeness. But, in any case, the tracing of the many strands that went to the making of the many coloured and frail tissue of his

work is not without reward, especially as there is not a page of his which is not instinct with his own personality, in which the recollections of his youth and the dreams and cabalistic learning of his manhood are not fused and blended together inextricably.

His earliest impressions were those of sorrow and isolation. He had been born in the days when Napoleon harried Europe, and his mother, whom he never learned to know, died young in Silesia, of a fever contracted amid the horrors of war as she followed her husband, bound for the disastrous campaign of Moscow. His boyhood was spent by the ponds and in the forests of Châalis and Compiègne, of Senlis, Chantilly, and Ermenonville, in the ancient province of Valois, rich in many traditions and monuments of Roman occupation of the Carlovingian kings, of Francis the First and Mary of Valois, of the cardinals of the house of Este, of Henry the Fourth and Gabrielle, Condé and our James the Second. The delicate boy was nourished on legends and old songs, and revelled, not wisely, among the strange collection of theosophic and cabalistic books which belonged to his uncle, one of those men who, amid the sapping of belief in the times of the Revolution, turned to superstition and forgotten mysteries. Here were materials for the making of a poet, and boyish love drew forth early verses. At school in Paris he excited the admiration of his fellows by a volume of poems which were crowned with publication, and, as an early and enthusiastic romanticist, he quickly discovered that he was all but native in the nebulous realm of German poetry. At eighteen he had translated Faust, and won from the courteous Jupiter of Weimar the praise: "I have never understood myself better than in reading you." The formidable second part could not deter him; nay, rather the opportunity for comment on the mediæval and esoteric mystery proved only too welcome. In this young poet the German and French elements, usually disparate, existed together. Haunted by the simple ballads he had heard in childhood, and taught by the German critics, who had so assiduously collected the ballads of their own land, that poetry must return from its courtly degeneration to its original source among the people, he wrote tiny poems, the only fault of which was that they should have been written in German. It was an attempted union of the odelette of Ronsard with the lied of Uhland; for Ronsard, who at the time formed the breviary of the romanticists, had in his little odes imitated and perfected the folk-songs of an earlier day, folk-songs which bore a close resemblance to those of Germany. But Ronsard, though Greek in feeling rather than Latin, yet belonged to the Latinising school of the Pleiade, and

Malherbe and Boileau had purified away, as they deemed, the vulgar elements of their language with such effect that any attempt to imitate in the French language the spontaneity and *naïveté* of the German lied was rendered impossible in advance. The modesty, moreover, of Gérard de Nerval forbade him to hope for the poet's laurels, though, perhaps, he consoled himself with the thought that an apprenticeship to verse ensures a mastery of prose. "I might have been a poet," he sorrowfully declares, "but I am only a dreamer in prose." Besides these French lieder he produced his "La Main Enchantée," which is in the completest German style and comparable with Brentano's "Brave Kasperl and Fair Annerl." With regard to this brilliant tale of mediæval Paris, with its mocking, ironical gaiety, sparkling against a sombre background, suggestive alike of Villon and Hoffmann, it is of great interest to notice how the clearness and lucidity of the French mind displays itself even when the subject is one a German would have found congenial. Chamisso and Fouqué rank among the German romanticists, but they alone knew how to preserve a just balance, and to respect form and logical sequence in the handling of German fantasy sketches, and this because they were of French descent. Gérard de Nerval's acquaintance with Germany was not confined to a knowledge and love of its literature, for, as he belonged to the peripatetic school of writers, he traversed Germany again and again. Yet he never described its manners and people with the loving minuteness which he lavished on his "Voyage en Orient." He loved the unforeseen and the accidental, and German life would seem altogether too reasonably regulated to a Bohemian like Gérard de Nerval. Besides, had not Alexander Dumas, his fellow traveller, written down the experiences and sentiments they had shared in common when travelling in the Fatherland?

In addition to being remarkable among the French romanticists for his German-like temperament, he was also a singular survival of the illuminés. He wrote studies of Cagliostro, of Restif de la Bretonne, of Quintus Aucler and Cazotte. Theogonies and thaumaturgies, the Koran and the Talmud, the mysteries of the Cabala and the Rosy Cross, and all esoteric lore exercised a haunting fascination on him. His attitude towards such studies was that of one who neither believes nor disbelieves, of one who is first attracted and then half convinced. Though, perforce, a child of Voltaire, his tendency was to believe too much rather than too little. His delight was to trace the similarities that run through all early mythologies, and never would he permit himself to blaspheme the

old gods of Olympus. As a mystic he loved to dwell on symbolisms and the forms wherein the nations have bodied forth their early nature worships. He assimilated the mythologies so completely and so impartially as to seem either the initiated devotee of all given cults in turn, or the mystic who regards all creeds as equally true—and equally false. When charged one day in Victor Hugo's *salon* with having no religion, he indignantly replied, "I, no religion? I have seventeen at least!" And however whimsical the answer may seem it yet represented his genuine feelings. Eternal Nature he would style the Celestial Venus with Lucretius, Cybele with Julian, Urania with Plotinus, Isis with Apuleius, and saw the same essence under many names. For instance, he would show how the artist Greeks fashioned to finer shapes the earlier myths, and how, in time, the Oriental cults gradually invaded and absorbed the domain of Homer's gods, those gods too fair and bright, the happy gods of a happy race. For all Greeks were not happy, and the dark and gloomy older worships retained their hold among the oppressed and uncultured, till at last, when Rome turned to its fall, the poor and sorrowful fled for mercy to Isis. And in Isis with the child Horus in her arms he would discover the Madonna, and would trace in the legends of Osiris, of Adonis, and Atys how a god was slain and sought with sorrowing. Such a frame of mind was naturally intensified by his sojourn in the East. His was no pilgrimage like those o Chateaubriand and Lamartine, pompous and brilliant, but one in which he adopted the dress and customs of the populace, and merged himself among them as far as might be. In Cairo he listened to the tales told by the professional reciters in the coffee-houses, and imitated them in his "Legend of the Caliph Hakem," and the "Story of Balkis and Solomon." In these two new series of "Arabian Nights" his imagination and fancy eagerly fastened on Oriental mythology, on the legends concerning pre-Adamite kings and descendants of Cain, and on the mystical development of Manichean doctrine. The Easterns reverence the wandering dervish, and look on the lunatic as a God-favoured man. At all events the eccentricities of Gérard de Nerval served to secure him from molestation, and enabled him to study with greater ease the peculiarities of Oriental social life.

Painters portray their ideal, and find in their models only greater or less suggestion of that ideal. Venus underwent many incarnations, yet the idea of Venus was one. Gérard de Nerval, in the course of his life, met mortal women who recalled the bright ideal he must have seen in some antenatal existence (for all poets are Plato-

nists), and who resembled each other in that they were like their fair prototype. But, as Plato's lover must ascend from the fair mortal to the fair ideal, it was Gérard de Nerval's belief that the charm of love was lost if the fair mortal who suggested the ideal were approached too nearly. In his pages we find a series of delicately vague, pastel-like portraits of those who had served in turn to recall his Muse to him. "In my childhood I was always surrounded with young girls; one of them was my aunt; two of the girls of the house, Jeannette and Fanchette, cherished me with their care. My childish smile recalled that of my mother, and my fair hair, gently waved, covered capriciously the precocious height of my brow. I became enamoured of Fanchette, and conceived the singular idea of taking her for spouse according to ancestral rites. I celebrated the marriage myself, ceremoniously wearing an old robe of my grandmother's thrown over my shoulders; a ribbon, starred with silver, circled my brow, and I had heightened the pallor of my cheeks by a slight touch of rouge. I took to witness the gods of our fathers and the Holy Virgin, whose image I possessed, and all lent themselves with complaisance to the naïve, childlike play." His first love songs were addressed to a creole, whose Greek and placid profile reconciled him to the cold dignity of study, but she cruelly laughed at the sighs and plaints of the boy. There is the pretty picture of little, sunburnt, peasant maid Célénie, ever dancing and singing, and weaving daisy garlands, with whom he coursed Chantilly forest and sought for crayfish in the brooks. It was Célénie who climbed on the rocks and Druidic dolmens, and chanted like some young Druid prophetess the legends of the country-side.

It is in "Sylvie" that he best resumes the tragedy of his life, the dreams and recollections of his youth. Against a tender and delicate landscape background is set a story of mingled Dichtung and Wahrheit, and in the opposing figures of Sylvie and Adrienne is depicted in allegory the impossible ideal which fascinated him, and the real he might have possessed, yet chose to resign. It seems that Gérard de Nerval long worshipped an actress as the completest realisation of his dreams, though he knew full well the difference between the vision seen behind the footlights and the woman of the daylight. But it was enough if she served as a motive for loving reverie; he worshipped at a distance, and confessed not his adoration, for he feared to see his desire accomplished. After his death his friends informed her of his concealed passion, but she barely remembered him—she had seen him once when he called to offer her the rôle of the Queen of Sheba in his libretto; more she knew not. Meyerbeer had entertained

thoughts of the Queen of Sheba, but as usual procrastinated, and at bottom had no faith in any but Scribe for a libretto. In the story, Gérard de Nerval, as hero, on leaving the theatre where he had been gazing once more on Aurélie, finds that he has won a fortune, but shudders at the thought that his access to the actress is rendered easier. He is diverted from the temptation by seeing the announcement of the festival of the village where he had passed his boyhood. It is long since he was happy and a boy, and he will revisit the well-remembered scenes. On the way he thinks of the by-gone festival at which stately young Adrienne from the château was present, and sang in the moonlight to gain the right to enter the dance. "As she sang, the shadows of the lofty trees lengthened, and the light of the rising moon fell on her alone, as she stood apart from the eagerly-listening circle. She ended, and none dared to break the silence. The meadow was veiled by a gentle haze, which hovered and condensed to pearls on the grass tips. It seemed as though we were in Paradise. At length I rose and hastened to the castle garden, where laurels stood, planted in great vases of *faïence* painted in cameo. I brought back two branches woven into a crown and tied with a ribbon. I set it on the head of Adrienne, and its lustrous leaves gleamed on her locks in the pale light of the moon. She was like Dante's Beatrice smiling on the poet as he wandered on the outskirts of the homes of the holy." Little Sylvie (or Célénie, for they are one) had wept, and refused to receive from his hands another crown like the one he had plucked for Adrienne. Soon after he had left the village, and had gone to Paris to study, carrying with him the double image of Célénie's tender friendship rudely broken, and of an impossible, vague love for Adrienne, destined by her parents for a religious life. He saw that his dreamy love for the actress "had its germ in the recollection of Adrienne, flower of the night that blossomed forth in the pale brightness of the moon, rosy, fair phantom gliding on the green grass half bathed in white vapours." But to love a nun under the form of an actress! . . . and if they were one and the same! He reached the village, and entered once more the same scene at the same hour. Sylvie was there again, now a fresh, fair, joyous maiden, with a smile-lit serene face, and a heart not unmindful of early days. With her next day he visits her grand-aunt, for Sylvie is a lacemaker and has leisure. It is a pretty idyll when the pair put on the bridal robes of the aunt and her husband, long since dead, and win tears from the aged eyes of the tender-hearted woman. But the image of Adrienne haunts him, and the charm of Sylvie pales before it. A year goes by, and he visits the moonlight ball of the festival yet again,

once more seeing Sylvie and once more forgetting Adrienne for the moment. He confesses with hot tears his irresolutions, his caprices, and evokes the fatal sceptre of his life. He inquires concerning the fate of Adrienne, and learns that she is gone. Could she be the actress? He brings it about that Aurélie shall come to the village with him. She exhibits no emotion, and when he tells her of Adrienne she merely exclaims, "You expect me to say that the nun and I are one and the same. You seek a drama, that is all, and the *dénoûment* is missing." He had failed signally, for Sylvie is now married, and Adrienne, he learns later, had died in a convent. "Turn by turn blue and red, like the deceitful meteor of Aldebaran, it had been Adrienne and Sylvie, the two halves of a single love. One was the sublime ideal, the other the sweet reality."

It was love for Aurélie which drove him to the East to seek oblivion. In his travels he tells how he fancied that he detected a resemblance to the actress, or rather to the ideal love, in the daughter of a Druse sheik, to whom he had rendered a service. He sought her in marriage and even won consent. But a step so much at variance with his principles brought speedy repentance, and he hastened to withdraw his word, pleading the impossibility of his living in the hot climate of Lebanon, or of transplanting the maiden to the chilly north. "She gave me a red tulip, and planted in the garden a tiny acacia to grow with our loves." That was the way in which he described his brief courtship. The thought of Aurélie, or of the ideal she incarnated, proved too strong. "And yet with such foolish loves, one ends in madness, in death, or at least in countless sacrifices of time, fortune, and intelligence." A confession that was only too true, for the time came when he could no longer distinguish dream from reality. Throughout his literary career his imagination dwelt with a singular fascination on the theme of an ill-balanced mind that should seem to itself to lead a double existence. He brooded on the story of the knight who fought the night through with the unknown warrior that was himself, on the Oriental superstition of a "double," the sight of which portended death. In each man there is a spectator and an actor, in each man a good and evil genius, and does not the grotesque symbol of Amphitryon and Sosia point to the same fact? He depicts Raoul Spifame, with his extraordinary likeness to Henry the Second, leading a double life of king and trusty coadjutor, for Spifame the king ever duly appreciated the merits of Spifame the councillor, and ordered his promotion from time to time. In "Isis" there is a picture of a mad embroideress, and in the posthumous, lately issued, sketch of "Le Prince des Sots," he

dwells with pathetic tenderness on the mental aberrations and weakness of Charles the Sixth. In the "Legend of the Caliph Hakem," that Messiah of the Druses, we have a study of another mind, afflicted with a double consciousness, of one who at times was convinced of his own divinity, at other times doubted himself. There is also that impassioned fragment, the monologue of the hapless Brisacier, poet and actor, which Gérard de Nerval addressed to Alexandre Dumas. As Jules Janin had written a biographical study of Gérard de Nerval when the report was spread and believed of his shipwreck and death, thus enabling him to taste the sweets of *in memoriam* eulogy while still alive, so Alexandre Dumas had written an epitaph on his intellect after a mental attack from which it was thought he would not recover. Dumas had pointed out the complete identification of Gérard de Nerval, "that brain nourished on dreams and hallucinations," with his characters, and Gérard de Nerval agreeing endeavoured half-earnestly to explain this characteristic by talking, Pythagoras-like, of his myriad previous existences. In the time of Louis XIV. he had been deserted by his fellow-actors as mad, because, inspired by a hapless love for the actress with whom he played Racine, he had entered too deeply into the spirit of his rôles. What triumphs they had won as Achilles and Iphigenia, for he most truly meant each word he spoke, and only with great difficulty had he restrained himself from the temptation which seized him, no longer to plead for the tearful girl about to die that the Greeks might sail, but to slay those impassive, seated kings, and thus save Iphigenia. Or again, when he was Nero, had not the sublime thought, far beyond Racine's ken, come on him to kindle the theatre instead of Rome, and bear away the dishevelled Junie to be his own for ever! Gérard de Nerval is always, as we see, his own protagonist, and he ends by telling Dumas that "once persuaded that I was writing my own story, I began to set down all my dreams and emotions; I grew tender at the thought of my love for a fleeting star which had withdrawn its light in the darkness of my destiny; I wept, I shuddered at the vain phantoms of my slumbers. Then a divine sunbeam penetrated the abyss wherein I lay, compassed round by monsters, against whom I fought in obscurity; I seized the clue of Ariadne, and thenceforward all my visions became as those of heaven. Some day I will write of this my 'descent to Hades,' and you will see that there was method in the madness of those sad days of mine."

It is this promise which he fulfils in "Aurélie," his last work. He had previously published his "Vers Dorés," written in a time of

fever and insomnia, sonnets all sound and image, of little meaning. They were his last poems, inspired by despair, as his earliest were by youth and love. "The muse entered my heart as it were a goddess of golden words; she left me like a Pythian priestess with cries of grief. Yet her latest accents grew the sweeter as she slowly withdrew. She turned to gaze on me for a moment, and I saw as in a mirage the beloved features of other days." Now he gave forth fragmentary reminiscences of his hallucinations, which took much of their colouring from his Oriental lore, of his visions when *le rêve et la vie* were no longer distinguishable by him. The dominant note of these confessions is that by some unpardonable fault he had lost for ever the love of the woman he worshipped. He sees visions in the air, one with the features of Aurélie, signifying his death and hers; another of huge stature, like to Dürer's angel of Melancholy, floated painfully overhead amid the dark clouds, till it fell at length, tangling its many-coloured wings on the housetops. He floats along the spheres of constellations, and communes with the dead, winning from them hopes of immortality. He visits a pure and mystic race who communicate their thoughts without the aid of words, and the brightness of whose souls lights up their delicate forms. He assists at the dawn of Creation, and beholds the goddess of Nature as she guides the evolution of all living things. Prehistoric monsters sport amid prehistoric landscapes, and change follows change, till at length the dives, peris, and undines and salamanders appear. But one of the Elohims creates a fifth race, composed of earthy elements, called Afrites. Then follows the long combat of good and evil spirits. Three of the Elohims with the spirits of their race are banished to the centre of the earth, where they found vast realms, the entrance to which is covered by the Pyramids. They hold the feeble race of man in sway by their cabalistic powers, and drain away the nourishment of the earth. In vain the Deluge drives them to their subterranean haunts, for they reappear from time to time, teaching man the baleful lessons of their sciences. At times he longs that death would come and re-unite him to the beloved one. But was he worthy? Again he sees the mystic spirit which had warned him away, and forbidden him to dwell among the pure souls of the Mystic City. He darts to meet him with threatening gesture, but shrinks back in horror, for in him he recognises his own features and form, only greater and idealised. He finds himself amid the strange scenery of the earth's centre, and as he mingles with the vast festal crowd of souls that have died long since, he hears of an approaching marriage. A transport of unspeakable rage seizes him, for he feels

that the bride is his loved one, and the bridegroom that mystic spirit so like himself. Full of pride he hastens to the throne in the midst, and raises his arm to make a mystic sign, but the unknown words die on his lips, for a piercing woman's cry is heard, the sorrowing voice of his loved one. In anguish he feels that he has troubled the harmony of that marvellous world of dreams wherein his soul had learned to win the bright certainty of immortality. He was cursed, because he had offended the divine laws in seeking to penetrate their mystery.

A break occurs, and the second part opens with the cry, "She is lost once more to me." Could it be that this time it was his scepticism, his pantheism, that separated him from her? It may be that the tree of knowledge is not the tree of life, but a childlike faith is so hard to gain. Yet God must surely value the purity of intentions, and reason is His gift and divine. But has God abandoned him; was that mystic brother his messenger, sent to warn him, but in vain? "I understand," he exclaims; "I have loved the creature better than the Creator, I have defied my love, and adored her with pagan rites, her whose last sigh was dedicated to Christ." In the cemetery he seeks her tomb, but feels he is not worthy to kneel there. In dreams she appears to him with a sad smile, saying that they shall meet again. But despair succeeds hope, and as the hour's stroke falls sullenly on his ear, he cries, "Too late!" and voices answer, "She is lost!" He is convinced that she had made a last effort to save him, but that he had failed in the supreme moment in which pardon was yet possible. Even after death he was tormenting her whom he had troubled in her life. Plastic visions of antiquity crystallise into shape before him, and at length he sees how ill he has interpreted the symbols of religions and fables, saints and poets; and now it was too late. Yet despair and suicide are for those who have no faith in immortality; and, at least, henceforth, he will neglect no slightest duty. But at times it seems as though despair were best, for something whispers in his ear that the Virgin and Christ are dead. As he passes through the streets he marvels at their bright gaiety, and pities the heedless folk so ignorant that the hope of the world is quenched. As he loiters on a bridge, rain-drops fall on him, and quickly it is borne in upon him that the Deluge is at hand and the end of the world; but he throws down into the Seine a mystic ring, and the storm ceases, and the smiling sun reappears. Soon he knows that he is led by his friends again to the madhouse, but he is consoled by the thought that it was but one of a series of trials imposed upon him whereby he shall be purified. For had not Isis

beckoned to him in his dreams and said, " Behold, I am the same as Mary, as thy mother, the same also as the one whom thou hast always loved. At each of thy trials I quitted one of the masks wherewith I veil my features, and soon thou shalt know me as I am."

A mysterious end awaited this delicate yet troubled spirit. He was found dead at dawn in a hovel in the Rue de la Vieille Lanterne, a sombre Stygian alley long since demolished. Near him fluttered a croaking raven, bird of darkness, and round his neck was entwined what once he had declared to be the authentic girdle of the Queen of Sheba. It was not that he was penniless, for his writings always found a ready acceptance ; he had even enjoyed a time of riches, but, Bohemian-like, had felt unhappy till rid of the care-bringing burden. It was not that he was friendless, for his talents and eccentricities ever excited admiration and compassion, and his gentle, guileless nature rendered impossible any feeling but that of kindliness. But his bird-like vagrancy and repeated reclusions had taught his friends not to count on ordered comings and goings. He loved to surround his life with mystery, and his end was in keeping. His hallucinations were his happiness, and he would have thought sanity dearly gained by the loss of his illusions and dreams, like the Thrasylaus of whom Athenaeus speaks. He had chosen, or his nature impelled him, to leave the beaten tracks of human existence, and a fatal love still further confirmed him in his waywardness. It was his desire to lead a life of continued aspiration and not of achievement. A timid and diffident son of Apollo, he, too, pursued a Daphne of his own, but he followed her with faltering, unhasty steps, for he feared lest, like his master, in seeking to grasp and win the beautiful, he should find within his arms nought save rough bark and idle rustling leaves. And in this fear of his we find an allegory, not only of his love but of his life.

GARNET SMITH.

HOW TO VISIT THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THIS great collection really holds the first position among the galleries of Europe, not for the number of its pictures, but for their choiceness and value. The building which contains the collection has come to be assumed to be rather a failure, and many a jest has been made upon what are called its "pepper castors," an article which the cupolas suggest. Yet upon the whole it is a classical, well-proportioned building, with a long, imposing façade. Of late years a new gallery has been added in the rear, whose Italian campanile rears itself awkwardly, and is inconsistent with the Grecian style of the rest. The new rooms are stately and lofty, united by imposing central halls, floridly decorated, contrasting oddly with the low and shabby chambers beside it. Still, the smaller area is more effective for the display of pictures, which are brought closer to the eye, are seen more comfortably, and there is the feeling of being in a private gallery. The small but beautiful collection at The Hague has its peculiar charm owing to these conditions, while in the Louvre, where space and size are carried to the extreme, the pictures seem almost decorative. Within the last few years the hall of the National Gallery has been remodelled and treated sumptuously; laid out with flights of stairs, pillars of costly African and other marbles, profuse gilding and painting. But the effect is scarcely satisfactory: there is an air of make-shift; the pillars are thin and ill-proportioned to their work, and seem more ornamental than serviceable; while the needlessly complicated umbrella and stick arrangements do violence to the natural construction of the building.

The Gallery owes much to its accomplished director, Sir F. Burton, who is an artist of the Academic school, with a fine taste and feeling, and power of drawing. The days when men were trained in the schools, and when studies of the human figure, on one of which Mulready would expend months, were labours of love, are unhappily gone! To Sir F. Burton's admirable judgment we owe the real

development of the collection, and its almost universal character. If we might make an objection, it would be that there is almost a surfeit of works of the earlier Italian school before Raffaelle's time, and there is something monotonous in the innumerable altar-pieces, and sacred pieces set off with richly gilt and carved architectural framings. On the other hand it is admitted that the English school is imperfectly represented. At the same time nothing would be more difficult than to form a really representative gallery of English works, owing to the shiftings of taste and criticism. This can be seen by considering the once admired Vernon collection, where our "Augustus Eggs" and "Redgraves" figure, and which seem scarcely worthy of a place in a public gallery. We have only to visit the growing collection at South Kensington to see how the annual grant of the Chantrey bequest is expended. After many years' buying, the display is of a "poorish" and second-rate sort—certainly not worthy of English art. At the Academy Exhibitions we find every school imitated—French, German, Dutch. Still it would not be difficult to apply some principles in the selection and to define what might be considered purely English character, in landscape, portraits, or *genre*.

A more serious difficulty is what to do with the accepted bequests which for half a century or so have held possession. These keep their place by virtue of law and Acts of Parliament, and as they entered in company with works of real value, there would be an ungraciousness in rejecting them. There are on the walls some terrible things, chiefly belonging to the old Vernon collection. The pigments of this era seem to have faded : they are flat, stiff, and, in some cases, seem the work of amateurs. One instance of this "white elephant" sort of donation, is the picture of Rembrandt's "Night Watch," said to be a copy of no striking merit, and which is yet allowed a conspicuous place.

The visitor is assisted by guides and guide-books of all kinds; one, a full, reformed one, in two volumes, has been issued recently. I always think that a model guide-book, such as the eager but uninformed public would desire, has yet to be devised. The usual system is after this pattern : The name and number is given, then the painter and school—say "The Umbrian School"—with the size of the picture in inches, a few lines about the painter, his birth and death, and to what "school" he succeeded ; then, a rather *banal* description of what the figures are doing—which the spectator can discover for himself without assistance. These points, such as size in inches, and the description, are, of course, valuable for the Waagens and other critical persons, but are *caviare* to the visiting public. I venture to

say that the questions everyone puts to himself on seeing "famous" pictures, is this: "I wonder why it is this work is so admired. Where are the particular merits?" The effect is admittedly good and beautiful; but it seems so like many others that we have seen, excellent, pleasing, but it puzzles us to say *why* it exceeds in merit others that we have seen. How delightful, on the other hand, and improving is it when it is our good fortune to be attended by some real critic and trained judge, who in a few words points out the merits, the contrast of colour, the drawing of that arm, the difficulty overcome in grouping in figures—above all, the true meaning of *style*. To give an instance: there is Corot the French landscape painter, deservedly admired, and the spectator, looking at his catalogue, will exclaim, "*Oh! there's a Corot.*" He sees a sort of marsh or fen with gloomy "furry"-looking trees. He is told of the enormous price this small work fetches in the market, and wonders. It seems to him rather sketchy, blurred, and unfinished, perhaps meaningless, but it *must* be a great work from its price; he cannot puzzle it out, and he has to pass on to others. The critic, however, at his elbow, will draw him back and tell him, first, what the Corot theory was, viz. that nature has moods of humour, of feeling and passion, which can be noted, just as we note expression on the human countenance. That this is often so marked and absorbing that we do not observe mere details. The painter, who would seize on the humour or expression, will pass by all details of leaves, branches, &c., and even the outlines; and the spectator, like the painter, will note only, say, the general *sadness* of the whole. This is roughly, and perhaps broadly expressed, but it furnishes a sort of key; but we would now look at our Corot with a different interest, and its meaning would gradually grow upon us. So with the Dutch school. We pass from one to the other in the Peel collection, from Teniers and Van Steen to De Hooge, with a sense of sameness. The usual "Boors" and "Vrouws" carousing or dancing are there; or those "Interiors" by De Hooge, or Hobbemas, with his alleys and trees, all great, clever, finished minutely, and curious. But we have no key, and there is a mystery beyond us. Now, first, we should reflect that this "style" is due to the conditions of climate and character. Dutch skies are sad and sombre, the country flat and bare, the long avenues of trees add to the mournful sense; the interiors are dark. There is a wonderful, much-admired Hobbema here, a "grand piece," as it is called; an alley of long bare trees stretching away from the spectator, with a landscape spreading beyond. The spectator as he gazes will feel a curious sense of melancholy, owing to the

flat wastes, the trunks exposed to sweeping winds, the earth redeemed by stern toil from the sea, the feeling of isolation, with a suggestion of the indomitable Dutch character, which has battled successfully for centuries with the ocean, finding a natural relief in scenes of carousal. They have no mountains or valleys, or woods to draw from. The houses in the cities are narrow, their rooms small and dark; hence everything is looked at in miniature; hence, too, the laborious finish. There are dark corners and shadows. This explains Rembrandt's traditional effects, his faces emerging from dark backgrounds. Hence, too, the character of the Dutch portrait, with its white collar and black jerkin. In these small dark rooms pannelled with dark oak the light falls only on the face; rich-coloured clothes would lose their lustre. So with De Hooge's picture of the "Entrance to a Dutch Yard," where there is a welcome but unexpected stream of light, but which is treated as light that enters into a dark place.

I have often thought, too, how interesting it would be if there were critics to explain the treatment and manipulations adopted by different painters. Why did Gainsborough, for instance, deal in exquisite streaky greens and translucent blues? how is it that his faces are so delicate and tender? The fact is, different painters see things with different eyes, and the figure presents itself differently. One will note the expression only as worthy of representation, another the colours of the face; another will be struck by the attitude, the richness of the dress, &c. Denner saw nothing but lines and wrinkles. It is with painting exactly as it is with authorship. One will relate a fact exactly as it occurred, another in newspaper style, another with touches of character; another has a certain charm of description; and yet another is poetical.

To give a more particular illustration of how enjoyment could be increased by some such critical aid as this, let us pause a moment before this fine full-length portrait of Lewis the actor, which hangs in the vestibule of the hall—a smiling figure, in a sort of Spanish dress. It is the character of "The Marquis" in "The Midnight Hour," and is painted by Sir Martin Shee, erst President of the Academy. There is something effective and pleasing about the picture, but most persons content themselves with a glance and pass on. Now, suppose we inform him that Lewis was a comedian of the old "airy" school, was noted for his elegant style of representing people of rank—that is to say, personages gay and witty without condescension—carrying themselves through difficult situations without embarrassment, and making love in a very irresistible way. Shee had seen Lewis many

times on the stage, and knew him *au bout des ongles*; these gifts were present to him; so, selecting this favourite character, he embodied here an epitome of all its attractions. With these facts in view, we look again at the picture, and how different it appears! There is the delightful expression, half rallying, half of enjoyment, a general refinement, with a graceful carriage—in short, a regular bit of comedy is going on before us.

In some of the great "Gallery" pictures—such as Sebastian del Piombo's "Raising of Lazarus"—the assistance of judicious criticism is really essential. We must be instructed how and why to admire. Otherwise, as in other kindred instances, such as with pictures of the Caraccis, we see only a number of Scriptural figures in robes, blue or scarlet, grouped together; no doubt large, dignified, impressive, but not by any means interesting. There is a general conventionality in all. Yet this "Raising of Lazarus" has been criticised by Hazlitt, Haydon, and others in a very interesting way, and our catalogues of the future might profitably have these inserted. Dr. Waagen thought this picture the most important of the Italian school that England possesses. He adds that the "first glance would teach us that the figure of Lazarus was drawn, though not painted, by Michael Angelo." The figure of our Saviour he praises for its nobility, and in Lazarus the transition from death to life is expressed with wonderful fidelity. In the other figures gratitude, astonishment, conviction, doubt are to be traced. I fear there are few of the thousands passing who note any of these things.

There is one picture considered the cynosure of the whole, on account of the vast price (some £70,000) given for it, the Ansidei Raphael. Of this we might venture to say that the effect scarcely corresponds to the outlay; or rather, that if it were placed among the other Italian estimated pictures, and divested of its history, it would not probably attract any extravagant praise. This may seem heretical, but I am confident it is true. With the critical, of course, it is different, though I fancy it would be a difficult task to to give a nice, accurate, and judicial appreciation of its points of attraction, going beyond mere phrases of praise. I confess, if choice were offered, the public would prefer the more "taking" Soult Murillo in the Louvre. *Pace* Sir Frederick Burton, it seems also to suffer from the mass which does duty as frame—the excessive gilding impairs the colours; moreover, this is constructed with a basement which stands "in the air" unsupported, which seems to imply that it ought to be on a bracket or altar.

A crying blemish to the collection is the room full of fantastic

pictures, so called, the terrible legacy which Turner bequeathed to the nation. These grotesques have neither form nor meaning, and seem to be mad, wild caprices; they affect the visitor painfully. There is nothing to match them in existence, and no gallery, private or public, would tolerate them. Some are nothing but streaks and smears—yellows and blues utterly amorphous; yet admirers will protest that here is some deep-seated "no meaning" mystery beneath, which study and sympathy will reveal. Some arrangement by Act of Parliament or otherwise should be made for disposing of these performances, which we have again and again seen excite the derision of the foreigner as *polissonneries*. The serious and responsible works of Turner are here, and excite admiration; but the others, it is well known, were the eccentricities of his dotage. Some of his large grand pieces are truly fine, such as "The Sea Fight" and the beautiful Italian landscape placed as a pendant to the well-known Claude, though it is easy to note that the exquisitely sultry luminousness of the French painter cannot be approached, Turner's atmosphere, from the very contrast, being somewhat thick and heavy. Anyone who goes from picture to picture of Turner's, those, I mean, of his saner manner, with care and regularity, will be lost in wonder at the variety of his styles, and will conclude that he could "do anything." The mistake of his later days was his attempt to simulate with colours atmospheric tones and effects, such as the "actual sense of effulgence" in the sun, when we attempt to look straight at it, or the glare from a passing train, or a steamer showing lights and letting off steam.

Passing again to other works once so admired, it is surprising to see how flat and "thin" and stiff in colour they seem. Here we find Leslie, Maclise, Eastlake, Ward, and many more; but they have all fallen considerably in public esteem. Many years ago there was a general exhibition of Leslie's works, and it was curious to see how the assemblage revealed his defects—the "chalkiness" of his white, his thin colour, his general stiffness. This was the result of the Academic school, when drawing was much insisted on. Now-a-days the French imitative system is in vogue. A hard, pure outline, it is contended, is not in nature. The figure is softened or blended with the background according to experience.

Perhaps the truest "painter" of the modern English school who could be called a master, and whose works would stand the test of criticism, is Wilkie. No praise could do justice to that masterpiece, "The Blind Fiddler," with its minute delicate handling of faces and hands, yet offering a grand breadth of style. The beautiful limpid colouring, the firmness, yet delicacy, of the touch, the pleasant, quiet,

unforced humour of the scene—akin to that of Goldsmith—the brilliancy and largeness of treatment, are perfectly miraculous in a youth little more than twenty. Neither Mieris nor Meissonier have works that can be classed with this gem, which, by the way, would gain by being hung higher.

His other picture of "The Beadle" leading away the mountebanks and their dancing dogs, with figures brilliantly and exquisitely finished, is not, however, his best specimen. We should note the contrast with his well-known "Knox Preaching," which seems the work of a different hand; the reason being that Wilkie altered his style completely after a visit to Spain, and affected a rich, juicy, full-coloured tone, even adopting a large, unfinished, "streaky" manner. In this comparison of style we may profitably turn for comparison to a picture truly unique, of which, as Lamb says, "One species is the genus" and which may be coveted by any gallery, that is, the famous "Treaty of Munster," by Terburg, a small cabinet picture, the gift of a private person. This extraordinary little masterpiece is worth an hour's study, and illustrates all the principles of painting. There are some fifty or sixty figures, and the force, dramatic expression, and feeling of the whole is surprising. Every minute face is distinct, and leaves the air of minute finish; yet, if we look closely, we shall see the workmanship is rough and bold. Mr. Ruskin has happily illustrated this valuable principle by a minute vignette of Turner's, which decorates his "Italy." It represents the marvellous windows and elaborate details of the Ducal palace in Venice, all within a couple of inches; yet, if we take a magnifying glass, we shall find that none of the objects represented are actually drawn. There are only a number of dots and touches, and yet the effect of rich relief, details, and carvings is perfectly conveyed. On the other hand, had the details been actually *drawn* on so small a scale, these details would at a distance have failed to convey the idea intended. Here is one of the secrets of largeness of style. Meissonier has much in common with Terburg. Our fashionable modern painters have little idea of relative values. They copy all before them with the particularity of a photograph. A little study of one who is the glory of this Gallery, viz. Constable, will illustrate this largeness better.

A landscape painter, such as Mr. Vicat Cole, may copy carefully and minutely a spreading cornfield, with reapers at work and effects of sunlight, but, as was said in the case of Corot, there is a mystery in landscape which only genius can discover. This is not to be interpreted as Corot found it was, by wholesale sacrifice of details, but by studying the art of making these contribute to the general

effect. A really good painter seems to work in this way. He sees or discovers an "effect;" it becomes an inspiration, it takes possession of him, and it imprints itself vividly on his pictorial memory. He sees the same effect under other conditions, and so the idea becomes generalised. Thus a great marine painter, on an occasion, notes the form of waves in a storm, or a peculiar effect of light. As to mere mechanical painting that becomes, or should become like the language he speaks; neither does he require the object or model to be before him to paint from, save by way of suggestion or correction. It is to be suspected that the average modern painter does not work on these principles. He *copies* everything, paints from without and not from within. The great painter who has found his landscape inspiration will only copy so far as to ensure topographical correctness, but his main purpose is to produce the general effect or inspiration which is imprinted on his memory.

This is the meaning of the impression left by Constable's work. The trees, pastures, figures, are all subsidiary to the *tone* of the whole, to the grand feeling of open air which spreads beyond the narrow, contracted limits of the frame. As he felt the largeness so is the sense of largeness produced in the spectator. His well-known picture of Salisbury Cathedral will illustrate this more effectively.

There is a series of photographs and engravings known as "The Cathedrals of England," and any ordinary person studying them might fancy he had all the materials for becoming familiar with these interesting monuments. It is not so, for they only furnish architectural outlines and details: we may say, indeed, that every building of the kind, when seen after description, conveys an altogether different impression from its photograph or engraving. This is owing to the absence of its proper tone, expression, and surroundings. Like the human face, the cathedral has its cast of expression. There is felt often a kind of soft tenderness, or placid, quiet solitariness, wholly different from the air of perky sharpness and strutting detail which photographs present. Turning to the "Salisbury Cathedral" of Constable, anyone that has seen the original will recognise how he caught the poetry, the contrast of the grey building with the greensward of the close, and the deep tone of the trees, and the beautiful significance of the spire, which seems almost to be a natural product of the landscape. These spires, indeed, always seem to give a different sort of interpretation to the place in which they stand; and every person of sensibility will own to different impressions as he passes on the railway by Canterbury, Peterborough, or Ely. In the case of the Salisbury spire, there is a certain sharpness which con-

trasts with the dark and angry cloud behind, and gives an air of menace and hostility.

To take another illustration. There are photographs and engravings in plenty of the picturesque Dover Harbour, with its cliffs and castle. Many who have seen the place in its various moods have wished for some reminder, and may have found the traditional sketches of commerce accurate enough, but insufficient to restore the old charm. But as the traveller returns from France, he notes the pyramidal character, the junction and blending of the castle with the clouds behind it, the contrast of the glaring white cliffs with the grey of the sea ; there is, besides, the grand air of large security and shelter afforded for centuries back. Now, there is a picture by Turner—a small engraving, in which all these complex ideas are abundantly suggested ; he has caught the whole tone of the place, dealing with the skies above and the waters below quite as elaborately as with the town and harbour ; indeed, these are subsidiary. In this way it is true a great artist becomes an interpreter, as well as a painter, of Nature.

It is difficult, therefore, not to feel a sort of enthusiasm and deep admiration when standing before these grand works of Constable. There is a breadth and solidity, a massiveness, about his style and treatment. The secret might be the sense of dignity, the imparting of a *grand personality* to the trees, the grass, the water, and everything represented. As we look, the details seem to grow and be enriched. It is not surprising to learn that the introduction of one of his pieces into France was the foundation of the school for landscape in that country. The Gallery is well furnished with other masterpieces of his, and the visitor will study them with delight. If we look at the "Flatford" or the "Haej-wain," we shall see and recognise the power, the mixture of emotions suggested, the grand tranquillity of the country, the variety, the sense of distance, and, as we said, the air of *state* ; as for the colour, its depth and richness is not even approached in our day.

It must be said that Landseer was hardly a "painter" in a strict sense. He really only took portraits of animals—and of particular animals. A "painter" would generalise more, and in this view Herring's horses are more pleasing, and exhibit the animals in their relation to surrounding objects. Of course, in producing the fur, hair, &c. Landseer is unequalled. This can be further illustrated by a painting here of Morland's, who is usually associated with a certain vulgarity, with pigs, coarse hinds, and the like, masterly in their way. This portrays a heavy cart-horse and pony entering their

stable. The sort of living interest infused is extraordinary, with the languid, helpless expectancy of the pair, and general tone of the stable. We would place it above anything Landseer has done. This will be seen if we compare this stable scene of Morland's with the well-known "Horse-shoeing," which has quite an artificial air. The finest Landseers are, no doubt, the "Newfoundland Dog" and the capital, vigorously painted creature who personates Alexander in the visit to Diogenes. In his latter works he becomes rather tame and insipid in his colour and touch, as we can see by turning to "Peace and War."

Thirty or forty years ago the great cynosures of the Academy were pictures of Ward, O'Neil, Crowe, Mrs. Ward, Frith, and others. Such were "James II. receiving the news of the arrival of William," "The South Sea Bubble," the "Derby Day," and "The Railway Station." There are some of these at which we look with astonishment; the gaudy, glaring figures all dressed in variegated fashion and crowded together. It may be said these are like "Tableaux Vivants," and painted, it might be, from grouped figures. It will be noted that all are in the light, and there are no shadows; indeed, no point of view conceivable could take in so many objects at a time. There is little or no "composition," and all laws of Academic arrangement are set aside. These pictures, admired, gravely discussed by the critics, have long since found their legitimate place. We have, indeed, only one pure Academic painter—the President of the Royal Academy—who has been trained in the "schools," and whose work is always elegant, graceful, and honest. If he has to present a draped figure with an arm exposed, the arm and hand are truly "drawn." There is an exquisite contour exhibited which pleases the eye; the drapery falls not merely in natural, but airy folds, while the tints are of a delicate harmony. There is, in short, composition, and we turn away refreshed. Not so much could be said of some of our popular portrait-painters, whose hands are not outlined, but blurred, though dashing, and whose drawing is misty.

Another painter once in high repute, and little thought of now, was Etty, assumed to be the most gorgeous colourist of his day. We look now at his nude nymphs sailing in boats, and wonder a little at this reputation, though there is plenty of tints of lake, and rich black tresses, and cobalt. Somehow these works now seem heavy, and not so brilliant. Would we seek a genuine colourist, let us turn to this little cabinet Bonnington, who has left but few examples, but whose works are precious and much esteemed in

Paris. Another rare master of this kind is Muller, of whom there are few specimens. These, in small cabinet pictures a few inches square, produce extraordinary effects of force and brilliancy, and gorgeous colour.

To enumerate the attractions of this great collection would, it need hardly be said, take long, but one needs must speak of the famous "Chapeau de Poil" of Rubens ("The Felt Hat," not, as it is vulgarly known, "The Chapeau de Paille"). As anyone can see for himself, there is no *straw* hat in the case. These, with the wonderfully powerful and abundant Rembrandts, the "Sassoferrato" (the blue-hooded) head, the Murillos, the Reynolds and Gainsborough portraits, the grand Constables, the Turners, the Claudes, the great Rubens, the Hogarth series, the Wilkies, Landseers, Maronis, Botticellis and Bordones may be considered the "stock pieces" of the place. Frith's "Derby Day," and Rosa Bonheur's well-known "Horse Fair," and the room full of Landseers, furnish the holiday-starers with delight. Rosa has, however, "gone down" somewhat in the estimation of connoisseurs, and her horses and her style of painting do not seem quite so marvellous nor so wonderful as they did originally; her colouring is somewhat sketchy. There are other artists of later date concerning whom we must also revise our judgments.

Our own Sir Joshua is here handsomely and abundantly represented. The charm of this great painter is extraordinary; the grace, "distinction," and variety of his treatment are no less remarkable. There is now much indiscriminating praise of the late Frank Holl, whose works are being exhibited, and it would be a useful exercise to test the grounds of this admiration. All Holl's work offers a sameness of treatment that is almost mechanical, there is no "distinction," no light of original expression; there is a vigorous prosaic rendering of everything before the artist. We turn to Sir Joshua—to, say, his portrait of Lord Heathfield, the hero of Gibraltar, or to the more famous "Dr. Johnson," in the Peel Collection. Here we note, not the expression of a sitter, but a reserve of expression, nay, a compound expression. The "Lord Heathfield" exhibits robust senility with the rugged good-humoured face; we note the generous scarlet of his coat. The variety of the attitudes, considering his countless sitters, is truly astonishing. One of his most powerful efforts is the well-known head of Dr. Johnson, alluded to. Here should be noted the suggestion of suffering, so delicately conveyed, the curious look of expectancy, the air of softness and even gentleness infused into the rough lineaments. Our moderns make their sitters stare

from their frames, and everyone says "How like!" Gainsborough is another painter in whose praise one is tempted to grow wanton. We are often inclined to wonder where he found the sea-green, cobalt blue streaks. His faces are worthy of study, as it will be seen, but he conveys the idea perfectly of transparency of skin; that is, we see the colour below, *through* the upper cuticle. The large picture of the Baillie family in the vestibule is a wonderful group. Hogarth too, is here in force. There is bold firmness of touch, a rich stroke' and a certain brilliancy. This is the more astonishing, as in his larger pictures and portraits there is an unpleasing coarseness. The term "master" may be certainly applied to him as it may be to Reynolds, Gainsborough, Wilkie, Constable, Morland, perhaps Wilson, and a few more. Lawrence was a portrait painter, not a master.

No painter is more accepted on account of his rank and prestige than Rembrandt, and the collection is singularly strong in his works. There is a sort of conventional idea of what a Rembrandt should be—a yellow old man or woman looking out of a dark background. Yet few think how luminous is his work. Thus, the old Vrouw in the ruff is an amazing specimen of his power; and it is worth while looking closely into the face, to see the vigorous fashion in which the strokes are dealt out, the paint being literally plastered on, but with profoundest method. For we have, of course, moderns who can lay on their paint as with a trowel, thus assuming a vigour they do not possess. Each of his strokes have a meaning, and it was not his intention to give an air of raised surface. No one has approached him in the rich tone of his *golden* tints.

The great Italian portraits here—the Moronis, Bordones and others—we have to grow acquainted and intimate with, to discover their power. The "Tailor" of the first has been often praised for its expression and dignity. The attitude is delightfully significant of his calling, without, however, the least vulgar emphasis: so with that of the lawyer. We learn in these that grace and propriety belong to all castes and conditions. The costumes enter largely into the expression. When will our moderns recognise the fact that a portrait must be *intellectual*, both in the painter's and in the sitter's share? At the Academy we see Mayors, City men, Parliamentarians, and others, whom nature has furnished with parts of a low money-getting type, and whom our artist faithfully portrays in dignified attitude and with recognisable shape. The sitter has done his best to look stately and "like a gentleman." Yet this is *not* his likeness. But see this man in his counting-house with his clerks at a crisis—he becomes animated, ready, resolute, his

features light up, and the low vulgarity disappears. Your Moronis and others find out this secret.

There are some great canvases of Paolo Veronese in the large room ; "Alexander receiving the family of Darius," and others. But the visitor turns from their comparatively dull tones with some disappointment. Anyone who has seen the grand and brilliant "Marriage of Cana," in the Louvre, is spoiled for future judgment. That superb and brilliantly animated scene seems to be the work of another master. The specimens in our Gallery seem to be painted in much lower and more prosaic tones.

We could linger longer on these interesting themes : but it is not vanity to say that the visitor who has studied principles, akin to what we have been imperfectly setting out, will find a new, unsuspected enjoyment in a visit to a Picture Gallery.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

TABLE TALK.

English Mediæval Life.

It has been reserved for a Frenchman to supply the best and most picturesque account of English outdoor life in the period of Chaucer that our literature possesses. At the first appearance of "La Vie Nomade et les Routes d'Angleterre au XIV. siècle" of M. Jules Jusserand I meditated speaking a few words concerning it. As Macbeth says :

> The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
> Unless the deed go with it.

The sight, however, of an English rendering, "English Wayfaring Life in the Middle Ages,"[1] translated by Miss Lucy Toulmin Smith, leaves no excuse for further delay. With exemplary patience Dr. Jusserand, who has for some years been a resident in London, and is now, fortunately for our literature, *conseiller d'ambassade*, has waded through more of our early literature than the best-read scholar has often perused. From the stores thus acquired, and from his rare knowledge of the literature of his own country, at that period closely allied with our own, he has collected a mass of matter illustrative of life in the period when England was "Merry England," in name at least. He shows the routes themselves—terrible most of them were—the bridges (a subject on which he exhibits special information), the rivers and monasteries, the sanctuaries, and so forth. These details, interesting enough, are followed by others even more curious, concerning the wayfarers, the nobles, knights, ladies, and ecclesiastical dignitaries, the minstrels and jugglers who wandered from castle to castle and fair to fair, the priests and pardoners, the labourers, beggars, and outlaws. These things are illustrated in the translation by designs, often of singular beauty and importance, taken by Dr. Jusserand, who has contributed to the translation much matter not to be found in the original, from MSS. in the British Museum, the *Bibliothèque Nationale*, and other sources. As a companion to the study of Chaucer, and as a picture of Feudal England, this work is simply invaluable.

[1] T. Fisher Unwin.

The Folk Lore of Plants.

EQUALLY artistic in appearance and interesting in contents is the "Folk Lore of Plants" of Mr. T. F. Thiselton Dyer.[1] The subject has, of course, been dealt with before, as what subject has not? Mr. Dyer, however, long known as an indefatigable collector of folk lore, has found much that is new and valuable to preserve. So far as concerns the strange superstitions he has collected, and the poetical illustrations he furnishes, we can but refer our readers to the book itself, which should be on the table of every country-house, and on the shelves of every student of folk-lore or of plants. It is curious, however, to see how much information upon the observation of our poets is incidentally afforded, and how much augmented delight may be added to their perusal. Mr. Dyer himself points out numberless instances of knowledge of plant lore in Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and other writers. Here, however, is an illustration from Milton he may be glad to mention in a second edition. When Sabrina in Comus is called to the rescue of the lady whom Comus by his arts has turned into a statue, she is addressed in immortal lines:

Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassie, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of Lillies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
Listen for dear honour's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,
Listen and save.

I employ the disposition, orthography and punctuation of the edition of 1673. The lilies in question are of course water-lilies. *À propos* to this we find in Mr. Dyer that so "far back as the time of Pliny, the water-lily was regarded as an antidote to the love-philtre." Milton was certainly acquainted with what Pliny had said concerning the Nenuphar, the Nymphæa of the Greeks. Pliny, in Philemon Holland's translation, I. 222, ed. 1601, calls it Nemphar, and gives a naïve account, not to be reproduced, of its cooling influences.

A Dictionary of Americanisms.

AN almost indispensable supplement to English dictionaries is a Dictionary of Americanisms. Such on anything approaching to an adequate scale has hitherto been denied the English reader. Under the title of Americanisms, a work likely to be of great service to students of American literature has at length been issued by

[1] Chatto and Windus.

Mr. John S. Farmer. It is privately printed, is eminently creditable from a bibliographical standpoint, and is apparently issued as a limited edition. It fulfils, however, most requirements, and is especially happy in explanations and illustrations. The latter are taken from the "Biglow Papers," the works of Bret Harte, Mark Twain, and other prominent American writers, as well as from American periodicals of every description. Under words directly American in origin the information is eminently full. What first impresses an Englishman, however, is the number of words which pass for American and yet are to be found in early writers and still survive in local dialects. Not a few of the words supposed to be most characteristically American are instantly understood and appreciated by a Somersetshire man or a Yorkshireman. An exactly kindred fact is recognisable in the relations between the English and French languages. One has only to take up a carefully edited edition of a writer so late even as Molière, to find how many words which for the benefit of Frenchmen are explained in foot-notes or glossaries, are perfectly intelligible to the educated Englishman. The further back we go, to the period of Chansons de Geste or of Fabliaux, the more apparent does this become.

The Supply of Americanisms.

THIS source of supply of so-called Americanisms is noticed by Mr. Farmer in a sound and philosophical preface. He shows, moreover, that many American words are English words strained or perverted in meaning, and sometimes altered in sound. When the polyglot population of America is taken into account, the manner in which the original vocabulary is enlarged—I can scarcely say enriched—furnishes small subject for comment. The Dutchman, the German, and the Irishman, to say nothing of men of other countries, pass into America in an inexhaustible flood, and the traces of their influence on the language are to be expected. In the case of the Irishman, however, the influence is apparently slight. I fail to find in the dictionary before me a single word of distinctly Irish origin. Meanwhile, how funnily the Americans sometimes use the words they import is shown in their use of the French word Anglomanie. Out of that they have obtained the word Anglomaniac, giving it a significance the exact reverse of that it originally bears. The French are at present Russomanes and Anglophobes. Anglomaniac, however, is a title assumed, if we may trust the dictionary, by a Boston club which is opposed to everything English. If, as is possible, the club is Irish in origin, the misuse of the word may be pardoned as a "bull."

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UP ON DEER CREEK.

BY LYNN C. D'OYLE.

I.

IT was late in the "fall"—the latter end of October. They had been on the "round-up" since the twenty-first of May, and had worked all the country north as far as the Cheyenne River, and along the North River (North Platte) to the eastern edge of Goshen Hole.

When I say they, I mean the "outfit" which, including George Greigh and Shorty, consisted of seven "cow-punchers," a cook, and the "boss."

They had gone up on the east side of the range, along the North Platte to the Cheyenne River, were now coming down on the west along the mountains, and were working in the foot-hills. The "round-up" was practically over. They had crossed the eastern spur of mountains, and worked the Cottonwood Park, and the valleys round Laramie Peak, having dropped down the day before from La Bonté on to Duck Creek, and camped at the old Duck Ranche. This finished the "round-up" for the season. They had collected some 500 "beef-cattle" ready for shipping as soon as possible.

This old Duck Ranche (cattle-brand, a duck in outline) was where this "outfit" always finished. The corrals still stood and were in good repair (they were kept patched up for general use) although the place itself had been deserted. It was a very convenient locality, and the water is good.

They were all pretty tired that night, but their labours were nearly over, so they were perhaps merrier than usual.

All "cow-outfits" are a mixed lot, and it is not at all uncommon to find an old 'Varsity man or a scion of some noble family working

in common and on a footing of perfect equality with men who can neither read nor write—perhaps even sharing the same bed with a fellow who will insist upon sleeping with his spurs on.

The best fellows in this "outfit" were Choctaw Bill (a very tall half-breed, and a splendid rider and roper), a fellow whom they called "Sawed-off" (a very appropriate appellation; his body was a good length, but his legs were very short, giving one at a first glance the idea that he actually had been "sawed off"), and Frank Norris, the "boss," an ex-Yale student, besides George and Shorty (two old friends). Frank and George took the same "night-herd."

That night-herding was becoming unpleasant work. The nights were growing very cold, and none of them cared very much about being turned out of a warm bed to go and take their "spell." But there was no help for it; there were only eight of them—seven for all practical purposes, for the night "horse-wrangler" (the man who looks after the horses) was of course to be discounted—the "day-wrangler" had to take his turn with the rest. They took these watches in pairs, and they were no picnic. There is very little picnic at all about a cowboy's life, from any point of view.

Choctaw Bill and Shorty took the first night-herd. The rest sat or lay round the big camp-fire and made merry. Frank sang the old favourite "round-up" song, "The Dying Cowboy," and all joined lustily in the chorus:

> "Oh, bury me not on the lone prair-ie,
> Where the winds and wolves will howl o'er me;
> Where hangs no leaf on a bush or a tree,
> And the sun goes down like a ship in the sea—
> Oh, bury me not on the l-o-n-e prair-ie!"

And the sound of their voices rang far out past the solitary men on duty.

The cook too, a "coon," was in great form that night, and kept them in a roar of laughter with his stories. They were not very edifying, mostly his adventures while robbing hen-roosts, but he imitated geese, ducks, and chickens as they sidled together, or were being caught and deftly wrung by the neck, in a way that no other man but a nigger could have equalled, and that fairly convulsed his listeners. Poor Sam! he was a very amusing fellow and a good cook, but they had led him rather "a devil of a life" notwithstanding. Among other apparently useless articles, he had brought with him a corn-knife (a long heavy-bladed affair, used for cutting Indian corn in the districts where it is grown), and they had gradually got him so worked up by desperate mountain-lion and snake stories that this knife was now his constant bed-fellow. Now, however, that the end

of the "round-up" had actually come, his troubles were forgotten and his spirits ran high.

George's watch that night was chilly work, and he turned in after it with infinite pleasure; yet he would have been sorry enough had he missed it. The camp lay in the valley; to the east rose the line of the peculiar rocky bluffs known as the Pointer Rocks, and opposite, on the west, the majestic Rockies. During his spell of watching, the glorious full autumn moon was high in the heavens, and the night was frostily bright and clear. As he looked over to the mountains, came first the foot-hills dark and dwarf, standing out in bold relief from noble Laramie Peak, which towered above them with its bare and rocky summit. The westering moon splashed the crest with silver, and many a jagged precipice-edge besides; but the precipices themselves and the steep eastern slopes next to him were all deep indigo gloom. Silvered edge and gloomy mass alike stood out in sublime relief against the tremendous ranges of eternal snow far away in the background, where the white-clad Rockies themselves towered up to the deep clear sky. North, north as far as the eye could see, they joined hands and stretched away, looking down white and silently upon the dark wooded foot-hills, like huge white thunder-clouds over a lowering storm. Nature's brush alone could paint such a picture, no pen can adequately describe it.

Day had not fully broken when Sam called them up for breakfast. A thin white mist was creeping up the mountains like a veil of finest lawn, loitering heavily about the forest-tops, hastening thin-drawn by the bare slopes and dun precipices, and all was chill and grey; all, save that far away in the west, high in the sky as a balloon, was a blazing point of glorious rosy fire—the sun, not yet risen for them, had found the snowy crest of some gigantic peak away beyond them.

After breakfast, to roll up and cord their beds is but the work of a minute; their horses now are easy enough to catch, and it is not long before the whole herd are on the move again.

Frank and George work up the tail end of the herd, and are kept busy enough; as they go along they cut out, from among the "beef-cattle," the beasts that they branded yesterday, and all brands that do not belong to them. Passing to the north of the Pointer Rocks they presently go up over the Hog-back and get on to the old '49 trail—the old overland route to California. Here they follow the "divide" for a mile or two; then, dropping down into the long "sand-draw," follow it through the thick sage-brush to the Cottonwood. Then they camp for dinner—the cook has passed them on the way with the wagon and the nodding night-wrangler, and has their meal ready by

the time they catch him up. They halt for an hour or so, and then move on again. On each side of the line of cattle ride the cowboys; their whistling and shouting, and the swinging of "ropes" as an animal tries to break away from the line, alone vary the monotony of the sound and sight of the moving herd. Presently the wagon again passes them, and a little before sun-down they reach the Laramie River and camp about a mile above the stage-crossing. It is a good day's drive, and a typical one, for in this kind of work the routine of the day's work is seldom varied.

While they were eating breakfast the next morning the thin mist lifted off the valley, and not more than half a mile to the east, in a little side-valley running up among the hills, was evidently an "antelope-lick." About twenty antelope were frolicking about, stopping now and again to take a lick in the midst of their fun; and every few minutes a couple of young bucks would separate themselves from the rest and set to, and have a butting-spell.

"There's going to be a storm of some kind or other," said Shorty, experienced in hunter's lore; "when you see 'em act that way it's a safe thing to bet on."

Happening to look up the little valley again, shortly afterwards, they saw coming down into it an elk, "And a fine old bull, too," said Shorty. "He's going down to the 'lick,' and it wouldn't be any trouble to get him; if you laid flat down on your 'bronc,' ten to one he'd let you get right up to him—they're commencing to 'run' now, and, like a man when he's in love, they ain't overburdened with sense this time o' year."

He was going to the wagon, intending to get his rifle and have a try, when, on the hill and following the line that the old buck had come down, another object appeared. "It's another," said Shorty—"an old cow (female elk); its durned strange, though, about the bull——"

"It's a broncho," put in Frank, "and he's got a saddle on."

The animal, in fact, having now turned sideways to them, Frank's suggestion appeared to be the truth; but, presently, upon getting down a little more into a dip between two hills, that which they had taken to be a saddle straightened itself up. "It's an old buck Redskin!" exclaimed Choctaw Bill (he considered *himself* to be perfectly white).

All were now fairly interested and stood watching silently for further developments. There was no doubt that the Indian had been following the elk, unseen, for some time. He got off his pony, and, leaving it in the little dip or hollow, ran up the slope, still following his old direction parallel to the main valley. Then falling down

full-length upon the ground he began to crawl, or rather "snake" himself, up to the brow; presently they saw him raise himself slowly and suddenly drop down flat again—he had caught a sight of the elk, who was now "licking" in the little side valley, and at the base of the hill over whose top the Indian had just peered. As the man dropped down, the elk threw up its head and gave the loud, shrill, snorting whistle peculiar to the buck in "running" time. The Redskin heard it of course more distinctly than they did, and, raising himself just high enough to get a good sight, fired. Wheeling round at the crack of the rifle, away went the elk.

"By Jove he's missed him," almost whispered George in his excitement.

"Don't you fool yourself, George," said Shorty; "an Indian doesn't miss a shot like *that*. It's no easy matter to drop one of them in their tracks, and—see!" The elk had not run more than a hundred yards, when, throwing up its front legs and pawing the air, it fell.

"Shot through the heart, or mighty close to it," said Shorty.

The Indian, rising to his feet after firing, and then standing motionless to watch the effect of his shot, now ran back to his pony and, leaping on it, as they always do, from the wrong side, was away "devil take the hindmost." As he rode wildly down into the valley after his fallen victim, the bluffs across the river echoed back a wild "Whoo-pee!" And Choctaw Bill, turning upon his heel with grand contempt, said, "He's one o' them cussed Flat-heads."

Shorty, generally keen and talkative on all matters of sporting, said nothing. There was something about the Indian's appearance or voice that appeared to have awakened gloomy and depressed recollections in his mind, and several hours passed before he once more found his usual level of brightness.

They were soon on the move again, and lower down, in a bend of the river, they passed a single Indian "tee-pee." Crossing the river at the old stage-track, they took a south-easterly trail, passing through the rocky gap known as the Eagle's Nest, and stopped by a good spring in a deep ravine—for dinner. The afternoon's drive was a weary one, through an open sandy country, until at last, nearly at nightfall, they dropped down through the pass in the bluffs into Goshen Hole, at the head of Cherry Creek, and camped there for the night.

They were now only twelve miles from Fort Laramie, and George had intended riding over to get his letters, which had been forwarded there ever since they had been on the "round-up." There would,

he knew, be quite a packet from Hilda ; she had been constantly in his thoughts, and those deep grey eyes seemed to watch over him as he lay in bed many a still starry night, adding one more charm of peace to the peace around him. At such time, even the dismal discordant howl of distant coyote did not grate upon the ear, but took a softer tone as he alone of all his companions lay awake and gazed up to the stars above him.

But his letters had to wait that night ; it was too late to think of going over.

Soon after supper the conversation turned upon the Indian of the morning. Shorty had recovered his usual humour. "They're not bad hunters," he said. "I've been amongst them quite a bit, and that's about all the good on earth that's in them ; it's a long time ago since the last noble and honest Indian died—and I doubt if he had much of a funeral procession."

"That's wot's the matter ! " said Choctaw Bill.

There was a pause of a few minutes, and then George began to question Shorty about bear-hunting. Although he was known to be an old hunter, whenever the conversation turned to grizzlies Shorty had always lapsed into silence. For some moments no one spoke. George fancied that a pained expression came into his friend's face as he stared vacantly into the fire. At last he spoke :

"You've never heard me mention the word bear, boys, and I haven't seen one since"—thoughtfully—"it 'll be three years this December, and I don't care if I never see another. It reminds me of things I'd a great deal sooner forget. When I was a boy it used to be fun, hunting the little black bears in the woods in Michigan, and I was a good one at it—it's child's play ; it's hard to get one of them to show fight, unless it's an old she with cubs, and *then* all you've got to do is to stand your ground. I've had several come at me, and if I couldn't either kill her or cripple her so that I could keep out of her way, I've stood my ground. When she gets pretty close up to you she'll rise and come at you open-mouthed ; then stick your rifle out and she'll grab the muzzle in her teeth, and when she does *that* all you've got to do is to pull the trigger and *jump*. But," he added solemnly, "don't you ever try that game on a grizzly ; they're a different thing altogether. They're cowards, too, in a way ; as long as you don't interfere with *them* they're not going to interfere with *you*, and if you shoot and hit one he'll squeal and whine and p'raps run round and round biting the place where he's hit ; but when his squealing turns into a growl, I tell you you had better hunt your tree—there's nothing on earth that seems so

married to a man as a wounded grizzly, and there's nothing so hard to kill. It's a thing I don't know how to account for, but it's ten times harder to kill one when he's once wounded than it is with the first shot. I used to be what they call a 'tricky' hunter, and what I'm telling you you had better bear in mind, if ever you go out after grizzlies. It's *no use* shooting into a bear's body; you might just as well try to shoot a tree down. If one stands facing you, you may get him in the head and drop him in his tracks; but there isn't much to shoot at, and it's a risky shot. No! if you happen on to a bear, and he stands looking at you, wait and get a chance at him sideways—*breaking bones* is what you want to do. Take the line of his front legs; if your ball strikes centre and drills him through both shoulders, he's your meat; if you get a little too high he's badly crippled (providing you haven't missed him altogether); if you get a little too iow it's ten to one you'll break both his legs, but if you get altogether too low and hit him in the toes, then look out! He may squeal a bit, but it won't be a minute before his back's up and he's after you. And again, if there's no good show at his front legs, then try and take him in the line of the hind ones, and if you don't cripple him so badly that he can't stand, at any rate you'll have got him crippled enough to keep out of his way. But if he doesn't happen to give you a good show sideways—at his front legs *or* his hind ones—you'll get as good a chance as any when he turns away from you; you'll probably manage to get him then in one hind leg or the other—or, better still, in the back. But, as I said before, don't you ever shoot at a bear's body—once in a while, perhaps, you might happen to break his back, but it isn't often.

"In the summer time, if you happen to find a cub up a tree (after a grizzly gets half grown he can't climb any more), then the old ones ain't far off. Don't try to kill him outright, but first pick a good handy tree—one you can climb. Then tickle him up with a shot—just make him squeal; he'll cry like a child if he's hurt—and shin up your tree like mad and take your rifle up with you; then most likely you'll get both the old ones. *But don't on any account stop on the ground*—it's flying in the face of Providence, that's what it is. It's what poor Bill did. . . . I never told anybody else just how it happened, but I think now I'll tell you; it's some time since, and it doesn't seem so hard to talk about it now." Shorty's lips quivered. "Somehow or other I've been thinking about it all day—there was something about that cussed Indian this morning, I fancy, that brought it all back to my mind."

II.

"My brother Bill," began Shorty, after some minutes' silence, "was a fine, tall fellow—not a little bit of a 'runt' like me, though you may not believe it. We were raised in the woods in Michigan, and used to be out in them ever since we were little bits of boys, with either a rifle or a shot-gun ; and our father, a kind, easy-going man, never seemed to expect anything more of us—in fact, he used to join us in most of his spare time. Well, after he died (mother had been dead about three years) we lived on, for about four years, on the old clearing ; and although we were doing no particular good, we somehow seemed to kind o' hate to leave the old place. At last, one winter, a 'logging-camp' started, about twenty miles from us, over on the river. We used to occasionally get over there when we were out hunting.

"In the spring several of the 'boys' were going West, and I joined them. Bill wouldn't come just then (I think there was a girl about, somewhere, that he'd got 'stuck' on), and I wish now that he never had come. I had a rough time of it, I can tell you, the first summer. We all got jobs 'cow-punching,' and were soon separated. There wasn't the same chance for a green hand then that there is now ; they put all the heavy work on me—I had more 'cutting-out' to do than anybody else, and all the meanest horses were put into my 'string'—buckers, nearly all of them. It's a wonder I wasn't killed twenty times, but I stayed with it like a little man, and soon got to be a good rider ; and after the fellows took to me I had a better time. I got to like the wild life (it was a good deal wilder then than it is now) and used to write to Bill when I got the chance and crack it up to him. At last, when we were shipping cattle in the 'fall' from Ogalala, I got a letter from him, saying that he had a notion to come out too (I expect his girl had gone back on him). The 'round-up' was over, so I wrote to him to sell up what we had and come to Cheyenne, where I would wait for him. He didn't write, or I didn't get his letter anyway, but I used to go down to the depôt every night to meet him, and, sure enough, in about ten days he came.

"In those times there was nothing that a fellow could get to do in the winter time—it's but very little better now—so, after loafing for a while and having a good time (neither of us were much of loafers, and we had more sense than to gamble what we had ; but we liked to take our drink and be sociable) we decided to get a wagon and four 'bronchos' and what little else we needed (we had our rifles) and put in the winter hunting and trapping. Furs fetched a good price, besides the 'bounty' on bears and mountain-lions, and I

had been up on Deer Creek in the 'round-up,' and had taken good stock of the beaver 'sign' and such things. Anywhere where the creek was wide enough I knew that beaver were plentiful, and in the mountains there were some bear; and, besides that, it was the best place out for elk and 'black-tail.'

"We talked it over and decided to go and run up a little cabin, farther up the creek than I had been, near the head and more in the mountains. Well, we looked about and got our 'outfit'; we bought a lot of beaver-traps, some poison, flour, baking-powder, coffee (potatoes were too cumbersome to haul), what cooking utensils and other 'truck' we thought we needed, a couple of axes, a spade and so forth, and set out.

"The road we took, I warrant you, would have puzzled a 'bull-whacker,' but we got there 'just as hard'—it took us nine days if I remember right. We hadn't been on the road two nights, when Bill killed his first elk; it seemed to tickle him more than his first pair of 'pants,' though he had shot many a deer—I tell you, when Bill 'drew down' on anything it might just as well have come in and given itself up!

"We might have stopped before we did, but we wanted a place where it wouldn't take much fencing to make a good pasture for our horses; and up near the head of the creek we found the very place—a good-sized basin shut in by rocks. We had only a few rods of fencing to do across the creek at each end, and there we had a field of a hundred acres or more.

"We soon had up our little cabin (Bill could more than sling an axe!) with a good rock fireplace in it; and we didn't forget to make a little shed for the horses in case of storms. We cleared out paths, too, so as to be able to get about in all the main ravines on a horse, and then when we had got all fixed we began to trap up the stream.

"One day we tracked a 'band' of elk up into a 'gully' about a quarter of a mile long, that ended in a steep ledge of rock, so we knew they couldn't very well get out at the top end. Bill stayed at the mouth of the gully with his Henry 'repeater' (*I* used to use a Ballard 40-90) while I took a circle round and came up near the head of the ravine. We had about ten minutes 'bully' fun. Before I got my head over the rocks the 'band' had heard me and started down towards Bill. I shot in ahead of them to 'haze' 'em, but they didn't stop. Bill 'hazed' 'em; he put in four or five shots, and back they came. I shot twice as they ran by me, and got one. They couldn't get out, and in about a minute back they came again, and I missed. Bill 'hazed' 'em again, and they ran up and stood about

opposite to me, and I got two. I got another as they started to run up the ravine, and crippled one as they came back (we followed him and got him afterwards); then I heard Bill shoot about six times, and as they didn't come back I knew they had run by him. He had 'downed' seven, so altogether we got twelve out of the 'bunch.'

"We killed several bear, and I'll tell you about the first one because it was a joke on Bill; it's the only time I ever saw him scared. We had noticed bear 'sign' in a thick patch of rose-bushes (bears are mighty fond of these wild rose-berries), and we had crawled up on the place two mornings running; Bill used to crawl up behind one tree, and me behind another, about ten yards apart; and the bushes would be all trampled down, and lots of fresh 'sign,' but no bear. The third morning we crawled up as usual, and there in the middle of the patch sat a big, fat old she-grizzly. She had eaten all she could, I reckon, and was sitting up to kind o' let it settle. When we first caught sight of her, her body was turned towards us with her head sideways, as though she rather thought she'd heard something but wasn't sure about it. She had just caught sight of Bill, when we both fired and took her somewhere in the body. She was badly hit, for she didn't stop to 'squeal,' but came swinging (bears don't trot—they side-track, and that's how a man can outrun them by running *along* any steep slope) towards Bill's tree. I wondered why he didn't shoot—he had a 'shell' stuck, and couldn't. The bear was only a few yards from him when she rose, and I fired. I happened to take her just right, and saw both her front legs drop; but she still kept on with her mouth open, and fell dead right against the tree. Then I looked at Bill; he was still behind the tree, but standing tight up against it (he'd dropped his rifle); and he was working his arms and legs for all there was in 'em. 'Hello, Bill!' I shouted, but he still kept working away, with his face all the while turned up the tree. 'Bill!' said I, going up and shaking him this time, 'what in thunder do you think you're trying to do to that tree?"

"'Did you kill him?' he asked, still going it.

"'Yes,' I said.

"Then he stopped. He looked down at the ground, and seemed kind o' dazed at finding himself standing on it, so he looked up into the tree very much surprised.

"'For Lord's sake,' said I, 'what do you expect to find up in that tree?' He smiled sort o' comical, and said, 'Why, Shorty, I thought I was pretty near up to the top.'

"We got so, we could beat the record on skinning beaver, and commenced to think that killing bears was as easy as falling off a log.

"But we hadn't learnt it all. One day (it was getting time for the bears to 'hole-up') we rode up the creek about a mile, and, leaving the horses, walked up through a little rocky gap near the head of a small ravine. There was a clump of trees just where we came into the ravine, but on both sides, up and down it, except for the thick briars and rocks, it was quite clear. At the head of the gully the ground was bare, and rising at the sides, formed a narrow 'neck' leading down into a deep rocky cañon ; there were a few pines and a big rock right across it. We had only fairly got through the gap and among the clump of trees, when Bill (he was twenty yards or more, lower down the gully than I was) called out, 'I see a bear,' and dropped on to his knee. I couldn't see anything till he fired, and then the briars commenced to rattle and wave, in a line, not more than fifty yards up the ravine. The bear was making his best time, but keeping in the rocks and briars, so we couldn't see him until he commenced to climb the bare hill, making for the neck of the gully. He was an old 'silver-tip,' and a big one—it looked as though the hide would shake off him as he ran. He hadn't got many yards in the open, when I fired—my ball cut up the dirt just behind him. He was just at the bottom of the big rock, when Bill fired, and just grazed his back—made a little of the fur fly. The bear scrambled up the rock, and, giving a low growl, stopped to look back at us. I shall never forget the picture he made, boys, standing on the top of that rock with his head down nearly touching it ; he looked as though he thought we had 'monkeyed' with him just about enough. He didn't have many seconds to think, though, for we both shot (about together), and changed his tune to a 'squeal.' Bill fired again (he could get his work in, with that repeater), and I heard the ball go 'spat!' The bear stopped his squealing, and, scrambling down the rock, made for us open-mouthed (Bill was some little distance farther down the ravine than me, and not so handy for the trees). We both shot again, but whether we hit anything or not I don't know—at any rate it didn't alter matters. The bear was right on me—I only just had time to jump and grab an overhanging bough and swing myself up into a tree, calling out at the same time, 'Bill, climb!' It was a close shave ; the bear rose and struck, and I thought he'd knocked a leg out of me—he had struck the heel off my boot. By the blood and froth I saw that he was shot through the lungs (for one place), and as he made another reach for me I thought he'd drop. Bill shot again and the ball went 'thud!' into the bear, just below me ; I looked, and there was Bill, still kneeling out in the open. The bear was game yet, and started for him. I dropped down out of the tree and

grabbed my rifle ; but I couldn't shoot—we were all three in a line. Bill shot twice (he had to), and it was about as interesting for me as it was for the bear ; one ball glanced on the stem of the tree just at my side, and went humming up the ravine. They were now only a few yards apart. I knelt down with my rifle to my shoulder, and waited my chance. Another second, and they were nearly together. I saw Bill rise and draw his knife (why *didn't* he turn and run ?—the bear was near 'played out') ; the bear rose, and I 'drew down' and fired."

Shorty paused and gazed abstractedly into the fire, and then went on again.

"The bear fell one way—Bill another. I began to think I must have struck them both. And yet I had shot high on purpose to avoid the chance.

"I ran down to them, and looked at the bear to see if he was dead. He laid on his side, and was breathing yet, although my ball had split his skull ; and where he fell he had gouged out a trench with his last clutch. *Bill's knife was sticking in his breast.*

"Then I knelt over Bill. I thought he was dead ; his face and neck were all over blood, and the scalp was nearly all dragged off the left side of his head. I didn't stop to think, but turned him round and laid his head up on the bear's neck ; then I ran down to the creek and got my hat full of water. When I got back he was breathing slowly, but he didn't move. I took off my silk handkerchief and washed his head and face. It must have been fifteen or twenty minutes before the place quit bleeding, and the bare skull was white and clean. Then I could see what had happened to him. There were three deep scratches in the skull, beginning just above his ear and running forward about three inches—all the scalp was gone there. Where the middle one commenced there was a deep dent ; the claw must have gone pretty nearly through into his brain. My ball must have reached the bear just at the moment he struck at poor Bill, or else he would surely have knocked the top nearly off his head.

"Bill began to breathe a little stronger. I went back to the creek and washed the handkerchief, and then tied it round his head and sat down beside him on the bear, and thought what to do.

"I didn't think long. He laid there just as quiet as ever, and breathing heavily. I took my rifle and his and went back to the horses, threw the rein of his horse up over the saddle-horn, and, leaving the animal to follow me as he liked, wasn't long getting back to the cabin. Taking the leather 'cinch-straps' off the saddles, I cut some strips of raw hide off an elk-skin, and, shouldering an axe, started off back. As I went along I looked out for a good fork

on a tree, with long branches to it, close together ; cut it down, and made the best time I knew how, back with it to Bill. His eyes were wide open, and he looked at me, but he didn't seem to know anything. I cut the branches off the fork at about seven feet from it, and tied the 'cinch-straps' across, about right so as to make a kind of a chair, and ran several strips of raw hide across, up towards the ends of the fork, so as to make a sort of back to the seat. Then I cut a good square piece of hide out of the bear, with all the fat on ; punched four holes in the corners, and bound it on across the very ends of the fork, with the fur side uppermost, for a pillow, and spread my coat across as well.

"It was a pretty rough-looking concern, but mighty comfortable. I dragged Bill up on it as easy as I could, strapped him down tight with some more raw hide, with his feet in the fork and his head on the pillow at the other end, and set out to drag him home as gently as I knew how. I had to drag a spell, and then sit down and rest. I don't know how long it took me, but it was near upon sundown before I got him down to the cabin."

Shorty stopped a minute, and mopped his face. A mountain-lion cried out from the bluffs. "Hark !" said the nigger, nervously. No one else spoke, and Shorty resumed.

"Well, I cut the thongs, and got Bill inside the cabin, and made down a bed for him as comfortable as I could with skins and blankets.

"I'm not going to make you tired, boys, by telling how I boiled down elk-soup for him, and did the best cooking I knew how with the things we had ; how, as he commenced to get better, he had a fever come on him every once in a while, and would go out of his head—he used to cuss me awful sometimes ; how he used to tell all sorts of wild stories, and how I nursed him. I'll pass over all that, and come to where he finally got healed up (I had to tie his hands for some time, to keep him from scratching off the scab). Before he got strong and able to get about (I used to go out now and then and kill him a blue grouse ; it seemed to strengthen him more than meat) he used to look at me vacantly, as though he didn't know who I was. I had to tell him I was his brother, and after that he used to call me brother, and grew mighty fond of me.

"I thought when he got strong he would come round all right, but, boys, he never did—*he was luny*—he didn't know *anything*. I had to teach him things ; but it's a funny thing that all I had to do was just to show him once how to do a thing, and then he could do it for himself always afterwards, as well as ever he had been able to.

I had to show him how to put the cartridges in his own rifle; but when it came to shooting he could beat me hollow. Once or twice I'd talk to him about things we'd done together; but he'd look at me just as if I was telling him something new.

"Bill and I had always been good brothers, but now it seemed to me that I liked him more than ever I did—he seemed so *faithful*. He used to chop the wood, '*tote*' the water, and do most of the cooking; he wouldn't let me do *anything*, if he could help it. At nights I would tell him all about the times we used to have back in Michigan (I thought that after a while he'd maybe recollect something about it himself), but he'd sit and listen just like a child, and then ask when I was going to take him out hunting; but I was afraid he might get hurt again, so I used to say, 'When you can shoot well enough, Bill.' Then he would make me watch him fire at a mark, and would say he could shoot as well as I could—and so he could; but I didn't tell him so. I had my little plans laid; I meant to take him one day, when he got quite strong again, up the ravine where that bear was, and show him the knife sticking in it (for I had left everything just as it was, on purpose). I had a notion that he would come to recollect everything then. I tried him several times by talking about it, and how the bear had gone at him; but he listened just as if it was all new to him—only, one day, he said, 'Brother'—he used to call me Brother now, but he had always called me Shorty in the old days—'Brother, you have told me that story before.'

"He didn't like it, because I used to go out hunting and didn't take him; so one day I promised I would—next time. About a couple of days afterwards I took down my rifle again, after breakfast, and Bill's face lighted up. 'Are you going to take me to-day, Brother?' he said. 'I'm only just going up the creek to look at the traps,' I said—I didn't want to take him just yet—'I won't be gone over an hour.' So off I went, and he called 'Good-bye' after me (although he didn't remember things properly, he could talk right enough).

"Well, I hadn't gone up the creek very far before I came upon tracks of an old bull elk. I knew it was an old bull by its being single. I followed it a little way, and the 'sign' was quite fresh where he had stopped and 'horned' a little tree nearly all to pieces. I didn't mean to go far, but kept being led on and on—just as a fool of a hunter will when he doesn't want to—till it got late, and I turned back for home. It was nearly dark before I got there; and when I came to the cabin, it was empty—Bill had gone out.

"He'd never done it before, and I looked about; his rifle was gone, too. Then I remembered the way he had said 'Good-bye.'

"I went out, and called; but only the rocks answered back again. Then I shot off, four or five times; the echo magnified the shots into about a hundred, but they all had the same 'crack.' Then I sat down dismally enough, and waited and thought, 'Bill has gone out hunting by himself—he'll get lost—he don't know the country now.' But it wasn't any good my starting out in the dark; all I could do was to wait and listen. I laid down, but you may bet I didn't sleep all night. Every half-hour or so I'd go to the door and shoot off; but no answer came back except the echoes. It was a long night, and, what was worse, a light snow began to fall, and I knew I should have no tracks any more to go by in the morning.

"I had my breakfast before it got light, and put some cold meat and biscuit in my pocket, and then, catching up the best 'bronc,' and taking my rifle, I started off up the creek at daybreak. The snow had done what I thought it would—covered up everything in the shape of a track, and I had to go by luck. I was out till dark, riding as hard as I could all along the creek bottom; and I climbed up to look into all the big ravines near my road, and shot off and called every now and then; but only the mountains answered me, mocking at me like a laughing jackass. At last I had to give up for the day, and turned for home again. I half expected to find Bill at the cabin when I got there, but he wasn't.

"I took the saddle and bridle off the horse and let him go, and set to work to light a fire and get supper. I didn't want to eat, myself; but I had to cook for to-morrow, and then, too, there was Bill to be thought of—he would be hungry enough when I found him.

"I didn't need rocking to sleep that night. Next day I rode down to where the creek forked, and took the south fork, to where it runs through a narrow pass with perpendicular sides, 200 to 300 feet high. I couldn't get any farther, but nothing on foot could have gone through either; so, after firing off and getting no answer, I had to turn back once more. I hadn't given up hope though yet, by a long way. I got worked up so hopeful, somehow, that when I got back to the cabin and found Bill wasn't there it was a terrible disappointment again. And then at last I got down-hearted.

"The third day I took the creek straight down by the other fork—the way we had come in with the wagon. I was riding along, without hope any more, but determined to keep on all the same, when there came a sound that made me fairly jump in the saddle—the echo of a rifle-shot, straight ahead. It put new life in me (it couldn't be anyone but Bill, I thought) and I pushed on, like a new

man on a new horse. Presently another shot,—still, on ahead. I rode on, full of hope now, thinking of the meeting between us. We were a long way from home, I thought, and we should have to sleep out; I wished I had brought a blanket for Bill, but at any rate we could pick up enough wood to keep up a good fire, and I had plenty for both of us to eat—and I was glad enough, too, at having some matches with me. It was beginning to get dark when I rode at last up a little 'rise,' and overlooked a long open stretch of the valley: not a quarter of a mile ahead was an Indian 'tee-pee.' ("Damn 'em!" exclaimed Choctaw Bill excitedly.) "This, then, was where the shooting had come from. I could have cried—and, boys, I did cry—I didn't know what to do. I was alone, and there ain't many friendly Indians to a lone man; and it was no use looking for Bill any further that way; it was the shooting that had lured me so far, and now that it turned out to be only those cussed Indians, I could but turn back and try somewhere else. The wind, luckily for me, set my way from the 'tee-pee,' so they hadn't heard me, and I didn't think they had seen me. It was lucky that I hadn't shot off, as I meant to have done just when I saw the 'tee-pee.'

"The horse took his own gait towards home; I felt as though I couldn't raise a foot to spur him; through all that happened after, I never felt so bad as I did just then. Presently the moon came up, just over the edge of the rocky bluffs, and again I thought that Bill might have got back home, and urged on the weary horse. It was a clear, still night: when the 'bronc's' hoof struck a rock it made an echo; and sometimes when he trod on a large dead stick and broke it, the 'crack' made two. A startled catamount gave a shrill cry—it made me start; it sounded like a cry for help. Presently a grey wolf on the bluffs gave a quick succession of little barks which died away in echoes like the fiendish laugh of some devil. I don't know how or when I got home, except that it was in the night; and I did not find Bill there, for all my hope. The moon had sunk again below the rocks. As I shut the door I noticed a few fleecy clouds scudding across the clear sky; the pine tops were beginning to wave to and fro, and the wind was sighing heavily in the distance. I was heart-sick and played out. I stretched myself on the floor, and sleep that night was very merciful to me; it took the fatigue from my body, and, while it could, the care also from my brain. For I dreamt that night that Bill was with me again, back in the old home in Michigan."

Shorty stopped again. The nigger put more wood on the fire, and all drew closer up to it, making themselves comfortable in new

positions; it was getting chilly. There was a minute's silence and then Shorty continued:

"It must have been about midday when I woke. A regular hurricane was blowing, and the snow was drifting in through two or three little cracks, where you couldn't have pounded in a mustard-seed with a sledge-hammer. It was an old-fashioned blizzard, and no mistake.

"I had enough wood in to start a fire, which I did, and put the pot on. Then I cut some thin strips off a hide and jammed them into the cracks with a knife. But where was Bill? If the storm lasted long he couldn't live through it.

"It lasted three whole days and nights. The wind never once let up. Once I tried to open the door a little way to look out; but I only got the shanty half full of snow, and had a hard time to get the door shut again. I didn't try that any more, but stopped up all the cracks round the door with hides. I burnt up the blocks we used for table-legs and seats, and the slab we had for a table. The third night the fire went out. I didn't expect the blizzard to last over three days (they seldom do); but I knew well enough what it meant for me—I was snowed up till spring. Then I thought of poor Bill: he would be snowed up for ever. And I thought he was the best off.

"When I woke up on the fourth day, the storm was over. I got up and opened the door. A little snow fell in, but not much; it was packed tight, up to within about four inches of the top of the doorway. Through this gap I could see a fine calm day outside. It was midday, and the sun's rays shone in quite warm. I packed down the snow, and climbed out on to the roof to look round. The shed we had put up for the horses was out of sight under a drift, and the creek was all drifted over, level up. I couldn't see anything of the horses, and concluded they had probably broken out and gone.

"The first thing I did was to dig out the wood-pile. Bill had left me a lot of wood ready cut. But I couldn't do anything else; I was snowed in. The only thing to be done was to live on and wait; and as it was no use trying to get out, I should have plenty of time to wait. I knew that very well.

"No prisoner in solitary confinement was ever in a worse fix. As the days went by I invented all kinds of ways to pass time away: my chief amusement was shooting at a mark in the opposite rocks, until at last I had shot away all the ammunition. I kept just one loaded shell—I didn't know but what I might have to use it on my-

self. There was lots of meat hanging up outside the cabin—that was one good thing.

"At last it began to get warmer in the middle of the day, and the snow commenced to 'settle.' First the wagon showed up; then the top of the shed; then the dead carcasses of the horses. The only signs of life were an occasional jay-bird, or an eagle. Sometimes a wolf or two would come round and howl at night, or a mountain-lion would cry up in the bluffs; and even that seemed company to me."

The nigger visibly shuddered.

"I was always thinking of poor Bill, how he lay somewhere under the snow—if the wolves hadn't dug him out. I was thinking one day, when the idea came over me that, as there were Indians about, he might possibly have fallen in with a friendly band. It wasn't much of a hope, but still it *was* a loophole for one, and it made me feel a heap better, and I began to feel sorry I hadn't gone on to that 'tee-pee' that I saw the last evening I was out.

"Well, at last the creek got clear of snow, and I went and collected all the traps, and hung them up on the wall of the cabin. I had no farther use for them. Next day it set in to rain, in the valleys, and snow again up on the mountains. The creek swelled; and next day the 'basin' was all a solid sheet of water. Spring had really come. A little blue-bird settled on the roof and twittered. I threw him up a big piece of bread, and he flew away; but he soon came down again and went for it, stopping, whenever he could spare the time, to sing a little song. I thought if I had had him to look after all the winter I shouldn't have been so lonely.

"It was a bright, still morning when I left the shanty, with a little pack on my back (a lot of bread and meat rolled up in a blanket), carefully shutting the door behind me. I had my rifle with that one cartridge in it, and some matches.

"I knew there was a ranche at the edge of the foot-hills, about sixty miles away. I thought I could make it some time on the third day, if nothing happened to me and I didn't lose the way.

"When I got on to the rise at the end of the 'basin' I stopped to look back. There stood the wagon. There lay the dead horses. The chimney of the old cabin was still smoking. The grass in the valley showed up green against the grey rocks. It was a perfect chromo of Peace.

"I turned quickly away, and was soon out of sight of a scene that I could no longer bear to look upon."

Shorty stopped, and again gazed abstractedly into the fire.

"And Bill?" said George softly, "you never found him?"

"No. I've been amongst the Indians a good deal since then: but they're such liars; if they knew anything they wouldn't tell it. And at last I came to believe that poor Bill *is*—dead."

"When you left Deer Creek," suggested Frank, "didn't you leave anything to tell him where you'd gone? If he wasn't killed, or buried in the snow, he might somehow have got back there again, after you left."

"I never thought of that. But, anyhow, he couldn't read after that bear struck him; he didn't remember anything at all—not even how to make bread. I had to teach him everything over again."

"Have you ever been up to the old cabin since?" asked George.

"Yes; I went up there about a year ago, George, and some one had used the place—but it was probably only some stray hunter. As I have said, it's some time since I came to believe that Bill really *is* dead; but to-day, somehow, I've been thinking about it more than ever"—he buried his head in his hands. "I suppose it was that cussed Indian this morning put it in my head."

III.

The prognostication that there would be a storm, which Shorty had drawn from the behaviour of the antelope at the "lick," proved to be perfectly correct. His story had been on George's mind when he went to sleep, and he dreamt of Deer Creek. He was alone in the cabin. There was a fearful storm without. Something pressed heavily against his side—a bear; and it spoke to him. He started up. It was Frank, pulling at him and saying, "Get up, quick! it's our watch, and there's the very devil of a snow-storm on. I've turned all the 'boys' up, too. We shall need all, to keep the herd from drifting; so be as quick as you can." And indeed, as George looked round, he noticed that everyone else was already gone. It had been cold when he turned in, and luckily he had not taken off his boots or "shaps," or, in fact, anything but his spurs. A tremendous wind was driving the blinding snow, and where they lay unsheltered in the open the beds would soon have made a drift.

"How about horses?" said George, just beginning to take in the situation (it was a relief to find that he was not alone on Deer Creek).

"Oh, Shorty and Bill have caught some, and we must take our chances of what they are. But hurry up! I'll put your saddle on one, ready for you."

While George was putting his spurs and gloves on, Frank rapidly

reviewed the situation. The cattle would not stand the storm very long before trying to break away and stampede right away before it, unless they could get them "milling." He ordered the cook (one may *order* a nigger, even in the West) to collect everything, and keep his ears open to try and make out where the "night-wrangler" was; but to stay carefully by the wagon. He was shivering with cold, and did not like the situation at all, and for the first time he appeared to be put out by the rather short tone in which Frank had addressed him. As George left he was mumbling to himself—"I'm used ter habin' dirt frown at me, and I don' min' habin' it rubbed in; but *dis* am wot I call puttin 'de shine on!" It was one of those storms which, in the West, render a house which is rain-proof not necessarily snow-tight; the wind seems to be able to drive the fine powdery snow through anything that is porous: and the poor nigger had little chance of any shelter, save what he could find under the lee of the wagon.

George set off after the herd. By dint of shouting, whistling, rope-swinging, and shooting off pistols, they at last "headed" the drifting "horns," and presently got them "milling" (circling)—but nothing could head them up against the storm. They held them "milling" for a time, until it became evident that it was impossible to get them up to the bluffs, where there would have been good shelter. At last, seeing that nothing could be done, Frank rode round the outside of the herd telling each cowboy to let them go, asking them to do the best they could, and manage, if possible, so that the cattle should not stampede. They would drift straight with the storm (which was not much out of their course), and in all probability they would pull up on the Box-alder, where the timber lining the creek would afford some shelter; and he asked George to get back to the wagon (if possible), and find out what had become of the "night-wrangler" and the horses.

"You can't very well get lost," said Shorty; "keep straight up against the storm, and you'll come to the creek—I don't think it's more than a mile; then turn west (your left hand, mind), and from the way we've drifted I think the wagon should be about two miles up the creek. Mind, if you should get in any way mixed, get off and feel the water. No matter how far it may seem to you, *don't turn*—keep *up* stream. I don't know what sort of a 'bronc' you've got—you may find it pretty hard to get him up against the storm—you'd better take this 'quirt.'" George took the "quirt" (a short raw-hide whip) and said "Goodbye." These implicit directions of Shorty made him feel that he would have no easy task to win his way back

against the storm—a fact that he was sufficiently aware of before; and he thought, too, that Shorty was thinking of his brother, and how he had been lost in just such another blizzard as this threatened to be.

It took George full two hours to find the wagon; had it not been for Shorty's "quirt," it is doubtful if he would have made it at all. More than once he had serious thoughts of giving up, and drifting with the storm. At last, however, his horse fell on its knees, and, getting off, he felt the deep cattle tracks—now drifted full of snow. He was on the trail, and knew that the wagon was just on the other side of the creek. He whistled, hoping that the nigger would answer; but he didn't until George got right up to the wagon, and then (very softly), "Who's dar?"

Poor fellow, he was glad enough to see some one—he must have been frightened nearly to death in their absence. He had been standing shivering in the shelter of the wagon, ever since they had left him. George asked him whether he had heard anything of the "night-wrangler" and the horses, but he hadn't—he seemed half dazed.

Throwing the saddle and bridle off his horse, George let the beast go to shift for itself; then, rolling a bed down off the wagon (and telling the nigger to do the same), fixed his tarpaulin carefully, so that no snow could drift *into* the bed, and turned in, boots, "shaps,' hat and all. His face smarted fearfully from beating up against the storm, but he was dead-beat, and slept like a top.

When he awoke next morning there was quite a weight of snow upon the bed, but to his surprise he could not hear the wind. The thought struck him, that perhaps he was buried too low down to hear it—he threw up the clothes suddenly; for which imprudence he received a small avalanche on his face and down his neck, for the snow had drifted heavily across them under the wagon. Struggling to his feet, he was agreeably surprised to find the sun just rising upon a fine morning, although the deep grey line of the storm was still in the southern horizon. On the south side of the creek and along the bluffs, and around the beds and wagon—everywhere, in fact, where a stray rock or any other obstruction could catch a drift—were lying white fantastic wreaths, but elsewhere the ground was as bare as ever. The wind had swept the fine powdery snow along the surface at headlong pace, giving it no chance of settling save in a quiet back-eddy behind some obstacle.

The trail, with its numerous cattle-tracks now drifted full of snow, showed up so plainly as the eye followed its lonely winding way

across the plains, that it appeared to stand out more and more from the ground ; until at last, rising up the hill on the horizon, it seemed to climb the very edge of the grey bank of clouds, passing away southward, and to be lost in the unknown sky beyond—a veritable Jacob's Ladder, stretching away into the heavens, pure and spotless, meet for angels' feet to tread. Out there by the mountains, in the wild life and the rough surroundings, there come times when the solitary grandeur of nature comes "home" to a man,—when he lifts his hat as he might do in some vast deserted cathedral, and speaks low and softly, if he speak at all. Such moments are fleeting and transitory, but in them the power and the presence of a God are more clearly felt than among the busy dwellers in cities and the crowding inhabitants of a populous country.

Such a moment came to George Greigh then ; but he was quickly recalled to the exigencies of the day by sounds along the creek to the west, and looking up that way he saw the "night-wrangler" bringing down the horses out of the bluffs. (Goshen Hole, a tract of land at least fifty miles square, is walled in on the north, west, and south, by a continuous line of cliffs, high, rocky, and perpendicular, which are known as "bluffs.") With more sense than the cattle, and with tougher skins (and they can withstand the greater hardships in consequence), the bronchos, by "ramping" across the storm, had found good shelter for themselves. As soon as George saw them he knew that there was no further cause for anxiety on his part : the cattle would no doubt have brought up all right on the Box-alder ; so he determined to follow out his previous arrangement and go into Fort Laramie, leaving the cook to "hitch-up" and make the best time on record to catch up the "outfit," who would undoubtedly be tired and hungry enough.

As the nigger scrambled out from under the clothes and snow, he seemed agreeably surprised that he was not (as he had perhaps expected) in Hades. The "night-wrangler" joined them. They ate what cold stuff there was in the "mess-box," and then, catching the favourite horse of his "string"—luckily it had not been one of those caught last night—and enjoining the nigger not to spare his horses and to waste no time in starting, George set out for Fort Laramie with a fairly light heart, and an uncommonly light stomach.

He followed the bluffs eastward for about three miles till he came upon the old '49 route to the gold-fields, which leads straight through Fort Laramie (not to be confounded with Laramie *City*).

A few hours later, and he had got his letters and was returning on the same trail, for it ran into the other about three miles north of

the Box-alder. He let the horse "lope" at its own will and take its own "spells;" and as he was walking up a long hill, George was reading. His news was good. Hilda was evidently as true and loving as ever; his mother loving also; and his father cheerful.

As he read, the horse came to the brow of the hill, and lifting his eyes from one of Hilda's letters, he looked forward, westward, and noted a dark object lying in the valley below.

Farther on was a second, then another, and at last (all following the same line) a fourth, lying close beside the trail and not more than half a mile ahead. By it a pony was standing quite still, and, looking closer, he could see another object upon the fallen one. Of course, he saw what it was then; a hunter had run down some buffalo (no doubt driven down by last night's storm) and was engaged in skinning his last victim.

His horse broke again into a "lope," and the hunter (an Indian, by his dress) was so intent upon his work that George was close to him before he was aware of his approach. Then he started up, and plunging his knife into the beast where he left off skinning, he picked up his rifle, and stood.

George reined up his horse.

"How?" said the hunter.

"How," replied George, in laconic Indian style; but he was greatly surprised at seeing that this tall gaunt man, Indian in dress and of true Indian demeanour, was nevertheless the owner of long flaxen hair and blue eyes.

"Injun kill him heap buffalo," said the hunter, as if explaining his presence out there on the plain.

"You are no Indian," George said, still more surprised—"you are as white as I am!"

"Big Injun—Chatoga."

"What is Chatoga?" asked George.

"This," pointing to the buffalo, and then to himself—"me."

As he turned to point to his victim, George saw that upon the side of his head there was a large bald patch, and a sudden and startling idea crossed his mind, for he thought of Shorty's story and of his brother Bill. He pointed at the side of the hunter's head.

"How is it," he asked, "that the hair doesn't grow there?"

"This?"—touching the spot. "Don't know, never did."

George tried him again on another tack. "Have you no other name than Chatoga?"

"No."

"Not Bill?"

He staggered back and put his hand to his head, and when he spoke again the Indian style of speech had almost disappeared.

"Yes. I remember now, that's what Brother used to call me—but he's dead."

"Dead?"

"Yes; I lost him for a long time, and when I got back he was gone."

"What was his name?" George asked, with as much calmness as he could muster.

"Don't know. I don't think I ever heard it."

"Wasn't his name *Shorty*?" George said, point-blank.

"I don't think so," he replied, after a pause. "I never heard it."

"What was this brother like?" George persisted, though he saw that the man was anxious to resume his work of skinning, and had already made a motion as if to put down his rifle for that purpose (George had noted that it was a "repeater"). But at this last question he stopped, and passed his hand across his eyes as if in thought.

"He was not like me," he said at last; "not so big. He could walk under my arm—so," holding it out horizontally; "and he was dark—dark eyes and dark hair."

He turned in earnest this time to resume the skinning; but George stopped him eagerly, for he knew now that his first wild surmise was right, and that Shorty's brother Bill was not dead, for he had found him. He tried to persuade the hunter to come with him to camp for the night. He had great difficulty in carrying the point, but at length, on telling him that there was a man in their "outfit" who, he thought, could tell him something of his brother, the hunter's Indian deliberation gave way to a show of excitement, and he was as eager to set out as he had before been reluctant. He jumped hastily on to his pony (from the wrong side, after the Indian fashion), and as they rode away, looking back, George noticed that he had left the knife still sticking in the ribs of the beast that he had been skinning.

A large black eagle hovered overhead, awaiting their departure and a feast.

Not wishing Bill to question him about Shorty, George plied him with questions about himself, and gradually drew out an account of all that had happened to him since he lost his brother. His earlier recollections were very hazy indeed. He remembered that his brother was a white man (he seemed to have some sort of notion that he himself was an Indian), who had been very kind, teaching him how to shoot and cook and cut wood. But this brother would

not take him out to hunt, though he knew that he could shoot better and was the stronger man ; and not liking to be left at home in this way, one day when Brother was out he had taken his rifle and gone out, and had got lost. He had wandered about for three days, and was at last picked up by some Indians in a starving condition, and they had treated him very kindly. "Now," he added, "I'm a big hunter with them."

George asked him how it was that, having lived very nearly all his life (as he thought) among the Indians, he spoke the white man's language so well. He admitted that it was a strange thing, but he could not account for it ; and he liked white man's ways too, he added, much better than his own people's.

"Did you never try to find your brother ?" George asked.

It seemed that he could not recollect much that had happened about the time when the Indians picked him up, but that things had afterwards become much clearer to him. He had managed to find the cabin (probably about a year after he had left it), and had then suddenly recollected all about his brother, and what he was like. He had gone in, but his brother was not there. He saw the dead horses, and remembered *them.* He stayed some time and looked about, and found flour and things in the cabin, just as it was when he had left it, and the traps hanging up on the wall ; and when he saw all this, he knew that his brother was dead. He stayed so long as the provisions lasted, looking for the dead body, that he might take it back to the Indian burial-ground ; but he could find nothing, save that in a ravine not far from the cabin there was the carcass of a huge bear, with a long hunting-knife still sticking in its breast.

"Did you recognise the knife ?" interrupted George hastily, remembering Shorty's story.

"No," he said simply.

A dead grizzly with a knife sticking in its breast ; and now a dead buffalo with a knife sticking in it also (for Bill would never come back to finish the skinning). Strange coincidence, and stranger monuments, to mark the two greatest and most momentous incidents of a life ; and a hunter finding the one in a ravine, or a cowboy noting the other as he rode homeward down the trail, has doubtless found food for thought and speculation concerning the (probable) untimely end of the owner, long ere these lines shall appear in print.

As they rode along, the hunter told George how it was that he chanced to be so far out on the trail. A herd of buffalo had drifted down from the north during the storm of last night, and he had

followed them thus far before he could get them properly run down. George reflected that the cattle (they were nearly down to the Box-alder now) and the buffalo must have come down in the same direction, and therefore that Bill must have been in their neighbourhood on the previous day, a dozen miles or so to the northward. Questioning him, George learnt, to his great surprise, that *he was* the Indian who had killed the elk at the antelope-lick, and whom they had watched riding so furiously down into the valley after his fallen victim—the Indian whose distant "Whoo-pee!" had brought so many recollections crowding back in Shorty's mind. Strange facts! They had seen Indians frequently; and on the Cheyenne river had been right amongst them—why, then, had the distant Indian figure (for Shorty himself had never supposed it to be anything else) made so great an impression on Shorty's mind? or how had that one distant triumphant hunter's cry gone home to his memory and called up to him thoughts of an old familiar voice—memories which had led him to tell the story of last night?

They lapsed into thoughtful silence, and so they rode.

The "outfit" was not on the Box-alder, but following the wagon-tracks (which here left the trail) they found the camp in a clump of trees at a spring, about three miles farther south, and nearer the bluffs. The "boys" did not see them come up. Further on, through the trees, George could see the cattle feeding peacefully, and Shorty with them on the hill, whistling. He went to the edge of the timber and beckoned.

It was near nightfall—the sun was "going down like a ship in the sea."

As Shorty walked up, his spurs jingling, he did not notice the tall figure with its back to him—Bill was looking with Indian abstraction into the fire; waiting, no doubt, for that promised communication concerning his brother.

Shorty rubbed his hands together as he advanced:

"It's getting cold again, boys——"

As Bill heard the voice he had turned sharply round, and they recognised each other in a glance:

"My brother!—Bill!!"

"SHORTY!!"

The sudden meeting had done what nothing else could do; it had broken asunder that bar in the younger brother's memory which the bear's claws had driven across it—it had unlocked the doors of the old life; and for the first time since the bear's stroke had fallen upon him, Bill called his brother by the old familiar name of boyhood.

IN PRAISE OF CHESS.

THE general subject of games as a matter of abstract philosophical or scientific inquiry is one of immense importance, though, as far as I know, neither the disciples of Kant nor the successors of Hume have given much attention to it. The object of this paper is practical, not theoretical, and I therefore unhesitatingly, though with some reluctance, suppress several philosophical reflections which might have served to commend the subject to the attention of some of our ingenious and energetic thinkers.

But there is one observation, not strictly practical, which I will not suppress, but put down at the very outset of this paper for the especial benefit of those "serious-minded persons" who object to games as frivolous. What I want to say is this: an increased attention to play is one of the surest indexes of an advanced civilisation. Amusement, like knowledge, will "grow from more to more" as we get nearer and nearer to the perfect social state, and most "serious subjects" will, like serious-minded people, be reduced to comparative insignificance. Military science, for instance, will be a branch of antiquarian research, the only soldiers will be of tin or lead; but though the nations "shall not learn war any more," there is no reason why they should not go on learning whist to the end of time. Productive labour will certainly not cease, but it will, as Mill prophesies, occupy less time and less attention. We have already learned to cover up our drains; we shall learn to keep our factories out of sight. Just as a family whose head has accepted a peerage soon begin to forget the brewery or the cotton mill which supports their bravery, so the world will not think very much about the ugly processes by which its material well-being will be secured. Production will go on with the maximum of success, but almost automatically. All the good things will come in greater abundance, but will come, as it were, naturally and of themselves, and will be accepted as a matter of course, as a child picks blackberries. A man travelling by rail does not need to think about the working of the steam-engine; that has all been done for him; he may sit in the corner

of his carriage and read a novel, the train will go on just as well. So humanity, when it has settled the serious problems which now perplex it, will give more thought, more time, more attention to amusement.

I do not mean to imply that all our present pastimes will continue in that happy age. Μὴ γένοιτο. A jockey, even an honest one—*rara avis in terris*—would be a sorry figure in any millennium, and perhaps before we recede much further from primæval barbarism we shall cease to be diverted by what we now call "sport." Highway robbery and cockfighting became practically extinct about the same time, and so perhaps burglars and sportsmen may vanish simultaneously. We shall have to wait some time yet. We cannot now disband our police, and the gunmakers about Piccadilly need be under no apprehension ; even the manufacture of elephant rifles and of elephant stories may continue for another generation or two; but sport will disappear some day : play is eternal. This is a digression, and too long. I come to my first proposition, that even in these pre-millennial and semi-barbaric days the subject of games is one of great practical importance. Just as every man has, or should have, some serious calling or vocation, so no less should he have some chosen game to which he should studiously devote his playtime. Froissart said of the English of his time that they took their pleasures sadly ; games *ought* to be played seriously. Mere idleness will never long divert an active mind, and the most tedious form of idleness is half-hearted play. Real enjoyment comes not to the lax and languid player, but to those who, like the celebrated Mrs. Battle, cry out for "the rigour of the game." It is not a figure of speech to say that a man devotes himself to whist or chess. A wise man will not play at all what he cannot ultimately play well. And so it is that, as I have said, the subject of games is a matter for deep consideration. A man must make his choice, for few can seldom hope to play more than one game really well. The chosen game will in course of time be to him, if he has chosen wisely, something more than a game ; it will be his lifelong companion, his unfailing friend, his resource against dulness, his refuge from anxiety, his consolation in difficulty and trouble, his *præsidium et dulce decus.* And as years go by and deepen his intimacy with his beloved pastime, it will become more and more like an old and dear friend, and slight passing allusions to it in literature will have an interest which he could hardly explain ; and by-and-by half the pleasure at play will arise from the unconscious memories of bygone games.

Quæ quum ita sint, it follows that a man should select his game

wisely and carefully. He should not fall in with it at haphazard, but choose deliberately, and abide by his choice.

A friend of mine took up with billiards a few years ago, under the mistaken impression that such a game was best of all suited to him for a relaxation from mental work. After three years' steady play he renounced the game.

"I will never touch a cue again," he said. "I might have done a great deal in the hours I have wasted on that horrid game. I could have learned a language or a science, or even read one of Heyse's novels in the time I have been *not* learning billiards. I have never made the least progress, and the game has bored me horribly the whole time."

This incident may serve to introduce my next proposition, which is this: that a man's choice is practically limited to two games—chess and whist. In future time other games may arise which may claim attention; at present these two are in possession of the field.

For we may in the first place exclude all outdoor games as being unsuitable for advancing years. Cricket, though it is the enemy of education and the ally of ignorance, is still a very fine pastime; but the man who devotes himself to cricket is storing up regret for middle life and old age. When he can no longer play he still "lags superfluous on the scene," and wearies the youngsters with stories of big hits and bygone matches, and regrets for the changed style of bowling.

Lawn tennis can be played, I suppose, even after the first touch of lumbago, but all outdoor games bring on drowsiness and mental inactivity, and so are only fitted to be the pastime of idle people. Those who wish to have their head clear for work cannot take violent exercise, except perhaps for a few weeks in the year when they can allow themselves a holiday. Then let them ride a bicycle, or climb Alpine peaks.

Nothing need be said to show that there is no other card game which can dispute the supremacy of whist. All others are obviously inadequate. Though by no means devoid of merit, they cannot pretend to offer recreation for a lifetime. Something can be said for écarté; bézique—especially Polish bézique—is a charming pastime for old ladies; loo is delightful at parties for young people; cribbage has attractions; and even "patience" in some of its better forms is not to be despised. But all these have a lower plane of existence; they are useful as auxiliaries, they may be the adjuncts and handmaids of whist, they can never venture to rival their great mistress.

When écarté, for example, is much played, it only serves as a vehicle for gambling. And the excitement of gambling, even if not

so "feverish" as is sometimes supposed, differs entirely from the calm, intellectual pleasure which whist affords—differs from it not in degree only, but in kind, just as opium smoking differs from smoking tobacco. And then écarté, napoléon, or baccarat has not only the defect of being merely a means of gambling, but of being a very faulty and imperfect means. Gambling is probably all wrong, but if men continue to gamble in the millennium, they will play roulette, the charm of whose unstudied ease and variety can only be appreciated by those who have tried it. But gambling in any form cannot serve as the chosen recreation we are in search of.

Billiards, too, we may unhesitatingly reject. It depends chiefly on manual dexterity, and so becomes uninteresting after a certain degree of proficiency is reached. Beyond that all is display and gratified (or wounded) vanity. The immense difference between the amateur and professional standard is sufficient in itself to condemn the game. One might as well choose conjuring, or tight-rope walking as a recreation. Billiards is, moreover, emphatically the game of stupid people. In country houses where there is no library there is likely to be a full-sized table by Burroughes & Watts. No intelligent man over thirty cares a straw for a pastime which, even as exercise, is decidedly inferior to battledore and shuttlecock.

So that I conclude a man's choice lies between two games—chess and whist. No other can give a man a solid and life-long satisfaction.

And now I must disclose the real purpose of my paper, which is to uphold the superiority of chess over whist, and so over every other game. The contrary has been maintained, and by no mean authorities. Whist has among its votaries and champions some great names, men of might who are too *φίλοι ἄνδρες* from whom one is sorry and afraid to differ. And one must admit that there are persons for whom whist is more suitable; and there are some who are incapable of chess. But these exceptional cases are not numerous; for the great mass of men, chess should be the chosen and beloved game. I do not in any way wish to disparage the just glories of whist. I, too, have bowed at that shrine, and done duteous worship there. I, too, have loved the gentle patter of the cards as they fall swiftly on the green cloth—sound sweet to hear as the "light drip of the suspended oar," or as the rain on the roof to the tired traveller just gone to bed and dropping off to sleep.

τὸν γῆς ἐπιψαύσαντα κᾆθ' ὑπὸ στέγῃ
πυκνῆς ἀκοῦσαι ψακάδος ἐνδούσῃ φρενί.

To me, too, is dear the moment of well-earned victory or hardly

averted defeat, when partner greets partner with brief congratulations and the eye brightens, and one turns with fresh hope to the new deal. All this is delightful; one can easily be enthusiastic about whist, but I want to show that chess affords pleasures which are higher, deeper, more enduring.

The most obvious difference between the two games is that chess does not in any way depend on chance. Almost alone of games chess stands high above the influence of fortune. A man may have a headache or be tired, he may not play so well as usual on any particular day, but all depends on his play, and nothing on the goddess of the turning wheel. In whist, on the contrary, all the inequalities and injustices of life reappear. Wisdom is certainly better than folly, but wisdom cannot contend against adverse fate. The skilful player with one trump, and no card higher than a ten, must yield to the dunce who makes all possible mistakes, and loses every trick that can be lost, but who has all the good cards. It is only the everlasting tendency to didactics—to over-estimate, for the benefit of young people, the advantages of skill—that causes one to think good play (or in life, prudence) of more importance than it really is. Whist, then, we may say, is realistic, and holds the mirror up to nature, depicts actual life, the world as it is: chess is idealistic, and has seized on the eternal principles of justice and equity. Thus chess is well adapted to be the consolation of those whose lot in life is not so happy as it ought to be. Seated at the game we can forget our hardships, the solicitors who send no briefs, the editors who reject our manuscripts, the fondly loved mistress who is going to marry some one else; the burden falls from our shoulders, and we move freely. But there is more than this. By means of the chess-board we enter into a region of equity and fairness, where righteousness reigns, and all men are equal.

Those who are thriving and prosperous in the world, sleek citizens "at their ease in Zion," may not unnaturally prefer whist, and think its uncertainty an added charm. For they are satisfied with the actual, and do not clamour for the ideal. They can be grateful to Fortune, and well-pleased to watch her mysterious ways. And when they are now and again unlucky at their cards, they can remember they were lucky in love, and so have no right to complain. And if they lose their guineas it is pleasant to think that guineas are not so very scarce. If Fortune denies them trumps, she has given them better things.

But should a man who is not one of the fickle lady's favourites sit down to whist, what will his feelings be when he meets with a

long run of ill luck? He turned to his game for solace and consolation, he sought to forget the "whips and scorns of time," and he is only whipped and scorned again, and so is driven to think more gloomily than ever of the inexorableness of destiny and the vanity of human endeavours. Let him rise from the card-table and sit down at the chess-board, for that noble game

> Never did betray
> The heart that loved her.

Then, again, chess must rank above whist as being more universal and cosmopolitan. Chess is Catholic. There are sects and parties in whist. Let a good English and a good German player be partners, and they will mutually exasperate each other. The German leads from his weak suits, finesses terribly, disregards his partner, and hoards his trumps. To show how differently the game is played in France one fact will be enough. Our Gallic neighbours prefer the *whist à trois*, *i.e.* with dummy. If four players meet, one generally cuts out. Chess, on the contrary, has no local colour. London has been for the last forty years the metropolis of chess, but the game is played in the same way and under the same rules all round the globe. The great chess players are citizens of the world, and their names are mispronounced in every foreign tongue.

To turn to another point, chess is incomparably the more ancient game. Whist has no claim to high descent. Like the mass of the English Peerage, its family history is, perhaps, just long enough to be respectable, but that is all. The origin of chess, on the contrary, is lost in immemorial antiquity. It springs from a mist of myth and fable. We are told it was invented by Shem, by Japhet, that it was played in Egypt more than 2,000 B.C., that it beguiled the long tedium of the siege of Troy. The country which gave it birth is again in dispute—China, Egypt, Persia, and India are suggested. But this question cannot be settled definitely. The game is, as it were, autochthonous, and its origin cannot be tied down to some fixed place and date. It was not "of an age," and so may well be "for all time." It was not the invention of an individual, the product of an era, but the evolution of centuries, the outcome of the creative energies of man. To treat of the beginning of chess is like inquiring into the origin of marriage or of government:

> οὐ γάρ τι νῦν γε κἀχθὲς ἀλλ' ἀεί ποτε
> ζῇ ταῦτα, κουδεὶς οἶδεν ἐξ ὅτου 'φάνη.

Again, chess alone of games can confer on its more distinguished servants fame and world-wide honour. The great chess-player can say, "Volito vivu' per ora virum."

Buckle, on a visit to Naples, went into a café where chess was played, and was challenged to a game.

"For one lira, I suppose?" said his antagonist.

"As you like."

"Perhaps for two lire?"

"For two, then."

"You might prefer five?"

"A hundred, if you like."

There was a pause, and the Italian was thoughtful.

"Perhaps," he said, pensively, "you are Signor Booclé? In that case I will not play with you at all."

And chess gives not only contemporary fame, but lasting remembrance. To be a great chess player is to be surer of immortality than a great statesman or a popular author. Such reputations are soon gained and lost. Poet of the twenty editions, novelist of the big cheques, count your gains now, jingle your money to-day! What will the next generation care for your common-place rhymings or your tales of adventurous butchery? But the chess player's fame once gained is secure and stable. What one of all the countless chivalry of Spain is so familiar a name as Ruy Lopez? What American (except Washington) is so widely known as Paul Morphy? Chess, in fact, has lasted so long that we are sure it will last for ever. Institutions decay, empires fall to pieces, but the game goes on. When the British Constitution has disappeared, the bishop's gambit will remain, as Jaenisch used to say, "an imperishable monument of human wisdom."

When the Scotchman has come to regard Bannockburn as the greatest of national misfortunes, the glories of the Scotch gambit will not have faded away. And so long as chess lasts will the memory of the great chess players endure. Now that the "Dictionary of National Biography" has come to the letter E, we shall doubtless find many Evanses: is there any one so sure of everlasting mention as he who by some lucky accident or happy inspiration first played P. to Q. Knt. 4, as the fifth move in the Giuoco Piano, and so gave his name to the most popular of gambits? So Buckle's games at the Divan may survive his "History of Civilization," as Staunton's "Handbook" is better known than his "Shakespeare." What player will ever forget the immortal game between Anderssen and Kieseritzky?

Now, whist has nothing to set against this fame which gives such dignity to chess. Names great and illustrious in literature and art are to be found among its votaries, but these shed a lustre on the game; they receive none. No man will be known to future ages simply

as a whist player—posterity can take no account of unrecorded games.

Perhaps this is the best place to consider a charge often made against the game of games. It is said that chess is unsociable, solemn, silent—a gloomy pastime played by taciturn, over-thoughtful men. Not a word of this reproach is true. It is "not only not fact, but curiously reverse of fact." However, most errors have a *raison d'être*, and this has two. Those who know nothing of the game have looked in at a great tournament and noticed the air of hushed attention pervading the room, the strained, thoughtful aspect of the players, the bystanders conversing in fearful whispers, and have concluded that all games were carried on in that grim fashion. They might as well infer that riding is a melancholy pastime—it sometimes is—because a jockey on the Derby course has not time to admire the view!

The other reason for this popular error I heard stated with great frankness by a young lady of my acquaintance:

"I hate chess," she said, "because we have to be so quiet when papa is playing."

I sympathise with all such sufferers; they have just ground of complaint. There are really some performers who remind one of Sydney Smith's description of Rogers composing a poem. But these tedious and exacting players are, as a rule, in the outermost circle of chess play. In chess, as in everything else, πολλοὶ οἱ ναρθηκόφοροι, παυροὶ δὲ μῦστοι—many carry the fennel, few are the initiated. A great player made a fine remark about these feeble, halting hangers-on of the great game.

"Chess," he said, "begins where they leave off."

And these are the men who must have the children sent to bed and the piano silenced, and the knocker muffled and the straw laid down in the streets, before they can commence to make their fatuous and feeble moves. These solemn triflers may pair off with the players "who don't care much about whist, but who take a hand now and then to make up a rubber," who, after five minutes' reflection, invariably play the wrong card. *Non ragionam di lor;* let us come back to real players and real play. Then I assert chess is the most social of games. It represses common-place, stimulates real conversation, encourages cheerfulness, banishes melancholy, and is the sworn foe of all uncharitableness. Chess players are, as a rule, the best of companions, experienced, yet not cynical, humorous, unconventional, entertaining, sympathetic. Your mother-in-law might not appreciate them, you would not invite them to meet a colonial bishop, but if you are

yourself a good fellow you will certainly like them. They are men of quip and quirk, and of insight too; they have "humours," they tell stories and stories are told of them. Of course there are exceptions, but generally this is true of all ranks of players, from the high priests in Cassia's temple, who live (somewhat scantily it may be) of the things of the altar, down to the weak rook-players of provincial clubs.

Indeed, one of the advantages of the game is that there is such a spirit of genial freemasonry among its followers. Men are already half friends who have one strong interest in common.

Consider, again, the enthusiasm which chess players have for their game. A friend was telling me of his troubles: "But, Lord bless you," he ended, "if it were not for those little things what a grand game we might make of chess!"

What a string of incidents could one bring to show how the passion for the game can conquer even the fear of death! From the Caliph's "Let me alone, for I see a mate against Kuthar," down to the French players who in 1848 tranquilly continued their game while a few yards off the street was barricaded and men were falling by the barricades; in the one and in the other there is the same devotion to the game, the same absorption in it. And the instances where men while playing chess have received notice of condemnation to death, to be followed by instant execution, and have only asked to be allowed to finish the game, and have finished it—can whist or any other game show the like? Let me not forget the saying of Sir Walter Raleigh who, as much as any man, had borne misfortune and borne it bravely. "I do not wish to live," said he, "longer than I can play chess."

Chess has been and is all this and more, but I dare not venture to depict what it may become. That is a theme for a poet, and the illustrious President of the British Chess Association might, in its honour, worthily employ the glorious measure of his "Locksley Hall." I only ask, *en passant*, why we should not have international disputes settled, not by war, but by chess champions duly chosen to represent their countries?

There is one thing more I must say. The great game has its tender, its romantic side, as no game can have at which more than two people play. It smiles on lovers, and can even be the cause of love.

Only a few years ago a chess player condemned to live in the country solaced his solitude by playing games by correspondence. Post-cards daily brought or daily took his move. His antagonist

was a lady ; before the contest was over he had got to know this lady, and their acquaintance ripened into intimacy, intimacy into love, and love was crowned with marriage. And this couple, not unmindful of the kindly influence which had brought them together, determined that the very rites of their marriage should "something savour" of the game. So they invited from London a certain clergyman whose genial face—"the front of Mars himself"—is well known in chess circles ; none but a chess player of his eminence should celebrate their union. And when bridegroom and bride rose from the wedding breakfast it was only to sit down to a game of chess—the first of their wedded life. Ah ! happy, happy pair, under what happy auspices did you start on the highway of marriage !

What a fine air of romance, of sweet tenderness, lingers round these lines of Lord Lytton :

> My little love, do you remember,
> Ere we were grown so sadly wise,
> Those evenings in the bleak December,
> Curtained warm from the snowy weather,
> When you and I played chess together,
> Checkmated by each other's eyes ?
> Ah ! still I see your soft white hand
> Hovering warm o'er queen and knight.

And so on to the sad close when the poet laments :

> That never, never, never more,
> As in those old still nights of yore,
> Ere we were grown so sadly wise,
> Can you and I shut out the skies;
> Shut out the world and wintry weather,
> And eyes exchanging warmth with eyes,
> Play chess as then we played together.

What other game can have such romantic associations? What other game has such wide-reaching sympathies? It is the friend of tobacco and yet frowns not on flirtation ; it is the delight of grey beards, and yet tender and sympathetic to youthful lovers. Darby and Joan may perhaps prefer cribbage or double dummy ; even in their enchanted isle Ferdinand and Miranda will find no sweeter pastime than a game of chess.

ROBERT SHINDLER.

JOHN BURROUGHS' ESSAYS.

THERE is a certain class of literature—essentially a product of the last half-century—whose chief exponents have been not inaptly designated as our "poet-naturalists." Since the time when old Gilbert White of Selborne devoted himself to the duty of observing and chronicling, in his homely and prosaic fashion, the fauna and flora of his Hampshire village, the literary treatment of natural history has been expanded and exalted no less than the poetical conception of nature itself; with the result that the idealising tendency of modern poetry, as expressed in an intense sympathy with woods and fields and streams, has affected and permeated even such apparently matter-of-fact and unpoetical studies as botany and zoology. Thus there has arisen a small but brilliant school of writers who have neither confined their attention, on the one hand, to certain favoured species—the lambs, the nightingales, the roses, the lilies, and the other traditional objects of the poet's devotion—nor, on the other hand, have treated natural history as if it were merely a bald scientific study; but have attempted to combine the power of minute and patient observation with the exercise of a highly idealistic and imaginative faculty. The first and foremost of these "poet-naturalists" was Thoreau, the transcendentalist of Concord, whose diaries and published volumes bear witness on every page to his almost miraculous insight into the secrets of nature and the strong trait of mysticism which tinged all his philosophical reflections. At the time of Thoreau's death, in 1862, his two destined successors, one in England, the other in America, were busily though unconsciously occupied in collecting material for the work they have since accomplished. Richard Jefferies, then a boy of fourteen, was wandering about the downs and lowlands of his Wiltshire home, and filling his mind with those images of country scenes which he was afterwards to reproduce again and again with marvellous fidelity in the series of brilliant volumes which has made his name famous. John Burroughs, a fellow-countryman and admiring student of Thoreau, was a young man of twenty-five,

already deeply versed in the lore of open-air life, and possessed of a practical experience much in advance of his years.

The family from which Burroughs sprang was partly English, partly Irish, in its origin. His grandfather and grandmother were settlers in Delaware County, New York, travelling to their adopted home with only a sledge drawn by a yoke of oxen, and themselves cutting a road through the woods. With the help of some neighbours, they built their own log-house of birch and maple-wood, the floor being made of hewn logs, the roof of black ash-bark. Here they settled and brought up their family, and it was at Roxbury, in this district, that John Burroughs was born on April 3, 1837. "I think April is the best month to be born in," he says in one of his essays; "in April all nature starts with you." His childhood was spent in healthy open-air life amid the scenery of this wild pastoral country, which he has described in his "Pepacton" (the Indian name for the eastern branch of the river Delaware) as "lifted into long round-backed hills and rugged wooded ranges by the subsiding impulse of the Catskill range of mountains, and famous for its superior dairy and other farm products." "From childhood," he says in another essay,[1] "I was familiar with the homely facts of the barn, and of cattle and horses; the sugar-making in the maple woods in early spring, the work of the corn-field, hay-field, potato-field; the delicious fall months with their pigeon and squirrel shootings; threshing of buckwheat, gathering of apples, and burning of fallows; in short everything that smacked of, and led to, the open air and its exhilarations. I belonged, as I may say, to them; and my substance and taste, as they grew, assimilated them as truly as my body did its food. I loved a few books much, but I loved nature, in all those material examples and subtle expressions, with a love passing all the books in the world." But though his heart, as he tells us, was always true to the scenes thus associated with his earliest reminiscences, it was not long before the restlessness of youth prompted him to go forth to seek his fortunes in the world—a world which was known to him in boyhood only by the occasional glimpses he obtained of the wonders of the town, with its great river and steamboats, when he assisted in taking to market the produce of his native farm. At the age of seventeen he went off and settled at Olive, Ulster County, where he supported himself by teaching. From 1863 to 1873 he held an appointment in the Treasury Department at Washington, but in later life he has resided chiefly at Esopus, on the bank of the Hudson River, eighty miles north of New York city. That in all

[1] "Notes on Walt Whitman as Poet and Person."

places and under all circumstances he has been an observant and indefatigable student of nature, cannot be doubted by anyone who is at all familiar with his published writings.

Burroughs' essays may be conveniently classed, according to their subjects, under the three heads of Nature, Travels, and Literature, of which the first-named is by far the most important and characteristic division. As a poet-naturalist, reproducing in graphic word-pictures the idyllic charm of outdoor life, and initiating his readers into the mysteries of woodcraft and bird-lore, he offers many points of resemblance both to Thoreau and Jefferies ; there is the same intense watchfulness, the same patient self-possession, the same determined concentration of eye and ear on some particular locality. Of all Thoreau's epigrammatic utterances, none, perhaps, has been so often challenged and criticised by incredulous readers as his apparently whimsical assertion, recorded by Emerson, that his native village of Concord was the most favoured centre for natural observation, since it contained in a small compass all the phenomena that could be noted elsewhere. Yet precisely the same sentiment may be found, independently expressed, both by Jefferies and Burroughs. "It has long been one of my fancies," says the former, "that this country is an epitome of the natural world, and that if anyone has really come into contact with its productions, and is familiar with them, and what they mean and represent, then he has a knowledge of all that exists on the earth."[1] "I sit here," says Burroughs, "amid the junipers of the Hudson, with purpose every year to go to Florida, or the West Indies, or to the Pacific Coast, yet the seasons pass and I am still loitering, with a half-defined suspicion, perhaps, that if I remain quiet, and keep a sharp look-out, these countries will come to me." A sharp look-out Burroughs has certainly kept from his watch-tower on the Hudson—as sharp as that which Thoreau kept at Concord, or Jefferies at Coate. He also resembles Thoreau at times (though here with considerable limitations) in the habit of moralising in a vein of transcendental phantasy, and borrowing images from the life of nature to be applied to the life of man. Thus, in his essay entitled "Roof-Tree," he expatiates, in an idealistic and Thoreau-like fashion, on the delights of building one's own dwelling-house. "It seems to me," he says, "that I built into my house every one of those superb autumn days which I spent in the woods getting stone. I did not quarry the limestone ledge into blocks any more than I quarried the delicious weather into memories to adorn my walls. Every load that was sent

[1] *The Life of the Fields*—essay on "Sport and Science."

home carried my heart and happiness with it." This sentiment might pass for one taken from "Walden" itself; and in the same way there are many passages in Burroughs' writings, especially those indicative of a passion for wild free life, which suggest a close affinity of thought and temperament not only to his American predecessor, but also to his English contemporary.

On the other hand, Burroughs has none of the mysticism which underlies Jefferies' writings, nor the self-consciousness which is so apparent in Thoreau; "the man that forgets himself," he says, "he is the man we like." He does not trouble himself about the mysteries of existence, or the perplexing spiritual problems by which the metaphysician is beset; it is the physical aspect of nature, in its simplest and most unsophisticated form, by which his attention is attracted. His genius shows itself in a thoroughly robust, healthy, genuine manner of thought, and in a literary style which is at once strong, picturesque, and idiomatic. He is no dilettante man of letters, no ambitious place-hunter, but a single-hearted lover of nature, endowed with all the simplicity and sincerity of Gilbert White, while he possesses also the finer instincts and deeper sympathies of a poet. "I had rather have the care of cattle," he says in one of his essays, "than be the keeper of the great seal of the nation;" and all his writings bear evidence of the same hearty and disinterested spirit; of the powerful brain and the clear eye; of the *sanity* (for this is his dominant characteristic) that preserves a just balance between the powers of the body and the powers of the mind. "What little literary work I do," he writes in a letter to an American journal, "is entirely contingent on my health. If I am not feeling absolutely well, with a good appetite for my food, a good appetite for sleep, for the open air, for life generally, there is no literary work for me. If my sleep has been broken or insufficient, the day that follows is lost to my pen. What do I do, then, to keep healthy? Lead a sane and simple life; go to bed at nine o'clock, and get up at five in summer, and at six in winter; spend half of each day in the open air; avoid tea and coffee, tobacco, and all stimulating drinks; adhere mainly to a fruit and vegetable diet, and always aim to have something to do which I can do with zest." However we may regard Burroughs' fanciful assertion, that he built into his house on the Hudson the rich autumn days no less than the quarried limestone, his readers cannot fail to discover that he has written into his literary essays the strength and sanity which are an integral part of his life and character. His writings breathe the very freshness and flavour of the open air and the country-side.

In those essays which are based on reminiscences of his early days, as, for instance, in his "Phases of Farm Life," Burroughs has drawn some delightful pictures of old-fashioned dwelling-houses; of Dutch barns, with hooded doors and huge gables; of scenes of threshing and dairy-work; of visits to the distant market-town across wild upland tracks, when the writer, then a boy, made the journey, as he relates, "perched high on a spring-board, and saw more sights and wonders than I have ever seen on a journey since, or ever expect to see again;" of ploughing, fence-building, and other farm occupations; of flax-growing, hay-harvesting, and sugar-making in the maple-woods in spring. On the other hand, in such essays as "Spring at the Capital," which may be compared with much of Richard Jefferies' "Nature near London," we have some interesting records of Burroughs' residence at Washington, giving proof that the true naturalist always keeps touch with nature, even when he is compelled to dwell in the town. It was not, however, altogether a town-life at this period. "I was then," he says, "the fortunate and happy lessee of an old place with an acre of ground attached, almost within the shadow of the dome of the Capitol. Behind a high but aged and decrepit board-fence I indulged my rural and unclerical tastes. Inside that gate was a miniature farm, redolent of homely, primitive life, a tumble-down house and stables and implements of agriculture and horticulture, broods of chickens, and growing pumpkins, and a thousand antidotes to the weariness of an artificial life. Outside of it were the marble and iron palaces, the paved and blistering streets, and the high vacant mahogany desk of a government clerk." Lastly, in "A River View," and several other essays which deal with his later life at Esopus, he has given us some vivid and graphic sketches of the varied scenery of the Hudson, which at this point is a majestic river, navigated by large steamers—one of the great highways of civilisation, though wild and almost primeval forests stretch back from its bank. Now we see the river "sensitive, tremulous, and palpitating" in the full glory and pomp of summer; now entranced and becalmed in the haze of a mild autumn; now spell-bound and silent in the winter frosts, or ringing with the operations of the annual ice-harvest, when "the scenes and doings of summer are counterfeited upon these crystal plains;" and now again flowing with open current when set free by the wild winds and rains of spring.

Few writers have shown so great an appreciation as Burroughs of the picturesque element and impressive features in the constant march and succession of the four seasons, or have delineated so delicately the ambiguous shades of gradation that divide them. Here is a

delightful spring picture (evidently a reminiscence of boyhood) from "A March Chronicle":

I think any person who has tried it will agree with me about the charm of sugar-making, though he have no tooth for the sweet itself. It is enough that it is the first spring work, and takes one to the woods. The robins are just arriving, and their merry calls ring through the glades. The squirrels are now venturing out, and the woodpeckers and nuthatches run briskly up the trees. The crow begins to caw, with his accustomed heartiness and assurance; and one sees the white rump and golden shafts of the high-hole as he flits about the open woods. Next week, or the week after, it may be time to begin ploughing and other sober work about the farm; but this week we will picnic among the maples, and our camp-fires shall be an incense to spring. Ah, I am there now! I see the woods flooded with sunlight; I smell the dry leaves, and the mould under them just quickened by the warmth; the long-trunked maples in their grey rough liveries stand thickly about; I see the brimming pans and buckets, always on the sunny side of the trees, and hear the musical dropping of the sap; the "boiling-place" with its delightful camp-features, is just beyond the first line, with its great arch looking to the south-west. The sound of its axe rings through the woods. The huge kettles or broad pans boil and foam, and I ask no other delight than to watch and tend them all day, to dip the sap from the great casks into them, and to replenish the fire with the newly-cut birch and beechwood.

A still more suggestive essay is that on "Autumn Tides," in which Burroughs describes the autumn as in some respects an imitation or parody of the spring, "a second youth of the year," when the air is again humid, the streams full, the leafage conspicuous, the birds less silent and retiring; "Nature," he says, "is breaking camp, as in spring she was going into camp; the spring yearning and restlessness is represented in one by the increased desire to travel." "For my part," he adds in the same essay, "I find all literary work irksome from April to August; my sympathies run in other channels; the grass grows where meditation walked. As fall approaches, the currents mount to the head again. But my thoughts do not ripen well till after there has been a frost." Winter (if we may judge by the excellence of his writings on that theme) is the season which is especially congenial to Burroughs' temperament, his stern, clear, masculine mind finding its natural spur and stimulant in the keen air, the crisp snow, and the firm frost-bound earth. "Winter Sunshine" is the title given to one of his most remarkable volumes, and the glories of winter have seldom been better celebrated than in such essays as "The Exhilarations of the Road" and "The Snow-Walkers," from the latter of which the following passage is taken:

The tendinous part of the mind, so to speak, is more developed in winter; the fleshy, in summer. I should say winter had given the bone and sinews to literature, summer the tissues and blood. The simplicity of winter has a deep moral. The return of Nature, after such a career of splendour and prodigality,

to habits so simple and austere, is not lost either upon the head or the heart. It is the philosopher coming back from the banquet and the wine to a cup of water and a crust of bread.

And then this beautiful masquerade of the elements—the novel disguises our nearest friend put on! Here is another rain and another dew, water that will not flow, nor spill, nor receive the taint of an unclean vessel. And, if we see truly, the same old beneficence and willingness to serve lurk beneath all.

Look up at the miracle of the falling snow,—the air a dizzy maze of whirling, eddying flakes, noiselessly transforming the world, the exquisite crystals dropping in ditch and gutter, and disguising in the same suit of spotless livery all objects upon which they fall. How novel and fine the first drifts! The old, dilapidated fence is suddenly set off with the most fantastic ruffles, scalloped and fluted after an unheard-of fashion! Looking down a long line of decrepit stone-wall, in the trimming of which the wind had fairly run riot, I saw, as for the first time, what a severe yet master artist old Winter is. Ah, a severe artist! How stern the woods look, dark and cold, and as rigid against the horizon as iron!

It cannot be said of Burroughs, as Emerson has said of the humanitarian Thoreau, that "though a naturalist, he used neither trap nor gun." Directly or by implication, he pleads guilty to having borne his share in many a hunting expedition by field and forest, whether in tracking and trapping the fox among the snows of winter, or shooting the grey squirrel in the autumn woods, or "cooning" in the early spring, as when Cuff, the farm-dog, had discovered the whereabouts of a raccoon, "that brief summary of a bear," in a neighbouring tree. It is, however, not the beasts, but the birds, that are the chief objects of Burroughs' interest and attachment; not Wilson, nor Audubon, nor Michelet himself, could regard the bird-creation with a more enthusiastic devotion. A whole volume, "Wake-Robin," is given up to the discussion of bird-lore; the title of another, "Birds and Poets," bears witness to the same partiality for the feathered race; while a number of scattered essays—"A Bird Medley," "Birds and Birds," "Birds-Nesting," and the like—deal with the same subject. It is noted by Burroughs that the valley of the Hudson, like other water-roads running north and south, forms a great natural highway for the birds in their annual migrations; so that from his home at Esopus he looks out, as from a post of vantage, on the movements of the various species. In April it is the robin that strikes the prevailing note; in May the bobolink; in the summer months the song-sparrow. Much mention is there also of the wood-thrush, and the mocking-bird, the pewee, the chickadee, the phœbe-bird, and a score of others unknown to English eyes and ears, yet made seemingly familiar by such writings as those of Thoreau and Burroughs. There is something contagious in the enthusiasm with which he records the sight of a long line of swans

wending their way northwards high overhead ; or of eagles and crows perched on floating blocks of ice ; or of a soaring buzzard "placidly riding the vast aërial billows"; or of the rare incursion of multitudes of passenger-pigeons, "making the naked woods suddenly blue, as with fluttering ribbons and scarfs, and vocal as with the voices of children." "The very idea of a bird," he says, "is a symbol and a suggestion to the poet. A bird seems to be at the top of the scale, so vehement and intense is his life—large-brained, large-lunged, hot, ecstatic, his frame charged with buoyancy and his heart with song. The beautiful vagabonds, endowed with every grace, masters of all chimes, and knowing no bounds—how many human aspirations are realised in their free holiday-lives—and how many suggestions to the poet in their flight and song !"

Bees also, and especially the wild bees, claim their due share of attention in Burroughs' open-air studies, the title of one of his volumes, "Locusts and Wild Honey," giving an indication of the direction of his tastes, the name carrying with it, as he remarks, "a suggestion of the wild and delectable in nature, of the free and ungarnered harvests which the wilderness everywhere affords to the observing eye and ear." In the essay on "The Pastoral Bees" he deals mainly with the domestic apiary, in the "Idyll of the Honey Bee" with the more exciting topic of honey-hunting in the wild woods, in which occupation the keen eye and strong nerve—two of Burroughs' characteristic qualities—are indispensable to success. "I have never had any dread of bees," he says, "and am seldom stung by them. I have climbed up into a large chestnut that contained a swarm in one of its cavities and chopped them out with an axe, being obliged at times to pause and brush the bewildered bees from my hands and face, and not been stung once."

Two of the most graceful and idyllic of Burroughs' essays are those on "Our Rural Divinity" (the cow) and "The Apple." The latter is, I think, the choicest of all his writings, with its pervading sense of mellow humour, its rich, ripe thought, and unfailing felicity of expression. The very flavour of the apple seems to have passed into such passages as the following :

> Noble common fruit, best friend of man and most loved by him, following him like his dog or his cow, wherever he goes. His homestead is not planted till you are planted, your roots intertwine with his ; thriving best where he thrives best, loving the limestone and the frost, the plough and the pruning-knife, you are indeed suggestive of hardy, cheerful industry, and a healthy life in the open air. Temperate, chaste fruit ! you mean neither luxury nor sloth, neither satiety nor indolence, neither enervating heats nor the frigid zones. Uncloying fruit, fruit whose best sauce is the open air, whose finest flavour only he whose taste is

sharpened by brisk work or walking knows; winter fruit, when the fire of life burns brightest; fruit always a little hyperborean, leaning toward the cold; bracing, sub-acid, active fruit. I think you must come from the north, you are so frank and honest, so sturdy and appetising. You are stocky and homely like the northern races. Your quality is Saxon. Surely the fiery and impetuous south is not akin to thee. Not spices or olives, or the sumptuous liquid fruits, but the grass, the snow, the grains, the coolness is akin to thee. I think if I could subsist on you, or the like of you, I should never have an intemperate or ignoble thought, never be feverish or despondent. So far as I could absorb or transmute your quality, I should be cheerful, continent, equitable, sweet-blooded, long-lived, and should shed warmth and contentment around.

Of the second class of Burroughs' essays—those recording his experiences of foreign travel—little need here be said. His "Fresh Fields," and "An October Abroad," which contain his impressions of English society and scenery, are written in a light, pleasant tone; while his keen eye for physical and hereditary traits in men and races serves to bring out very distinctly the radical and essential differences between the old country and the new. Some accounts of minor jaunts and holiday trips by river or forest are scarcely so successful, perhaps because they unintentionally suggest comparison with the inimitable "Excursions" of Thoreau; the boat-trip, for instance, described in "Pepacton," cannot compare for a moment with any of the chapters in Thoreau's "Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers."

On the other hand, the essays on literary subjects, though few in number, are most suggestive and valuable contributions to American criticism, and very characteristic of Burroughs' own manner of thought. In "Before Genius" and "Before Beauty" he sets forth his views on the question of literature and art, to the effect that for a full and satisfactory expression of the literary and artistic faculties there is need of a background or substratum of healthy physical force; literature apart from life is a sickly and unnatural creation without strength or permanence. He insists that the quality which is indispensable to any lasting success in literature is "the man behind the book." "Good human stock is the main dependence. No great poet ever appeared except from a race of good fighters, good eaters, good sleepers, good breeders. Literature dies with the decay of the *un*literary element." So, too, with artistic beauty. "Beauty without a rank material basis enfeebles. Woe to any artist who disengages beauty from the wide background of rudeness, darkness, and strength—and disengages her from absolute Nature!" Burroughs' love of wild, vigorous, aboriginal nature is thus seen to form the central point of his critical philosophy, which is further

exemplified and pressed home in some remarkably luminous and forcible essays on three typical American authors—Emerson, Thoreau, and Walt Whitman. Emerson, whom Burroughs had studied, as he tells us, when he was himself "a well-grown country youth," is regarded by him with the mixed feelings of an admirer and a critic, admiration of his splendid intellectual qualities being tempered by a sense of his deficiency in bulk, emotion, and massive strength. Nowhere, I think, have the salient characteristics of Emerson's genius been seized and expressed with such insight and felicity as in Burroughs' essay on "Birds and Poets."

> In fact, Emerson is an essence, a condensation; more so, perhaps, than any other man who has appeared in literature. Nowhere is there such a preponderance of pure statement, of the very attar of thought over the bulkier, circumstantial, qualifying, or secondary elements. He gives us net results. He is like those strong artificial fertilisers. A pinch of him is equivalent to a page or two of Johnson, and he is pitched many degrees higher as an essayist than even Bacon. . . . He is the Master Yankee, the centennial flower of that thrifty and peculiar stock. More especially in his later writings do we see the native New England traits—the alertness, eagerness, inquisitiveness, thrift, dryness, archness, caution, the nervous energy as distinguished from the old English unction and vascular force.
>
> We have had great help in Emerson in certain ways—first-class service. But after him, the need is all the more pressing for a broad, powerful, opulent, human personality to absorb these ideals and make something more of them than fine sayings. With Emerson alone we are rich in sunlight, but poor in rain and dew—poor, too, in soil, and in the moist, gestating earth principle. Emerson's tendency is not to broaden and enrich, but to concentrate and refine.

Burroughs' essays on Thoreau are also marked by suggestive and discriminating judgment. He happily describes the Concord recluse as "a kind of Emersonian or transcendental red man, going about with a pocket-glass and an herbarium, instead of with a bow and a tomahawk." "He went to Nature," he says, "as to an oracle; and though he sometimes, indeed very often, questioned her as a naturalist and a poet, yet there was always another question in his mind." This self-consciousness on the part of Thoreau, together with what Burroughs considers to be a lack of human sympathy, prevents him from regarding his fellow-naturalist as a really great personality, though he yields willing homage to his brilliant genius, his rich vein of thought, and especially to that innate love of wildness with which he himself is so largely endowed. It was, perhaps, to be expected that Burroughs, with his rough, racy, full-blooded temperament, should miss somewhat of the intense charm which an idealist finds in Thoreau's more mystic philosophy and humanitarian tendencies; yet, on the whole, even if he has done scant justice to this aspect of

Thoreau's writings, his portrait of the author of "Walden" remains the best word that has yet been said on the subject.

It is in Walt Whitman that he finds the "broad, powerful, opulent, human personality" which he craves as a corrective after the intense, didactic, over-concentrated writings of the Emersonian school. "All the works of Whitman," he says, "prose and verse, are embosomed in a sea of emotional humanity, and they float deeper than they show; there is far more in what they necessitate and imply than in what they say." No reader who is acquainted with Burroughs' strong, sane cast of mind, and has noted his entire belief in full and healthy vitality, will be surprised to find him an ardent and enthusiastic admirer of the great poet of American democracy. His earliest published book was his "Notes on Walt Whitman, as Poet and Person," issued in 1867, a small but interesting volume, unfortunately rather scarce in this country, in which may be found the gist of all, or nearly all, that has been written by Whitman's later panegyrists; while in "The Flight of the Eagle" (1877), one of the best essays in "Birds and Poets," he dealt in a shorter form with the same subject, a personal knowledge of the poet himself having now been added to a knowledge of his writings. "To tell me," he says, "that Whitman is not a large, fine, fresh, magnetic personality, making you love him, and want to be always with him, were to tell me that my whole past life is a deception, and all the impression of my perceptives a fraud. I have studied him as I have studied the birds, and have found that the nearer I got to him the more I saw." The following passage may be cited as giving the sum of his impressions:

> The great lesson of Nature, I take it, is that a sane sensuality must be preserved at all hazards, and this, it seems to me, is also the great lesson of Whitman's writings. The point is fully settled in him, that however they may have been held in abeyance, or restricted to other channels, there is still sap and fecundity and depth of virgin soil in the race, sufficient to produce a man of the largest mould and the most audacious and unconquerable egoism, and on a plane the last to be reached by these qualities; a man of antique stature, of Greek fibre and gripe, with science and the modern added, without abating one jot or tittle of his native force, adhesiveness, Americanism, and democracy.

We thus see that in his general view of life and conduct Burroughs is distinctly a follower and adherent of Whitman, caring little for the subtleties of creeds, philosophies, and metaphysical speculations, but holding a firm belief in the regenerating power of free, healthy, natural habits, and frank human sympathies, while he is as firmly convinced of the dependence of all intellectual supremacy upon underlying physical vigour, or (to quote an expression of his

own) on "good red blood, and plenty of it." On the other hand, his love of wild nature, his keenly observant eye, and instinctive faculty of noting or divining the ways and movements of bird and beast, place him, as I have already remarked, in close affinity with certain other writers, such as Thoreau and Jefferies, whom he also resembles in the possession of that poetic insight which distinguishes the "poet-naturalist" from the naturalist pure and simple, and gives a literary form and a deeper significance to what would otherwise be a dry record of scientific observation. He differs from these kindred writers by reason of his greater sanity or self-possession, but together with this quality he has also the corresponding defects; for while he is saved from falling into the extravagances of thought and expression to which they are liable, his more solid and stable intellect is incapable of rising to the spiritual altitudes to which they sometimes attain. He has produced no volume that is comparable to Thoreau's "Walden" or Jefferies' "Story of My Heart," either in imaginative fervour or literary grace; but his short essays are so strong, and suggestive, and picturesque, that they can well hold their ground against any others that have been written on the same class of subjects, either in England or America. As an essayist on nature and natural history, Burroughs certainly deserves to be read and remembered, and the secret of his charm lies in the genuine personality that everywhere backs his writings—in his own formula, "the man behind the book."

H. S. SALT.

PUBLIC SCHOOL PAPERS.

AMIDST the many interests and pursuits of the little world of a big public school the labours of the editors of the school paper and their contributors hold a conspicuous place, since by their means a permanent record is kept of all matters of school interest. The influence of the press, here as elsewhere, makes itself felt, and the paper not only records the triumphs of the school against its rivals, the meetings of its various societies, the programme and speech-making of Prize Day, and the wonderful jump of young Huggins of the Lower School at the sports, for the delectation of the generation then at the school, but has a wide circle of readers amongst the "old fellows" who have left its walls months or years ago. Busy barristers entangled in the red-tape meshes of the law, staid old vicars vegetating in quiet little parsonages far from the busy haunts of men, colonels stationed with their regiments in the whirling dust of Aldershot or beneath the burning skies of India, men in multitudinous other ways fighting the grim battle of life, turn with delight to the records of the old school, and live again the days that are gone as they read with glowing satisfaction that the old house in which they were boarders carries its colours as bravely as ever, and still maintains its position in the school; that the younger generation are worthily upholding its prestige, proving themselves fit guardians of its honoured name and of the long array of house trophies that testify of the prowess of other days. The author of "Tom Brown's School Days" deprecates the wrath of all those unfortunates who cannot claim association with his old school when he makes his hero declare himself one of the happy dwellers in the best house in the best school in England, but the sentiment calls for no apology; it is one that all old public school men will heartily applaud, though they will, quite naturally, make emphatic reservation in favour of their own old school.

The school paper is generally about what we may term quarto size, giving a page of about ten inches by eight. The *Wellingtonian*, *Meteor*, *Elizabethan*, *Derbeian*, *Felstedian*, *Rossallian*, and *Harrovian*,

for example, are of this size, while the *Malvernian*, *Carthusian*, and *Wykehamist* are considerably larger. These papers have from twelve to sixteen pages generally, and are supplied to the school at the rate of sixpence a copy, though two of those we have named have but eight pages each, one of them costing its subscribers fourpence, and the other a shilling. A few are published in pamphlet form, making a page of about half the size of the others, such as the *Alleynian*, the *Uppingham School Magazine*, the *Cliftonian*, and the *Shirburnian*. These have from about thirty to fifty pages, and these too are supplied at a cost of sixpence.

The school paper is ordinarily somewhat irregular in its appearance, and the number issued in a year varies considerably; thus, while the *Haileyburian* comes out eleven times a year, the *Alleynian* appears eight times, the *Salopian* six, and the *Derbeian* three. It is a matter of school honour to support the paper, and some of them have been in existence for a long period, though in many cases the present paper is by no means the first of its kind, and few could show an uninterrupted series for, say, thirty years. The present form of the *Harrovian*, for instance, dates but from February, 1888, No. 1, Vol. I., before us as we write, bearing that date. Three times before during the history of the school has it appeared, held its own for a while, and then withered away. On the other hand, the *Shirburnian*, which made its first appearance in the year 1859, has been published continuously ever since, and is therefore some thirty years old.

The public school boy is intensely conservative in his ideas, and a great believer in the wisdom of keeping to the ancient track. We see this even in the time-honoured but somewhat uncouth titles bestowed on these school papers, a precedent carefully followed even by the younger schools; for, while we find the *Blue* of Christ's Hospital, the *Meteor* of Rugby, the *Thistle* and the *Ousel*, the *Mill Hill Magazine*, and the *Wykehamist*, the great majority adopt the form represented by such titles as *Haileyburian*, *Harrovian*, *Elizabethan*, *Alleynian*, *Carthusian*, *Rossallian*, *Tonbridgian*, *Radleian*, *Reptonian*, *Dovorian*, and *Fettesian*, the antipodes sending us the *Melburnian* and the *Oamaruvian*.

The editing of the paper is ordinarily conducted by a small committee of the senior boys, members of the sixth form, and in most cases "assisted" by a master, his function being partly to exercise some little censorship on the contributions. One head-master leaves the whole conduct of the magazine, he tells us, in the hands of the school editors; it is not in any way submitted to him before

publication. The school in question is one that stands very high in rank, and, as the paper has been in existence almost twenty years, the experiment may be considered a success. Another master tells us that before the paper is finally printed a proof passes through his hands and he reserves to himself full liberty to excise, though he has seldom occasion to use it. While a very considerable freedom is allowed, it would appear advisable certainly that some little supervision should be exercised, and that the greater wisdom and experience of some member of the magistral circle should prevent the introduction of undesirable matter.

In some of the larger schools certain interests find the school paper too limited a field for their energies; thus Marlborough, in addition to its *Marlburian*, publishes at frequent intervals an excellent report of the proceedings of its Natural History Society, giving the papers read, the botanical, entomological, ornithological, and meteorological observations, &c. Felstead has a very similar publication as well as the *Felstedian*, while Charterhouse also publishes, in addition to the *Carthusian*, a capital art paper full of illustrations, called the *Grey Friar*.[1]

Though the school paper gives its readers, from time to time, records of school successes in the winning of scholarships and the like, such details of the actual work and teaching will naturally rather be sought for in the school calendars and reports published officially by the authorities, though one of the most pleasing features is the pride taken in the after-successes of the old boys. In one of these papers, for example, we read: "Mr. W. Harrison has obtained the Cambridge University Kaye Prize. W. O. Laxton has passed out of Sandhurst, and been gazetted to the Durham Light Infantry. Captain Macbeagh, 92nd Highlanders, has been appointed Instructor in Military Topography at Sandhurst. J. T. Garnett has passed the final examination for the Indian Civil Service."[2] The interest appears to be very equally divided, for, while the present members of the schools rejoice in the honours

[1] This has now been in existence over four years. It is managed by a committee of masters and boys. In size of page it is about the same as the *Magazine of Art*. The copy before us as we write contains an article on Africa, illustrated by an old Carthusian; another, entitled "From Marlow to Windsor," with illustrations, by two other old boys; a paper on Mont St. Michel, with numerous illustrations, by one of the masters of the school; and another article, with illustrations, by four present members of the school; each number, like the school paper, loyally ending with the motto, "Floreat in æternum Carthusiana domus."

[2] We have in all cases assumed names when names are mentioned, so that the triumphs of Jones may be ascribed to Brown, and the success of Robinson is possibly placed to the credit of Smith.

of their forerunners, the old boys cherish kindly remembrances of their school days, subscribing freely to school objects, taking part in the annual school concerts, and in many other ways keeping bright the memory of their association with the old school. We have already stated that schoolboys are intensely conservative: a marked example of this may be seen at the annual concert of one of our big schools, where an old boy, a clergyman, year after year sings "Tom Bowling." To our own knowledge and in our own hearing this has been a fixed item in the programme for at least ten years, and he has therefore once or twice endeavoured to substitute something else. This something else receives due attention, but only as an addition, and not at all as a substitution, and at its close some six hundred boys raise a demand that is overwhelming and irresistible, but which is hushed to instant silence as the well-known opening notes of the old song are heard once more.

In the *Harrovian* before us we read of an old boys' dinner at Melbourne—representatives of Harrow men for a period of fifty-seven years, from the old boy who left in 1827 to the old boy of 1884. Almost every school has its special songs, and after the toasts of the Queen and Harrow School were duly honoured the old school songs were sung enthusiastically by the grave judges, merchants, officers, who sang them first long ago when they were lads in the old home land. Such meetings are happily common enough; we know of one that met in Calcutta, when, after every possible topic of interest would appear to have been discussed, the old school porter was toasted—to his immense delight when he read the account of the dinner afterwards in the *Marlburian.* He had been porter for over twenty years, and the grey-headed colonels and others who had won honour and distinction, keeping the gates of India against all comers, had honest and sterling regard for their bluff old prototype at the lodge. Doubtless, were we to wade through a whole pile of school papers, similar records could be found in all. Such a process, however, would be exhausting alike to writer and reader; we therefore merely take a specimen number of several of our schools, culling from it whatever may seem of general interest that may happen to be in it, but not at all implying that, because a reference, for instance, to a dinner is extracted from the *Harrovian*, the old Harrow boys alone dine.

This association of the past with the present is seen in the "honour boards" put up at various schools, where the winners of various school distinctions are tabulated year after year; in the reference in the *Malvernian* to an interesting collection of Indian and African curio-

sities presented by an "O.M."[1] to the school museum; and in the catalogue of pictures given in the *Carthusian*, a most valuable series of works presented to the school by an "O.C.," and including examples of Salvator Rosa, Guido Reni, Rubens, Poussin, Dow, Etty, Turner, Wilkie, Lawrence, Morland, Linnell, and many others. It may be seen again in the old fellows' cricket and football clubs that come down periodically to the old school and try conclusions with the present generation of boys, or challenge all comers for the glory of Harrow, Eton, Rugby, or Winchester. It may be found, too, in the association of past and present members in the promotion of the various missions, and in the kindly obituary notices in the school paper of those who had gone forth into the big world outside to fight the battle of life, and whose career is closed.

In the *Uppingham School Magazine* appeal is made, on behalf of the mission, for warm clothing and boots, for dumbbells and parallel bars for the training of their Boys' Athletic Club, and for anything and everything that will raise the poor and helpless of their district, body and soul, to a happier and higher life. "Our friends will know beforehand that our appetite for warm clothing at this time of year is unbounded. There is no kind of human garment which we cannot turn to account." In the *Malvernian* we read how the annual lecture on their mission was held, how hearty the welcome of the school to their representative in the East of London, how cordial the invitation to any master or boy to go down and see the work done, and how by homely and practical talk as to the difficulties and trials of the mission, and of the daily life, the sorrows, and needs of the poor, the boys of the school are most wholesomely led to think something of the sterner life beyond the gates of the playing-field.

What more beautiful illustration need we seek of kindly feeling than the following notice in a school paper, that shall here be nameless, in deference to the sorrow it records? "Died, at —— October 15, Beatrice, wife of the Rev. S. A. Carpenter, after a long and trying illness. Our summer term has been saddened by this illness, the result of which was known to be inevitable. Mr. Carpenter has had the sympathy of his house and of the whole school in his great sorrow: and in that sympathy old boys of all generations will join. We have lost from amongst us one of the 'old familiar faces,' loved for her kindness and gentleness by all who had the privilege of knowing her."

[1] Whatever the various titles to an old boy's name may be in after years, V.C., LL.D., F.R.S., or what not, in the school paper his association with the school is the great point after all. O.M. is the honoured title of the old Malvernian, O.R. of the old Rugbeian, O.C. of the old Carthusian, O.W. of the old Westminster, &c.

Some few school papers are much more literary in style than the rest. In one of the numbers of the *Uppingham School Magazine* we find, in addition to general school news, papers on the fig trade in Smyrna, on falconry, a poem on the discovery of America, the impressions of a Frenchman, extracts from a diary of Japanese travel, and an interesting review of a Japanese book entitled "The Young Scholar." It is published in Tokio, and has as its aim the instruction of the Japanese in English. A few illustrations of its value may be given. The following is entitled "Doctor and Fishwife."

Doctor.—"How much do you ask for that ostrea (oyster)?"

Fishwife.—"Ostrea! What do you mean by that?"

Doctor.—"Ah! Ignorance of words is out of all learnings; come in a rainy weather, and then I will tell you. But what is the price of that mullus (mullet)?"

Fishwife.—"Triangle, Sir."

Doctor.—"Triangle! What is meant by that?"

Fishwife.—"Ah! Ignorance of the secret symbols (which merchant use marking the price of goods) is indeed out of all learnings; come in a rainy weather, and then I'll tell you."

The next which we quote is entitled "The Education of the Cat."

I heard that beasts and birds have the education.

Indeed! I saw the fact. Several days ago, my cat brought for the three kittens. When the kittens became able to eat rat, the cat brought a rat without head, because she had eat the head already, and she gave her children, and they ate the rat in quarrel. After three days, she brought a dead rat with head, and gave them; and they ate it as before. After three days, she brought the rat—half dead and half live—and gave them it, but they could not ate it, and the rat contrived to escape, then she got hold it again. By this manner, they could ate that rat, and, from that time, these kittens could catch rats with very good way, and easily could ate it. I think, this is "The Education of Cat."

Our brethren! When you educate your children, I hope you to educate with the kindness as this cat did.

In the *Wykehamist* we come across an article on autumn leaves, and a review of a handbook to the National Gallery. In the *Alleynian*, the school paper of Dulwich College, is a long poem on the death of Charles I., and a very interesting account of the city of Uriconium; while the *Harrovian* gives some examples of schoolboy mistakes, as, for instance, "a war of principles—that in which only the generals engage; the chief industries of Scotland—there is a large public school just outside Edinburgh; the action of soap on hard water—it turns it to ice." In the *Wellingtonian* before us we find an article on Prague, and another on empty houses; in the *Clavinian* a good paper on meteorites and shooting stars; in the *Rossallian* a paper on the troubles of an emigrant, and another on Milton. In the

Blundellian a visit to the ruins of Tiverton Castle and a tour of the English lakes are the subjects of appreciative articles.

The *Shirburnian* has a poem on the ideal head of the school, from which we quote two verses full of "go" and vigour. N.B.—A public school boy always talks of "our men."

Who shall be King of men,
  Who be dictator,
Ruling us rarely, when
  Fortune turns traitor?
He, in whose flannelled breast
  Hope is the strongest,
Who, to revive the rest,
  Stays in the longest;
Should the ball rasp his thumbs,
  Finds it no fixer,
When the half-volley comes,
  Makes it a sixer!
    Strong with the strength of ten,
    He shall be King of men,
      King of Three-hundred!

Who shall be King of men,
  Who be our hero,
Lifting a people, when
  Hopes are at zero?
He who, when rain and mud
  Lure to the novel,
Fresh as an April-bud,
  Hies to the grovel;
Struggles through slime and slush
  (Fancies it clover),
Spite of the ugly rush
  Lifts it just over!
    Sped with the speed of ten,
    He shall be King of men,
      King of Three-hundred!

The school societies and the school sports naturally fill a large space in these papers. At most schools we find some sort of scientific or literary society, possibly an art or musical society, maybe a chess club, certainly a debating society, probably a volunteer corps; while the games of the schools are pre-eminently cricket and football, fives, and racquets: anything that would tend to at all displace these being rigidly discountenanced, except athletic sports, paper chases, and practice in the gymnasium.

In the *Harrovian* we find record of a scientific society, whereat a master had just been discussing Volapük, and a boy gunpowder. At Westminster the *Elizabethan* gives an account of the meeting of

their literary society, when the play of "The Rivals" was read. In the *Clavinian* we find the head-master giving a paper on Rural Superstitions, while a boy went in for an essay on Old Customs. At Charterhouse, in connexion with their Science and Art Society, a most interesting paper had just been read, when our paper came to hand, on Italian bronze medals, "the object being," in the words of the editor, "to draw attention to the fine set of reproductions that had been on view at the school for the last year. Passing comment was made on the extraordinary interest of the medals, not merely from an artistic but also from an historical point of view. Thus the medal of Sigismondo Pandolfo Malatesta, by Vittore Pisano; of Isotta da Rimini, by Matteo Pasti; of Lorenzo de' Medici, by Nicolò Fiorentino; of Savonarola, by an unknown medallist; of Julius II., by Caradosso; of Michelangelo, by Leone Leoni; of Clement VII., by Benvenuto Cellini, afforded much more mixed material for comment, personal, historical, and artistic, than could be exhausted in many lectures. The audience were advised to employ their own eyes on this very interesting collection of reproductions, which is shortly to be reinforced by additions from the British Museum;" whereupon the editor concludes: "We have no reason to suppose that the advice is at all likely to be taken. It is probably news to by far the greater portion of the school that any of these things exist at all, or that anything is to be gained by looking at them."

At Dulwich the *Alleynian* duly sets forth the delivery at the Science Society of a lecture on "The School Steam Engine;" for Dulwich, like Rugby, has an excellent workshop.

In the *Malvernian*, *Shirburnian*, *Cliftonian*, and *Felstedian* we find other proofs of the vigorous existence of these most useful societies. At Malvern we find prizes being bestowed by the society for the best field work in botany and entomology, and Keats gives a short but interesting lecture upon his own experiences as a collector of butterflies and moths, instructing his auditory in the arts of caterpillar-rearing and pupa-digging. At Sherborne we find the annual *conversazione* just being held, and many interesting exhibits. During the course of the evening the head-master gives a graphic account of the eruption of Vesuvius that he had witnessed; while a boy, young Wells of the fourth form, gives a capital paper on Bees. The Cliftonian Society goes in for several sections of work—mechanical, chemical, botanical, entomological, archæological, ornithological, geological, and photographic.

The debating society is a very valuable adjunct to a school, and is ordinarily well supported. At Charterhouse we find the desirability

of the Channel Tunnel the point at issue; at Rugby, that the modern world owes more to Greece than it does to Rome; at Wellington, trial by jury; at Westminster, that the influence of the daily press is pernicious to the best interests of society, and that the defects of Oliver Cromwell so far outweigh his merits as to make him a discredit to the nation; while at Shrewsbury we find the following points under discussion: capital punishment and compulsory emigration. The abstracts of these debates are often very amusing. We quote one of these, on Vegetarianism, from a public school paper.

The hon. mover arose with a maiden-like blush, as if to assure us that vegetarianism was good for the complexion. He began his discourse by including as vegetables eggs, milk, butter, and cream. Monkeys, he said, are our ancestors, and they are vegetarians. Our anatomy is different from that of carnivorous animals. Is not the slaughterhouse a disgusting place? Are not butchers unpleasant people? Is not pork-packing a degrading profession? The lowest of Irish women, who feed on potatoes, are most beautiful as a rule. Children always prefer fruit to meat. Why should not we copy them? The Spartans were vegetarians, so are Highlanders. Who are stronger than these? Finally, he tickled our fancy with the *menu* of a vegetarian dinner which cost 1*s.* 5½*d.*, and whose courses fully reached double figures.

B. SPENCER: Meat is often tainted and diseased. Butchery is unnecessary cruelty to animals. He had pleasant recollections of a dinner at the Healtheries Exhibition.

J. BAYFIELD: There would be no leather for boots unless cattle were killed. Vegetarianism does not always turn out fine-looking men. Our jolly fat farmers would cease to exist, and in their place would come lean, stooping, decrepit gardeners.

W. MAURICE entirely overwhelmed us with his statistics. He was not pleased with the food provided for him. He would prefer more lentil-soup. Anti-vegetarianism is the precursor of cannibalism. If we did not eat meat we should not commit such awful murders.

G. A. SWIFT bade the hon. mover speak for himself, if he thinks he has fallen off from his grandfather the ape. Man Friday was not a vegetarian, and he was a good sort. He did not like lentil-soup.

H. M. ROUTH: Monkeys who sit in trees and chatter perhaps do not need much meat: we who work for our living do.

R. S. ALDRIDGE gave us the translation of some Plutarch on the subject. We were given beasts to use, and instead kill them. If drunkards did not eat meat they would be more curable. We can have boots made from animals dying natural deaths. Had been a vegetarian for a week and was delighted.

A. DICKINSON remarked that murders were committed before meat was used for food.

J. C. SCHUSTEN did not add much in the way of argument.

W. HALES: A reform was a reform. Having delivered himself of this, he rapidly degenerated, till he was ignominiously ordered to resume his seat.

The numbers were: For, 7; against, 21: majority against, 14.

The volunteers claim a corner, too, in the school papers, in their records of field days and their scores when shooting against other

schools at Wimbledon or elsewhere. The Ashburton shield, shot for each year by representative teams from the public schools, is the great object of ambition, as those who have heard, as we have, the deafening welcomes from the school to the returning heroes will readily realise. At Clifton the school possesses an engineer corps, while at Malvern it is a company of the 1st Worcester Artillery. Most of the other schools form rifle corps. All promotions appear in the school paper.

All cricket matches, whether house matches or against foreign elevens, hold an honoured place in the school record. As in the big school-room the great honour-boards transfer to posterity the names of the intellectual giants of the school, so in like manner the cricket pavilion is panelled with the list of names of each year's eleven; and many a boy's highest ambition is that some day his name too may be blazoned on that roll of perennial honour. The "cricket characters" of each eleven are a conspicuous feature in the paper. From the one we append it will readily be seen that a certain directness of utterance is more characteristic than indiscriminate praise.

DOUGLAS, E. M.—The best bat in the team, hitting well all round, his late cutting being especially good. Has scored very consistently throughout the season. A splendid field, covering a lot of ground, and an excellent captain.

RAWLINGS, J.—A thoroughly good cricketer. Very good slow left-hand bowler, and good bat; good field, especially at short slip.

WILLIS, M.—A good, steady bat, very strong on the on. A very useful wicket-keeper and change bowler.

VALDEZ, F. de L.—Has not batted so well as he was expected, having lost much of his free play. An energetic and safe field.

MORSE, J. C.—A fair fast bowler, somewhat fallen off this year. A slow field and moderate bat.

CRAWSHAY, A. B.—A hard-hitting but unsafe bat. A good field.

TAYLOR, R. M.—A fair medium bowler, but unsuccessful. Has improved as a bat.

FREEMAN, S. H.—A very good bat, playing freely and accurately. Should improve in fielding.

CAMPBELL, W. T.—A good fast bowler; might make a bat; needs much improvement in the field.

KEOGH, F. E.—A fair fast left-hand bowler. Not a good bat; a bad field.

CAHILL, J. T.—A fair but not very free bat, with a good style. A safe field.

Football in the winter term holds as high a position as cricket does in the summer term, while the Easter term is ordinarily given up to paper-chases and the athletic sports. Like the cricket eleven, the football fifteen has to face unsparing criticism, and all promotions are eagerly scanned, the honour of the schools requiring that so distinguished a position should fall into the worthiest hands alone. The following comments from a school paper upon the champion team of

the school are as unsparing in their directness as the cricket verdicts already quoted:

1. T. WILLIAMSON, capt. (back). A first-rate back, collars with certainty, drops and punts with excellent judgment and great effect.

2. T. LEEDS (½). Has improved very much in the vigour and sharpness of his play, and has shown himself invaluable at his place.

3. D. ROBERTSON (¾). Plays a plucky but not brilliant game: collars well, but lacks pace and knowledge of the game. (Has left.)

4. T. LONGLEY. His weight and vigorous play make him an excellent man, plays the game well and is always to the front.

5. K. NYE. A powerful and at times brilliant forward, dribbles well.

6. R. A. ESCOTE. One of the best forwards in the team; is always at work and follows up well. Talks rather too much.

7. T. C. JERMYN. A very useful man, being able to do good service either forward or back. (Has left.)

8. F. CLEMENTS. An energetic and consistently hard-working forward: is always well on the ball.

9. L. SOURAY (½). Always plays his hardest and shows consistently good form.

10. O. S. CUNLIFFE. A very promising and useful three-quarter, dodges and uses his hands well; should pass more unselfishly.

11. A. B. HUNT. A good forward and very useful three-quarter, should pass more.

12. S. D. COOKSON. Has played three-quarter, where his pace and pluck often show well, but he lacks knowledge of the game and accuracy in handling the ball.

13. J. H. HUME. Has worked steadily and well throughout the season: should make a very good player next year.

14. R. W. GOULDEN (¾). Has not the strength to play a good defensive game, but at times shows his pace to great advantage. Too apt to run back.

15. H. E. MULLIN. With practice and care should make a useful back next season.

A propos of school songs, we shall, we are sure, owe our readers no apology for introducing the Sherborne football song. Those who have ever contended for their school in the playing-field, or heard the rafters of the old school-house ring at school-singing, will realise its rousing effect when given *con spirito* by the choir, with the refrain taken up by the whole school:

When on the autumn slopes beech-trees are browning,
  When the short summer has passed from the south,
Tingles our blood for the wild joys of winter,
  Swells a glad cry from each jubilant mouth:
Follow up briskly, boys! make for the ball!
Collar him! down with him! well played, all!

Brave leather bubble, that laughs at our buffets!
  See how his windy soul, yearning to rise,
Slips from our finger-tips, bounding above us,
  Scorns the low grovel, and mounts to the skies!
Follow up briskly, boys! etc.

Like meeting billows we clash and commingle,
Limbs lock'd together, so sharp is the strain ;
When the ball, caught like a waif in our eddies,
To and fro bandied, seeks outlet in vain—
Follow up briskly, boys ! etc.

How the heart throbs when, the prize in his arm-grip,
Some peerless runner shoots forth and away,
Out-speeds the swiftest, or, baffled by numbers,
Still with his burden stands stoutly at bay !
Follow up briskly, boys ! etc.

See fierce assailant and gallant defender !
Close 'neath the cross-bar together they roll !
Hark ! "'Tis a touch," they cry ; "now place it deftly !"
"Charge !" "Never heed them ! hurrah ! 'tis a goal !"
Follow up briskly, boys ! etc.

"Conquer or die," growls the Viking within us.
"Ay," quoth the Saxon, "but keep the nerves cool."
"Fight, but with chivalry," chimes in the Norman,
"Each play for honour, and all for the School !"
Follow up briskly, boys ! etc.

Prate not, fond sceptic, of peril or passion,
Self's the soft football we flout to the sky ;
While there's a goal left to kick tow'rds and try for,
English lads ever will rise to the cry :
Follow up briskly, boys ! etc.

One of the leading features of all school papers is the great prominence given to descriptions of the cricket and football matches ; praise in these is praise indeed, and the young wicket-keeper or half-back whose successful play for his side receives commendation in the school paper feels as honoured as he will ever do in later life when "mentioned in despatches."

The school sports again occupy a very important position in the paper, and all times and distances are carefully recorded. One paper gives an admirable summary for the year of the performances of all the leading schools. We find from it that, while the Malvern athlete won the mile race in 4 min. 45 sec., it took the Charterhouse champion a second longer, and, while Leamington records a cricket-ball throw of 123 yards 4 inches, another school, that may well here be nameless, could only compass a distance of 80 yards. High jump, broad jump, the 100 yards race, the 120 yards with hurdles, are duly set forth, the best high jump of the year being the Uppingham 5 feet $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and the best broad jump being the Sherborne 20 feet 4 inches.

At several of the schools an interesting feature in the swimming competitions is the competition for the medal of the Royal Humane

Society, when two dummies, one floating and the other submerged, have to be brought to land with every reasonable care for their well-being, great anxiety being shown to keep the dummy's head above water so as not to quench what vital spark it may contain. The search for the sunken dummy is a most exciting feature, the suppressed emotions as the candidates all disappear below the surface giving place to vociferous applause as the successful diver presently appears with his prize and tenderly brings it ashore.

Correspondence, again, is a very useful feature, as many valuable suggestions thus come to the surface on various matters connected with the work or play of the school. Some of the letters, naturally, scarcely aim so high, but deal with the lighter sides of school life, one boy complaining that the drinking-cup of the school pump is so often missing ; another would like to see the big school clock illuminated at night. Another objects to the new colours adopted by the eleven, while yet another, being a Scotch boy, though at a school in the centre of England, thinks that the Edinburgh and Aberdeen papers should be taken in in the school library. The following letter is evidently the sarcastic outcome of the reflections of the writer on certain members of his school, and no doubt did something towards the alleviation he desired:

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I now write to say that some poor wandering mortals have unhappily mistaken the Royal Shrewsbury Schools for the Eye Hospital at the other side of the Kingsland bridge. It is pitiful to see these poor patients attending afternoon call-over, with their eye-glasses. Could not something be done to help these poor fellow-creatures?

Yours, TESTIS.

The two following letters may be taken as examples of the practical:

SIR,—In your last number you make a well-founded complaint about the number of small dirty boys who wear school caps, much to the discredit of the school generally. The question which lies at the root of the matter is, "What becomes of the old caps?" As every one of the 180 fellows uses two or three or more caps in the course of a year, the question seems almost as hard as the old one about the thousands of millions of pins that are made every year in the country, and which have been stated to be enough to cover the surface of England several inches deep. Very few fellows know where their old caps go to, but it is evident some find their way to the heads of unworthy wearers. Some are occasionally seen hanging in tatters on neighbouring hedges, so it may be supposed that if fellows would be more careful of their caps, and not let them fall into the hands of the unwashed, something would be done to check the evil complained of. Between this remedy and an Act of Parliament making it high treason or something to wear an unauthorised cap it is difficult to see any practicable course.

I am, Sir, yours sincerely, JUVENIS.

DEAR SIR,—Once more I find myself writing to your influential columns—this time my subject, however, is a scholastic one. At present there are three distinct pronunciations of Latin adrift throughout the school, viz. : the so-called old and new pronunciations, and a mixture between the two. It is rather hard, therefore, for a boy if he gets promoted—say from the Vth to the Remove—to have to learn a new pronunciation, after several years' study with another. Could not one pronunciation be decided on for all ?

Ever yours, REMOVE.

The annual concert, the prize day, and many other subjects of school interest find due record in the school paper, but time and the patience of our readers would fail us were we to endeavour to give every possible detail. As an epitome of school life these papers, we venture to think, are by no means without interest even to those outside the schools. In them we see the rising generation, the Englishmen of the future, preparing in class-room and playing-field to take their places in the world's work, and to fit themselves, body and mind, for the duties of life.

F. EDWARD HULME.

A KNIGHT'S TALE.

AMONG the flower of English chivalry which swelled the retinue of our second Henry, few could compare in prowess of arms and in skill and grace at joust or tournament with Fulk Fitz Warine, son of the redoubtable Fulk the Brown who had waged such bitter war across the Marches with Jervard, Prince of Wales. So keen had been the hate and terror inspired by Fulk the Brown that, on the conclusion of peace with Wales, the Prince, though he restored to the barons of the March all the lands he had taken from them, swore by St. Luke's face that for all his hopes of eternity never would he render to Fulk the Brown the manors of White Town and Maelor, which he, the Prince, had seized. That vow was kept, and the estates of the Fulk family thus passed into the hands of a stranger, Roger de Powis. Upon the accession of King John, young Sir Fulk crossed over from Normandy to England to petition the Crown to restore him the paternal lands, now his by the death of his father. White Town and Maelor were at this time held by the son of de Powis; but Fulk craved that justice might be done to the true lawful heir and he receive the manors of which his family had been unjustly deprived.

Unhappily, between the young knight and his new sovereign there had in days gone by been ill blood, and the memory of John was tenacious of such matters. It happened in this wise. Young Fulk had been brought up with the four sons of King Henry, and, skilled in all martial exercises, the lad had become their constant friend and playmate, and was beloved by them all, save John. With John—cowardly, spiteful, and ill-tempered—he was always, however, quarrelling, and many were the hard words and harder blows that passed between the two. In all disputes the royal brothers sided with young Fulk, and when the future sovereign went sneaking to his father, scant was the sympathy he ever received. One day John and Fulk were sitting all alone in a chamber playing chess. Suddenly, and without any provocation, John upset the men, took hold of the chess-board, and gave Fulk a great whack with

it upon his head. Fulk, indignant and in considerable pain, rose up from his seat, faced his foe, and, we regret to say, on this occasion fought like the youthful Gaul, for "he raised his foot and struck John in the middle of the stomach so that his head flew against the wall and he became all weak and fainted"—*leva le pié, si fery Johan en my le pys, qe sa teste vola contre la pareye, qu'il devynt tut mat e se palmea.* Terrified at this act, and ignorant of the consequences that might ensue, Fulk knelt down, lifted up his adversary, and rubbed his head until the fainting prince recovered. Then, as was his custom, John went straightway to his father and made a great complaint. "Hold your tongue, wretch," said King Henry; "you are always quarrelling. If Fulk did anything but good to you, it must have been from your own fault." Then King Henry ended his lecture by having his son well beaten by the family tutor for complaining. John therefore was much angered against Fulk, and during the days they were brought up together always feared and disliked him.

But now the whirligig of events had made the sovereign master and his pugnacious subject a suppliant. In vain Fulk did homage and begged that the lands of his ancestors might be restored to him. His prayer was supported by his three brothers, who were with him in the presence chamber. John replied that the lands had been granted by him to Sir Moris, and little he recked who might be offended or who not. Then spoke Moris, son of Roger de Powis: "Sir Fulk, you are a great fool to challenge my lands. If you say that you have a right to White Town you lie; and if we were not in the King's presence I would prove it on your body." Scarcely had these words been uttered when William, Fulk's brother, sprang forward and struck Moris in the face with his fist, so that the blood flowed freely. The knights around the throne now interfered and separated the combatants. Sir Fulk thus addressed the king: "Sir King, you are my liege lord, and to you was I bound by fealty as long as I was in your service, and as long as I held lands of you; and you ought to uphold me in my right, but you fail me in right and common law. And never was he good king who denied his frank tenants law in his courts, wherefore I return you your homages." So saying he turned upon his heel, followed by his brothers, and quitted the court. He had barely gone half a league, when a body of knights, well mounted and armed, rode up to him and bade him and his brothers surrender, as they had promised the King their heads. "Fair sirs," cried Fulk, "you were great fools to promise what you cannot have," and without more parley he turned upon his foes, killing some outright and causing the rest to seek safety in flight. When these last returned to

John, some with their noses slit, and others with their chins hacked, the King swore a great oath that he would be revenged of them and all their lineage. Meanwhile he seized into his hand all the lands Fulk held in England, and did great damage to all his friends—*e fist grant damage à touz les suens.*

The outlawed knight now waged open war upon his sovereign and his retainers. He attacked Sir Moris within the very precincts of his castle and wounded him severely ; he liberated prisoners from the county gaols ; he levied tolls upon merchants, burghers, and the like who crossed his path and vowed fealty to the King : so fierce was the havoc he made and the terror he inspired, that John appointed a hundred knights to seek out and take Fulk, and bring him to the King alive or dead, promising them, for the same, lands and rich fees. But the knights, whenever they heard of the whereabouts of Sir Fulk, declined to attempt the capture of the outlaw for any king ; "for they feared him excessively, some for love they had for him, others for fear of his strength and of his noble knighthood, lest damage or death might happen to them, by his strength and boldness." Every hostile act that Fulk committed, the rebel knight took care should reach the ears of his sovereign. One morning, whilst encamping with his followers in the forest of Bradene, Fulk espied a body of men attended by a guard, evidently protecting treasure. These proved to be ten burgher merchants, who had bought with the money of John rich cloths, furs, spices, and gloves for the use of the king and queen of England, and were carrying them through the forest, protected by thirty-four sergeants, to the court. Fulk, followed by his retinue, rode up to them and bade them halt and surrender. They refused, and a struggle ensued in which the sergeants were beaten and the merchants compelled to yield themselves prisoners. Fulk led them into the thickets of the forest, asked who they were, and heard that they were merchants of the King. Said he, "Sirs merchants, tell me the truth—if you should lose these goods, on whom will the loss turn?" "Sir," they replied, "if we should lose them by our cowardice or by our own bad keeping, the loss would fall upon us ; but if we lose them from no fault of our own, the loss will turn upon the King." Upon hearing this, Fulk caused the cloths and furs to be measured with his spear and distributed them among his followers, each one having a goodly portion—*mesure avoit chescun à volenté.* Then he bade the merchants farewell and begged them to salute the King from Fulk Fitz Warine, who thanked his sovereign much for such good robes. On the arrival of the merchants at court with their goods stolen and their guard wounded and maimed, John went

wellnigh mad with rage. "And he caused it to be cried through the kingdom, that whoever would bring him Fulk alive or dead, he would give him a thousand pounds of silver, and, besides that, he would give him all the lands which were Fulk's in England"—*e fist fere une criée par mi le realme, que cely qe ly amerreit Fulk, vyf ou mort, yl ly dorreit myl lyvres d'argent, e estre ce yl ly dorreit totes le terres qe à Fulk furent en Engleterre.*. Yet never a man was tempted by this offer.

Fulk now wandered through the Weald of Kent, and encamped in the forest close to Canterbury. To him there now came a messenger from Hubert the archbishop, praying the outlaw's attendance at the palace on important business. Fulk acceded to the request, and he and his brother William, dressed as merchants, rode their palfreys into Canterbury. "Fair sons," said Hubert le Botiler, "you are very welcome to me. You know well that my brother is departed to God and had espoused dame Maude de Caus, a very rich lady and the fairest in all England, and King John desires after her so much for her beauty that she can with difficulty be kept from him. I have her here within, and you shall see her. And I beseech you, dear friend Fulk, and command you on my benison that you take her to wife." Fulk saw her, and knew well that she was fair and of good name; also that in Ireland she had castles, cities, lands, and great homages. So, with the consent of his brother William and by the counsel of the Archbishop Hubert, he made the lady Maude his wife. His honeymoon was, however, of the briefest. After two days he took his leave, left his bride with the archbishop, and returned to his companions in the forest. There "they joked at him and laughed and called him *husband*; asking him where he should take the fair lady, whether to castle or to wood, and made merry together. Still they did everywhere great damage to the King; yet to no other but to those who were openly their enemies." One remorseless foe Fulk had now the less. Marching across the country he halted under the very walls of White Town, and bade Moris sally forth and do battle. The challenge was accepted. Moris and his knights were very courageous; they boldly attacked Fulk and his companions, calling them thieves and rebels, and vowing that before eventide their heads should be placed on the high tower of Shrewsbury. Fulk, however, with his retainers, defended themselves vigorously; and "there were Moris and his fifteen knights, and the four sons of Guy Fitz Candelou of Porkingtone slain; and by so many had Fulk the fewer enemies."

As is so often the case when a mediæval chronicler, inflamed by

the study of chivalry, records the deeds of a brave and venturesome knight, the true and the false are so woven into the texture of the story as to become a little mixed. The exploits of the gallant outlaw are no exception to this confusion. And so we read of Fulk bearding monsters in their caves and tearing out their entrails with his sword, of his rescuing modest damosels clad in the lightest of attire from the rude hands of their oppressors, of his storming hall and castle to release ravished prisoners, of the punishment he inflicted upon impostors and recreant knights, of his terrible combats with giants and dragons, and how all men feared him, and all fair ladies loved him. Indeed, we are told, Fulk had such favour that he came never to any place where courage, knighthood, prowess, or goodness shone forth as bright and famous, that he was not held the best and without equal. On one occasion in the course of his wanderings he ascends a lofty mountain, the summit of which was strewn with hauberks, helms, and swords, and dead men's bones whitening in the air. 'Twas the haunt of a terrible flying dragon, who carried off and ate whatever his horny claws could seize upon. Crouched amid these remains of slaughter and destruction, was a fair young damsel, weeping and making great lamentation. "Whence come you?" asked Fulk. "Sir," she replied, "I am daughter of the Duke of Cartage, and I have been here seven years; and never saw I a Christian here, unless he came against his will. So if you have the power, for God's sake, go away, for if the dragon come you will never escape." "Nay," cried Fulk, "never will I go hence till I hear and see more. Damsel, what does the dragon do with you?" "Sir," she answered, "the dragon is fierce and strong; and he would carry an armed knight to these mountains, and many a one has he eaten, for he likes human flesh better than any other. And when his hideous face and beard are covered with blood, then he comes to me and makes me wash him with clear water. He sleeps on a couch which is all of fine gold, for such is his nature that he is very hot in the extreme, and gold is very cold by nature, so, to cool himself, he lies on gold. Fearful he is of me that I should kill him when asleep, but in the end I know full well that he will slay me." "*Par Deu!*" said Fulk, "*si Deu plest, noun fra.*" At that moment the dragon came flying towards them, casting forth from its mouth smoke and flame very horrible. It was a very foul beast, with a great head, teeth squared, sharp claws, and a long, lashing tail. Fulk raised his sword and struck the dragon with all his might on the head. Yet it did the monster no hurt at all, so hard was he of bone and skin. Fulk, then perceiving that no hurt could befall the dragon in front, wheels deftly round, deals the beast a

puissant blow upon the tail and cuts it in twain. Maimed in so sensitive a portion of his frame, the dragon stood erect and essayed to jump upon his foe, but Fulk, all prepared, struck the monster through the middle of the mouth with his sword, and by that slew him. Taking the captive beauty in his galley he now steered towards Cartage, and restored her to her father. The duke fell down at the feet of Fulk, thanking him with many earnest words; and prayed him if he pleased that he would dwell in the country and he would give him all Cartage with his daughter in marriage. The outlaw thanked him finely and heartily for his fair offer and said that he would willingly take his daughter if his christianity would suffer it, but he had already married a wife. This said, Fulk took leave of the duke, who was very sorrowful for the departure of so true and brave a knight.

On his return to England from Iberie, Fulk went to Canterbury to see his wife. It was high time, for that neglected dame sorely needed his protection, as his sovereign had evil designs upon her. King John, we learn, was a man without conscience, wicked, quarrelsome, and hated by all good people, and lecherous; and if he could hear of any handsome lady or damsel, wife or daughter of earl or baron, or other, he would have her at his will; either seducing her by promise or gift, or ravishing her by force. And, therefore, he was the more hated, and for this reason many of the great lords of England had thrown up their homages to the King, for which the King was less feared. When John, who was seized with so fierce a passion for the dame Maude, knew of a truth that she was married to Sir Fulk, his enemy, he did great damage to the Archbishop Hubert and to the lady; for he wanted to have her carried off by force. To escape the royal importunities dame Maude took refuge in the church, and on the arrival of her husband was borne by him for safety into Wales. Now Fulk vowed to be revenged once for all upon the King, who had not only robbed him of his lands, but had assailed his honour. Crossing over to Normandy, he enlisted several followers under his banner, and then took boat from Boulogne to Dover. The weather was stormy, and the waves in the Channel ran high—scant doubt there was but the passage across would be perilous. And here we come across an old, old story, yet few are aware that it is so old as the beginning of the thirteenth century. Fulk spoke to the mariner who was to command the ship that had been chartered to bear him to England. "Do you know well this business, and to carry people by sea into divers regions?" Replied the salt, "Truly, sir, there is not a land of any renown in

Christendom whither I could not conduct a ship well and safely." Then said Fulk, "Truly thou hast a very perilous occupation; tell me fair, sweet brother, of what death died thy father?" "He was drowned at sea." "How thy grandfather?" "The same." "How thy great-grandfather?" "In like manner, and all my relations that I wot of to the fourth degree." "Truly," said Fulk, "you are very foolhardy that you dare go to sea." "Sir," said the mariner, "wherefore? Every creature will have the death destined for him. And now, if you please, fair sir, tell me where did thy father die?" "Truly, in his bed." "Where thy grandfather?" "The same." "Where thy great-grandfather?" "Truly, all of my lineage that I know died in their beds." "Then, in very truth, since all your lineage died in beds, I marvel greatly that you have dared to go into any bed." And so, moralises the chronicler, Fulk perceived that the sailor had told him the truth, that every man shall have such death as is destined for him, and he knows not which, on land or in water—*e donqe entendy Fulk qe ly mariner ly out verité dit, qe chescun home avera mort tiele come destinée ly est, e ne siet le quel en terre ou en ewe.*

On landing at Dover with his companions, Fulk marched north to the Thames, for the people who passed him told him that the King was at Windsor and a-hunting in the forest. At this the knight was right glad, for well he knew that part of England. By day they slept and reposed, and by night they wandered until they came to the forest; here they halted and lodged in a hollow Fulk knew of. A few mornings after their arrival they heard huntsmen and men with hounds blow the horn, and by that they knew the King was going to hunt. Then Fulk and his retinue armed themselves very richly. The outlaw swore a great oath that never from fear of death would he abstain from avenging himself upon the King, who had forcibly and wrongfully deprived him of his own. So, bidding his companions stay behind, he said he would himself explore the forest and see what was to be done. On his way he met a collier, who was garbed all in black as a collier ought to be. For a gift of ten besants the collier exchanged clothes with Fulk, and then left him crouching by the charcoal fire with a great iron fork in his hand. At length the King, attended by three knights, all on foot, came up to him. "Sir villain," said John to the pretended collier, "have you seen no stag or doe pass this way?" "Yes, my lord, awhile ago." "Where is it?" "Sir, my lord, I know very well how to lead you to where I saw it." "Onward then, sir villain, and we will follow you." Fulk conducted the King to the place where

his companions lay hid. " Sir, my lord," said the outlaw, " will you please to wait and I will go into the thicket and make the stag pass by here." Fulk hastily sprang into the glades of the wood and commanded his followers hastily to seize upon King John. " For I have brought him," he cried, " only with three knights, and all his company is on the other side of the forest." Then they leaped out of the thicket, called upon the King, and seized him at once. " Sir King," said Fulk, " now I have you in my power; such judgment will I execute on you as you would on me if you had taken me." The King, craven as he was, trembled with fear and implored mercy for the love of God. He vowed to restore to the outlaw entirely all his heritage and whatever he had taken from him and from all his people, promising to grant him his love and peace for ever, provided his life were spared. Fulk assented on condition that the sovereign gave him in presence of his knights his faith to keep this covenant. John pledged his oath, and right glad was he to escape.

But a promise so forcibly extorted was not to be kept. On his return to the palace, John caused his knights and courtiers to assemble and told them how Sir Fulk had deceived him ; then he said that he had made that oath through force and therefore would not hold to it, and commanded that they should all arm in haste and take those felons in the park. The royal summons was obeyed. At the head of his earls and barons, the King pressed into the woods in pursuit of his audacious foe ; but Fulk now saw that prudence was the better part of valour and so beat a retreat, content with slaying here and there a knight as opportunity offered, until after various adventures he reached the coast, when he and his companions hired a vessel and escaped into Britain the Less. There he dwelt for half a year and more with his kinsmen and cousins, until the old desire came back upon him that he must see his country once again and obtain his rights. At length he thought that nothing should hinder him from going into England. So when he came into England, in the New Forest, which he used in former days to haunt, he fell in with the King, who was pursuing a boar. Fulk and his companions took him and six knights with him and carried him into their galley. The King and all his were much abashed—*furent molt esbays.* There were many words, but at last the King pardoned the outlaw and his followers all his spite, and restored them all their inheritance and promised them in good faith that he would cause their peace to be proclaimed through all England ; and for the doing of this, he left his six knights with them as hostages, until the peace was proclaimed. Then John went straight to Westminster and caused the earls, barons,

and clergy to assemble, and told them openly that he had of his own free will granted his peace to Fulk Fitz Warine, his brothers and adherents, and commanded that they should be honourably received through all the kingdom, and granted them entirely all their heritage. So Fulk and his brothers appareled themselves as richly as they knew how and came through London, and knelt before the King at Westminster and rendered themselves to him. The King received them and restored to them all that was theirs in England and commanded them to remain with him—which they did, a whole month. Thus came to an end the long and deadly feud between lord and vassal.

His lands restored, Fulk came to White Town, the home of his fathers, and there he found his wife and children, who were very glad of his coming ; and they made great joy between them—*e grant joye entrefirent.* Then Fulk caused his treasures and riches to be brought, gave lands and horses to his sergeants and friends very largely, and maintained his land in great honour. And now Fulk bethought him that he had greatly sinned against God by his slaying of people and other offences. So, in remission of his sins, he founded a priory on the banks of the river Severn, in honour of Our Lady, and which is now called the New Abbey. Shortly afterwards his wife, the dame Maude, died, and was buried in this priory. A good while after this dame was dead, Fulk married a very gentle lady, the dame Clarice de Auberville, and begat fair children and very valiant. It chanced one night while Fulk and his wife were sleeping together in their chamber, the lady was asleep and Fulk was awake, and thought of his youth and repented much in his heart of his past trespasses. At length he saw in the chamber so great a light that it was wonderful, and he thought, "What could it be?" Then he heard a voice as it were of thunder in the air, and it said, "Vassal, God has granted thee thy penance, which is better here than elsewhere." At that word the lady woke, and saw a great light and covered her face for fear. And now the light vanished. But after this light Fulk could never see more, and so was blind all his days. Seven years remained he blind and suffered well his penance. Lady Clarice died, and was buried at the New Abbey ; after whose death Fulk lived but a year, and died at White Town. In great honour was he interred at the New Abbey · on his soul may God have mercy ! Near the altar lies the body. God have mercy upon us all alive and dead—*Deus eit merci de tous, vifs et mortz ! Amen.*

Such is the brief history of this gallant outlaw, written in the

quaint Norman French of the thirteenth century, by one who was, it is needless to say, a devoted retainer of the house of Fitz Warine. The manuscript, evidently a copy of the original, is among the priceless treasures of the British Museum and was first made public many years ago by that careful and accomplished antiquary the late Mr. Thomas Wright. It was published by one of those societies which spring up at intervals, and then die out for want of funds, the object of which is to edit curious documents for a limited circle of readers; such works after a few years are, however, almost as rare as the records they discover and give to the world; therefore, in the hope that the leading features of the Fitz Warine chronicle may still be of interest, it has again been taken out of oblivion and presented anew.

ALEX. CHARLES EWALD.

THE GENESIS OF OTHELLO.

"IT has been said, that in the constructing of Shakspeare's dramas there is, apart from all other 'faculties,' as they are called, an understanding manifested, equal to that in Bacon's *Novum Organum*. That is true; and it is not a truth that strikes every one. It would become more apparent, if we tried, any of us for himself, how, out of Shakspeare's dramatic materials, we could fashion such a result! The built house seems all so fit—everyway as it should be, as if it came there by its own law and the nature of things;—we forget the rude disorderly quarry it was shaped from."

Thus Carlyle; and it is certain that there are few art problems that yield greater profit and delight to the earnest student than a careful comparison between his dramas and the rude foundations on which Shakspeare has raised such glorious edifices.

Happily, we possess very full information as to his sources of suggestion. Honest labour has traced out the chronicles, the plays, the novels, the ballads, which furnished him with hints, and assisted him with those rough literary materials which contained sufficient store of incidents, and enough indications of character, to enable him to subject them to the magic mastery of his dramatic treatment.

It would naturally be beyond the compass of the present brief essay to analyse the sources of all the plays of Shakspeare. An allusion to a few of them, and a study of one in particular, are all that our present space can admit of; and we must restrict ourselves to some more or less slight dealing with the four great tragedies, "Macbeth," "Lear," "Hamlet," and "Othello." Into a comparatively full examination of the last-named play we may, however, hope to find room to enter here.

"Macbeth" is suggested by Holinshed's "Historie of Makbeth." "King Lear" has a more complex origin. Among the bases for this play may be enumerated an earlier drama, the "True Chronicle Historie of King Leir, and his three daughters, Gonorill, Ragan, and Cordella. As it hath been diuvers and sundrie times lately acted. London, Printed by Simon Stafford for Iohn Wright, and are to be

sold at his shop at Christ Church dore, next Newgate Market—1605—4°"; the "Gesta Romanorum," and Holinshed; the narrative "How Queen Cordila in dispaire slew herselfe, the yeare before Christ 800"; taken from "The Mirror for Magistrates," by John Higgins, who dates his dedication "At Winceham the 7 day of December, 1586"; Spenser, who introduces the main circumstances into his "Faerie Queene," Book II., Canto 10; the story of the "Paphlagonian Unkinde King," told by Sir Philip Sidney in his "Arcadia," which appeared in 1590, and in which he suggests the episode of Gloucester and his sons; Warner's "Albion's England," Book III., c. 14; Holinshed's narrative, which is entitled "The Account of Lear, Tenth Ruler of Britain."

"Hamlet" was preceded by an earlier play, now lost, but printed before 1589, which Malone ascribes to Thomas Kyd. This work would seem to have really held the stage, and to have been popular. In "Westward Hoe!" we find, "Ay, but when light wives make heavy husbands, let those husbands play mad Hamlet, and cry 'revenge'!" It seems clear that the earlier play followed more closely the heathen rudeness of the original chronicle, while Shakspeare elevated his tragedy to the finer morals and manners of the day of Elizabeth. Shakspeare had also "The Hystorie of Hamblet—London—Imprinted by Richard Bradocke, for Thomas Pauier, and to be sold at his shop in Corne-hill, neere to the Royall Exchange." The English translator is not known, but the "Hystorie" is a translation from the "Histoires Tragiques" of Belleforest, who borrowed his story of Hamlet from Bandello, who, in his turn, was probably indebted to Saxo Grammaticus. It is supposed that Belleforest's histories originally appeared before 1589. The question of the use which Shakspeare has made of Belleforest, and of the extent to which our poet has idealised the old legend, is one of great interest and complexity; and, indeed, deserves a separate essay. Belleforest's title is—*Avec quelle ruse Amleth, qui depuis fut Roy de Dannemarck, vengea la mort de son pere Horvvendile, occis par Fengon, son frere, et autre occurrence de son histoire.* The "Hystorie" begins by telling of a time "long before the Kingdome of Denmarke receiued the faith of Jesus Christ, and imbraced the doctrine of the Christians, the common people in those dayes were barbarous and vncivill, and their Princes cruell, without faith or loyaltie: seeking nothing but murder and deposing or (at the least) offending each other."

Shakspeare, in his "Hamlet," has indifferently reformed all that barbarous heathen savagery. "Othello," like "Macbeth," is in so far a simple study that it can be traced only to one basis of authority.

Shakspeare's tragedy of "Othello" is therefore a simple case of dramatic evolution, the play being based wholly and solely upon one narrative, the *novella* of Giraldi (Cinthio), contained in his "Hecatommithi," Decad. III., Nov. 7. Giovanni Battista Giraldi, commonly called Cinthio, was born 1504, and died 1573. He was private secretary to the two Dukes of the house of Este in Ferrara, Ercole II. and Alfonso II. Cinthio was a dramatist and a writer of romances. His best play is called "Orbecche," but his chief work is the collection of tales, written after the manner of Bandello, and called the "Hecatommithi," or "Ecatommithi." Of the *Moro* there existed, so far as we know, no translation in the day of Shakspeare. The first English translation of it, now extant, was made by W. Parr in 1795; and could, therefore, of course, have been of no service to our dramatist. Did Shakspeare know enough of Italian to have read the *novella* in the original? or did his friend Florio help him to a knowledge of Cinthio? A mere oral description of the incidents of the tale would have sufficed for Shakspeare's purpose, since the outline of the events is nearly all that he could or did use. The story is sufficiently striking as the basis of a tragic drama; and the roughest knowledge of the leading occurrences would suggest to the poet that treatment of character and of action which he ultimately adopted. No art study can be more interesting than that which compares the rude materials upon which he here worked with the finished masterpiece which we are now so happy as to possess. Shakspeare's "Othello" is perhaps the greatest and most perfect acting play in the world; and there is a singular critical charm in noting how the naïve puppets of Cinthio become sublimated and idealised into complete characters; characters in which genius has turned the inside outside; and in observing how the poet has first selected, and then idealised such rugged facts into the very nobleness of creative art. The comparison is a fine exercise and study of the workings of the imaginative temper and intellect, which, upon the basis of an almost forgotten *novella*, that dealt yet with moving and suggestive incidents, could rear the stately edifice of so sublime a tragedy as "Othello."

The *novella* of Cinthio can be traced out and read by everyone; but it is probable that but very few persons take the trouble of unearthing and studying the old-world story; and it therefore seems worth while to give a brief *résumé* of the story, and of the story-teller's actors in it. The tale contains matter, both of suggestive incident and of hinted character, which made it, as the poet has proved, worthy of Shakspeare's attention. That which Cinthio has so

rudely rough-hewn could be shaped by Shakspeare to a perfect end.

Cinthio's Italian is easy. He has the simple, straightforward, objective style of the *naïf* story-teller, and his *novella* is a favourable specimen of that class of Italian work which, in the Elizabethan times, spread pretty widely through England and through France. He begins, with quaint emphasis: "Fu già in Venezia un Moro;" and he goes on to praise the valour, well tried in war, of this Moor, who was highly prized by those *Signori* who, in their readiness to reward merit, excelled all other rulers of republics. To Adam, enter Eve.

"Avvenne, che una virtuosa donna, di maravigliosa bellezza, Disdemona chiamata, tratta non da appetito donnesco, ma dalla virtù del Moro, s' innamorò di lui: ed egli, vinto dalla bellezza e dal nobile pensiero della donna, similmente di lei si accese."

This virtuous lady, of a marvellous beauty, called Disdemona (Desdemona is the only name that Shakspeare has borrowed from Cinthio), moved, not by wantonness, but by the merit of the Moor, fell in love with him; and he, vanquished by her beauty, and by her noble sentiments, was similarly drawn to her. Her relations did all they could to oppose the match, and wished Disdemona to mate with some noble Venetian, of her own clime, complexion, and degree: but their opposition was all in vain, and the lovers married. Never was happiness greater than theirs. They lived together, at Venice, in the greatest peace and concord, and in entire and extreme affection.

Then the Senate ordered the Moor to go and take command at Cyprus. This was a great honour for the wise and valiant soldier; but yet the news perplexed and saddened him, for he did not like to take his wife with him, or to leave her behind in Venice. But Disdemona comforted and consoled him. She insisted upon accompanying him, and the married lovers sailed for Cyprus, in perfect amity and happiness. "Iddio ci conservi lungamente in questa amorevolezza, moglie mia cara!" ("Heaven preserve us long in this state of affection, dear wife of mine!") cried the enraptured husband to his devoted wife.

The Moor, who became transmuted into Othello, went to Cyprus in command of the Venetian forces, and had, of course, suitable officers under him. "Aveva costui nella compagnia un alfiero di bellissima presenza, ma della più scelerata natura, che mai fosse uomo del mondo." This is our first introduction to the character out of which Iago was created. He was singularly handsome (this is a point for

our actor to remember), but he was more wicked than ever was another man in the world. The Moor thought very highly of him ; though this *alfiero*, who talked as loudly as if he were a Hector or an Achilles, was really a great coward—cowards are always cruel—and the Moor had no suspicion of his evil qualities. Shakspeare renders *alfiero* by ensign, or ancient. This ancient brought with him to Cyprus his wife (the Emilia of the play), who was fair and honest, and one little child, a daughter. Shakspeare, by the way, has carefully avoided giving to his Iago the humanising position of paternity. The ancient's wife, who was strongly under the influence of her husband, became very intimate with Disdemona.

" Nella medesima compagnia era anche un capo di squadra, carissimo al Moro ; andava spessissime volte questo a casa del Moro, e spesso mangiava con lui e con la moglie." Shakspeare renders *capo di squadra* by " lieutenant " ; and here we have the germ of the future Cassio. He was very dear to the Moor, and often dined with the general and with his wife.

When Disdemona saw how dear the lieutenant was to her husband, she welcomed him with the greatest cordiality and good-will.

The characters of the novel are now—as they afterwards are in the play—all brought together in the narrow compass of military life in the island of Cyprus : the fatal action of the terrible drama begins.

The most wicked ancient, disregarding duty to his wife, and oblivious of the faith and honour which he owed to the Moor, his friend and his commander, conceives a violent passion for Disdemona, and tries, in subtle and covert ways, to make his feelings known to the lady; but she, whose thoughts were full of the Moor, could not care for any other man, and did not understand the suggestions of the wily ancient. The *alfiero* had to be cautious, for he well knew that the Moor would kill him at once if he suspected him of any passion for Disdemona. The violent love of the ancient then changed, as was natural with such a character, to equally violent hatred. He believed that the lady favoured the lieutenant (he must have been base indeed to fancy such a thing), and he determined to kill his brother officer, to ruin Disdemona, and to destroy the happiness of the Moor. Turning over in his evil mind various plans, *tutte scelerate e malvagie*, all wicked and abominable, he resolved at last to accuse Disdemona to the Moor of adultery with the lieutenant.

About this time the general had to degrade the lieutenant for having drawn his sword and wounded a soldier upon guard. This punishment of the lieutenant pained the kind heart of the most innocent lady, and she often importuned her husband to pardon the

offender. The Moor casually mentioned this circumstance to the ancient, who at once began to put in practice his devilish scheme. He would not explain himself clearly, but contrived to sow the seeds of jealousy in the mind of the Moor, and said, "If you watch her properly you will understand me." The Moor became suspicious and melancholy, and poor Disdemona renewed her entreaties for the lieutenant's pardon. Then, for the first time since their happy marriage, the Moor, angered by suspicion, fell into a passion with his wife. The poor lady, frightened, promised to speak no more for the lieutenant. Then the Moor went to consult the ensign, who, *intento al danno di questa misera donna*, bent upon the ruin of the unhappy lady, told the Moor, as if unwillingly, that Disdemona loved the lieutenant, and consoled herself in his arms for her husband's blackness. He added, that the lieutenant was one of those men who will talk about their amours, and that the lieutenant had boasted to him, the ensign, about Disdemona's favours. The wretched Moor was distraught with sorrow, shame, and fury; but he demanded of the ensign ocular proof. Disdemona went very often to visit the ensign's wife, and was very fond of his little girl, a child of three years of age. One day, while she was caressing the infant, the ensign, unperceived, stole from Disdemona's waist a certain handkerchief, which he managed to leave on the lieutenant's bolster. The lieutenant knew the kerchief to be that of Disdemona, and resolved to restore it to her. Going to the Moor's house, with this purpose in his mind, he saw the Moor himself coming home, and, afraid of being found calling on Disdemona, fled incontinently, taking with him the fatal handkerchief. The Moor half suspected that he had seen the lieutenant, and went to consult his friend, the ensign.

Here the cruel Fates, and the devil himself, began to enmesh the hapless lady in a net made out of her own goodness; and it is pitiful to read in Cinthio how all the machinations of dæmonic cunning work against her peace and life.

The ensign causes the Moor to be a witness—not an auditor—of a conversation between himself and the lieutenant. The lieutenant laughed much, and the ensign seemed to be very much surprised at that which he heard. The ensign, letting himself first be much prayed to do so, admitted reluctantly to the Moor that the lieutenant had said, "che si ha goduto della moglie vostra, ogni volta che voi, coll' esser fuori, gli ne avete dato tempo: e che l' ultima fiata, che egli è stato con lei, gli ha ella donato quel pannicello da naso, che voi, quando la sposaste, le deste in dono." ("He says that he has enjoyed your wife every time that you have stayed long

enough from home to give him an opportunity; and that, at their last meeting, she gave him that handkerchief which you gave her when you married.") The Moor went home and asked his wife for the handkerchief, which she, who did not know how she had lost it, could not produce. Then the Moor began to consider how he might kill his wife and the lieutenant without being suspected or punished for murder; and his conduct to Disdemona changed wholly and terribly.

Disdemona consulted Emilia, but she, dreading her husband, dared not tell the unhappy lady that there were practices against her honour and her life, and merely counselled Disdemona to take care not to give the Moor any cause for suspicion. Then poor Disdemona felt and said that her sad lot should be an example to other young Italian ladies not to marry strangers against the wishes of parents and relatives. She had, of course, no conception of the suspicions of her husband, and could not know how the Moor was being worked upon and abused. The Moor desired the ensign to let him see the handkerchief in the possession of the lieutenant. Some doubt must even then have lingered in the tortured husband's mind, and Disdemona must still have seemed to him, in calmer moments, to be what she was—purity itself. Now in the lieutenant's house was a woman, a notable embroideress, who determined to copy the beautiful handkerchief before it should be returned. She sat at work at an open window, and there the ensign showed her, with the handkerchief in her hand, to the Moor, who thus became fully convinced of his wife's guilt, and finally resolved to kill her and her lover. He wished the ensign to undertake to despatch the lieutenant; but the ensign, who was a coward, dreaded to attack a man so valiant and so expert with his sword. However, he resolved, ultimately, to risk a stealthy assassination. The lieutenant was not married; was, indeed, "better accommodated than with a wife;" and usually passed his evenings with *una meretrice*—the Bianca of the play.

One night, as the lieutenant left this lady's lodgings, the ensign stole behind him in the dark, and gave him a blow with a sword which cut the lieutenant quite through the right thigh. The lieutenant drew his sword, and cried "Murder!" The ensign ran away but returned with others, pretending that he had been summoned by the noise. He condoled feelingly with the wounded lieutenant, and was as sorry as if the accident had happened to his own brother. The next morning, Disdemona, unsuspiciously, expressed her sorrow for the lieutenant's serious wound; and this expression of hers confirmed the jealous Moor in his conviction of her guilt. He took

counsel with the ensign how best to take Disdemona's life ; and the subtle-brained villain suggested that, to prevent suspicion, they should kill the lady by means of a *calza piena di rena*, a stocking filled with sand ; that, after her death, they should shatter her skull, and pull down a beam in the ceiling of the old house, so that the death might appear to have been accidental.

This advice pleased the Moor. One night, he hid the ensign in a closet in the bedroom, and went to bed with Disdemona. Presently he asked, " Did you not hear a noise ? " " Yes," she replied. " Then," said the Moor, " get up and see what it is." She rose, and when she got near the closet, the ensign rushed out, and gave her a violent blow with the stocking. She called faintly to the Moor for help, and he replied in a terrible voice : " Sceleratissima donna, la mercede hai della tua disonestà ; cos ì si trattano quelle, che, fingendo di amare i loro mariti, pongono loro le corna in capo!" ("Wickedest of women, you now receive the proper recompense for your infidelities ! So we treat wives who pretend to love their lords, and defile their beds.") Poor Disdemona turned to the seemingly pitiless Heavens, and called upon the Divine Justice to attest her honour and her truth. The impious ensign struck two more blows, and with the last the innocent lady was done to death. Then they broke her skull, and dragged down the beam, and part of the ceiling. Then the Moor called for help, as the house was falling. The neighbours rushed in, and found Disdemona dead under the beam. She had been so good and kind, that everyone lamented sorely her untimely fate. The next day she was buried, followed by many mourners, and the whole island sorrowed for the gentle lady killed by so sad an accident. And so the savage Moor took his revenge, and was a full accomplice in the murder of his most innocent and loving wife.

Thus the Moor had accomplished his purpose. He had done what he did in hate, and not in honour ; and he fell into so deep a melancholy, that he was almost insane. He was haunted by the image of his young wife, fair, pure, and tender ; and he conceived a great hatred for the man who had been so helpful to him. He dared not kill the ensign, but he could, and did, degrade him from his rank. Then the ensign fell into an answering hatred for the Moor, and the malignant ensign was not a man to forego vengeance. He pressed the lieutenant to come to Venice with him, promising there to tell the lieutenant who it was that had lamed him with such a grievous wound.

Arrived in Venice, the ensign revealed to the lieutenant that it was the Moor who had caused his wound ; the ensign added, though

with well-feigned reluctance, a narrative of the murder of Disdemona, also by the Moor. The ensign explained (he was the soul of frank truth) that the Moor, in his melancholy and in his remorse, had confessed these sad crimes to him, the ensign. Clearly not a man that it was safe to offend, this honest ensign! The lieutenant, who, if frail, was honourable, denounced the Moor to the Council of State, and the commander at Cyprus was brought to Venice as a prisoner. The ensign appeared as a witness against him. The Moor was tortured, but such was his extraordinary fortitude that no confession could be wrung from him. After a long imprisonment, he was condemned to perpetual exile from the states and territory of Venice; and when he started off, as a lonely wanderer, he was followed and slain by the relatives of Disdemona. The ensign had, shortly afterwards, occasion to accuse a friend of having murdered a nobleman who was his (the ensign's) enemy; but the accuser, as it happened in the course of justice, was put to the torture, and was racked so severely that *gli si corrupero le interiora*, so that his bowels burst out. He was carried home, and there our ensign died in miserable anguish; *tal fece Iddio vendetta della innocenza di Disdemona;* in such manner did the Heavens avenge the innocence of the wronged Disdemona.

Thus, freely rendered, through condensation, we have the substance of Cinthio's *novella*: which we should not, perhaps, now be considering, were it not for the fact that the tale has been of service to the play of Shakspeare. The circumstances of the story were related by the widow of the ensign, who was very well informed about all the facts; and her narrative came to the knowledge of Cinthio. His novel is good, in its sort; and it is no slight praise to the old story-teller that his work should have suggested a theme which could be touched to so fine issues by Shakspeare's art.

Having now, after a little pleasant labour, cleared away all preliminary study, we stand, at last, face to face with Shakspeare's own work, with his treatment of the subject which he had chosen for his purpose. We shall have occasion to notice, with delighted wonder, how a seed of mere melodrama in narrative flowers into an ideal and poetical dramatic masterpiece. First, when we know the original matter upon which he works, we can trace the master through the act of creation.

"For when the breath of man goeth forth, he shall turn again to his earth: and then all his thoughts perish." This general truth is not true of the great writer. His thoughts remain imperishable, and

become the possession of all men who think and read. Some of the heavenly bodies lie at distances so great that light cannot come to us from them in less than thousands of years, and so, across the ages, comes to us the light shed by the past; a light which penetrates across distance and through time, and shines for us for ever.

The laws of the drama did not constrict Shakspeare with pressure from outside; his art instinct moved with perfect freedom among art conditions, which were to him a burden easy to be borne. He knew not only the drama as a written work, but he knew also the playhouse, and the effects to be produced by actor on audience. He was the perfect playwright and the loftiest poet. With his clear intensity of vision, he must have watched with delight his creatures grow as he created them. He must have heard his characters speak—have seen them live, and move, and have their being. How he must have joyed when writing, say, the great temptation scene in the third act of "Othello," and heard Iago answer Othello, and Othello reply to Iago, each word wholly true to the character that spoke it, each word helping forward the necessary question of the play! In Cinthio there is but one character that bears a name, that one being Disdemona, and the others are the Moor, the lieutenant, the ensign, &c. Out of these shapeless shadows have been born Othello, Iago, Cassio, Desdemona, Emilia. Brabantio and Roderigo are not hinted at by Cinthio; they are added wholly by Shakspeare—and what additions they are! Could any of Shakspeare's actors—could Burbage or Taylor—have adequately realised, to Shakspeare's mind, his own ideals of his own men and women? Like apparitions, appearing on and then disappearing from the stage, are the many actors who, between Burbage and Salvini, have sought to embody the passion, the pathos, the sorrows, the nobleness of Othello!

The difference between the novel and the play is that which exists between the finite and infinitude. Mere rude incident and situation have, in the play, been grasped and dealt with by a master mind; suggestion has been refined to completion, and the last form and stamp of genius has been impressed upon character as upon incident. The hints of Cinthio have been altered sometimes, amplified sometimes, but ennobled always. The Moor of Cinthio is an African savage, actuated by brutal jealousy, and incited to barbarous rage. This was the Moor that Salvini acted. The Moor of Shakspeare rises to an altitude of nobleness, to chivalrous heroism. He is not impelled to kill Desdemona by mere jealousy; he acts, not in hate, but in honour; he does not so much commit a murder as perform a sacrifice. Shakspeare, with his victorious strength,

reveals the inmost heart and thought of Othello, as of the other characters. Iago does what he does, because he is what he is. If passionate speech naturally becomes musical, then the highest expression of passionately musical speech is found in "Othello." Desdemona is the sweetest, tenderest, truest, and most sorrowfully fated lady of Shakspeare's heroines. Shakspeare ranked creation far above invention. He did not put his mind to the drudgery of devising basis facts; he took the mere stuff, or matter, which he could use, from any source, and then subordinated it to his creative treatment. With him invention was fused into creation. Having just read Cinthio's novel, let us consider, for a moment, what marvels of selection and rejection, what thaumaturgic art were necessary in order to arrange events in scenes and acts, to create living characters, to breathe into them vital passion and the pathos of deepest sorrow, and to mould the whole mass into working and dramatic catastrophe.

The star, Eta Argûs, is a variable star, which ranges in brightness from bare visibility into a lustre exceeding that of every star in the heavens, except Sirius alone. Our Shakspeare is not a variable star. In the galaxy of what Humboldt calls our "island universe," he shines steadfastly with a brilliancy which dreads no Sirius, and he will continue to shine, with, if possible, an added lustre, as the thoughts of men are widened with the progress of the suns: while we, who have just been studying the quarry from which he drew the rough *débris* for his immortal play, may perhaps find our estimate of Shakspeare and of his work heightened by thus briefly considering the Genesis of Othello.

H. SCHÜTZ WILSON.

CHEVY CHASE.

IT is common to say that the ballads known as the "Battle of Otterbourne" and the "Hunting of the Cheviot" commemorate one and the same event. But it is quite certain that they commemorate two quite different events. The confusion of them is of early date; it is found in the earliest extant version of the latter ballad, which belongs to the time of Queen Elizabeth; but a confusion it is so to relate them. And if one would properly understand their historical value, and in other respects fully enjoy them, one should keep them separate and distinct. I propose in this paper to point out more completely than I think has yet been done how separate and distinct they in fact are. They are connected with different localities, are based upon different incidents, and represent different features in the old Border life.

Of course this diversity is not now suggested for the first time. It was recognised long ago in the early seventeenth century by Hume of Godscroft, when he wrote: "That which is commonly sung of the 'Hunting of the Cheviot' seemeth indeed poetical and a mere fiction, perhaps to stir up virtue; yet a fiction, whereof there is no mention either in Scottish or English chronicle." That it has no immediate and particular historical basis is not so certain as this writer supposes; but he is right enough in not identifying the occasion of it with the famous battle of Otterbourne. And Bishop Percy saw that it was of different origin, and others have seen it. But commonly, as I said to begin with, in spite of these noticeable authorities, the two ballads are regarded as merely various accounts of one and the same action. Even so excellent a ballad-scholar as Professor Child remarks in his introduction to the "Hunting," in his "English and Scottish Ballads," 1861, that the "Hunting" "is founded on the same event" as the "Battle of Otterbourne."

I trust that no apology is needed for an attempt to clear up this matter. We profess to be proud of our ballad poetry, and the ballads now to be briefly discussed are amongst its masterpieces Let us try to make our pride really intelligent by a careful study

of its object. There is certainly much effusive praise of our poetry that is based on the slightest possible knowledge. If we wish to indulge in the boast *Cives Romani sumus*, let us understand what is denoted by the "*civitas*" we claim and proclaim. If we would entitle ourselves to the right of lauding our literature, let us obtain some accurate familiarity with it. If we dislike the noisy raptures of the ignorant chauvinist, let us make sure that our appreciation of what we say we admire is really founded on fact—make sure that our zeal is without indiscretion, is well-informed and sensible, is the offspring of a cultivated intelligence. Thus, even a brief scrutiny of a few old ballads may be of service ; it may improve our habits of accuracy, increase our powers of enjoyment, help us to be more truthful and sincere in our enthusiasms.

Let us turn first to the ballads that undoubtedly have for their theme the "Battle of Otterbourne." Of these there are three—the one given in Percy's "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," the one in Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," the one in Herd's "Scottish Songs."

Of the battle itself we have many accounts. It was one of the most famous in the history of the Borders, and the chroniclers glory in its narration. Froissart describes it minutely, and, as he tells us, on good authority.

> I was made acquainted [he says in Johnes' translation] with all the particulars of this battle by knights and squires, who had been actors in it on each side There were also with the English two valiant knights from the country of Foix, whom I had the good fortune to meet at Orthès, the year after this battle had been fought [i.e. 1389]. Their names were Sir John de Châteauneuf and John de Cautiron. On my return from Foix, I met likewise at Avignon a knight and two squires of Scotland of the party of Earl Douglas. They knew me again from the recollections I brought to their minds of their own country ; for in my youth I, the author of this history, travelled all through Scotland, and was full fifteen days resident with William, Earl of Douglas, father of Earl James of whom we are now speaking, at his castle of Dalkeith, five miles distant from Edinburgh. Earl James was then very young but a promising youth, and he had a sister called Blanche [Isabel ?] I had my information, therefore, from both parties, who agree that it was the hardest and most obstinate battle that ever was fought. This I readily believe, for the English and Scots are excellent men-at-arms, and whenever they meet in battle, they do not spare each other ; nor is there any check in their courage so long as their weapons endure.

And the next paragraph must be quoted, because it gives the very spirit of these old Border wars, and enables us to understand how it was that poetry could flourish in the precincts of such incessant anarchy and bloodshed. One might have reasonably expected that the Muses would have been scared far away from a region that appears at the first glance merely turbulent and savage—

to which Buchanan's words concerning the very expedition that was distinguished by the battle of Otterbourne so frequently apply: "Quicquid ferro flammaque fœdari potuit, corrumpunt ac diruunt"—where more than once the invader boasted, as in 1532, there was not "one peel, gentleman's house, nor grange unburnt and destroyed," *i.e.* undestroyed—where at times, as in 1570, the "riders were wont to harry, burn, and slay, and take prisoners, and use all misorder, and cruelty, not only used in war, but detestable to all barbar and wild Tartars." The following are the words of the old French chronicler that go so far to solve this strange enigma:

> When they [the English and the Scots] have well beaten each other and one party is victorious, they are so proud of their conquest that they ransom their prisoners instantly and in such courteous manner to those who have been taken that on their departure they return them their thanks. However, when in battle, there is no boy's play between them, nor do they shrink from the combat; and you will see in the further detail of this battle as excellent deeds as were ever performed.

And with a quite Homeric delight he proceeds to describe so glorious an encounter of foemen so keen and fierce and yet so chivalrous! But, indeed, even the dullest chronicler is thrilled with some emotion as he tells the story of this famous conflict. Border warfare never before or afterwards showed so glorious as on the field of Otterbourne.

The "Raid," of which it formed so splendid an incident, was undertaken in revenge of the invasion of Scotland by King Richard the Second in 1387. It was made in two directions. The main body, under the command of the Earl of Fife, one of the King's—King Robert the Second—sons, advanced south-westward, and ravaged the western borders of England. The other division, under the command of the Earl of Douglas, marched swiftly over the Cheviots, through the south of Northumberland into Durham, where their presence was soon proclaimed by fire and flame.

The Scottish ballad tells us how the "doughty Douglas"

> has burn'd the dales of Tyne
> And part of Bambroughshire;
> And three good towns on Reidswire fells,
> He left them all on fire.

The English ballad informs us of the earlier stages of their route.

> Over Ottercap hill they came in,
> And so down by Rodclyffe crag;
> Upon Green Leyton they lighted down
> Stirand many a stag;
> And boldly brent Northumberland,
> And harried many a town.
> They did our Englishmen great wrang,
> To battle that were not bown.

So they entered England by the Redswire pass, and advanced down Reedsdale, passing the spot that was to be made so famous as they returned, on to Kirkwhelpington, into Hartburn parish. There is in the neighbourhood of Kirkwhelpington a place that still bears the name of Scot's Gap; it is some eight or nine miles south of Rothley Crags. No doubt this was one of the expeditions that gave that place its name. They were on the high road to Newcastle, but they presently turned aside due south, and crossing the Tyne some miles—about three leagues, says Froissart—above Newcastle, probably at Newburn, flung themselves with fury upon the county of Durham, "destroying and burning all before them." "There was not a town in all this district, unless well enclosed, that was not burnt." Then, having triumphantly accomplished all the mischief that was possible, they recrossed the Tyne, and halted before Newcastle. And then it was, after some skirmishing, that, according to the ballad, Douglas made a tryst to meet Percy at Otterbourne.

"Where shall I bide thee?" said the Douglas,
"Or where wilt thou come to me?"
At Otterbourne in the highway,
There mayst thou well lodged be.
"There shall I bide thee," said the Douglas,
"By the faith of my body;"
"Thither shall I come," said Sir Henry Percy,
"My truth I plight to thee."

Such is the minstrel's translation of the facts recorded by the chroniclers, which are that in one of the encounters "at the barriers" before Newcastle, Douglas had gained possession of Percy's (Shakspeare's Hotspur) lance with his pennon attached to it, and that Percy had vowed to recover it before Douglas quitted England, and that, Percy having failed to achieve his vow before Douglas marched away from before Newcastle, Douglas resolved to linger at Otterbourne, and so give him another chance of doing so. "Sir Henry Percy on hearing this was greatly rejoiced, and cried out: 'To horse! to horse! For by the faith I owe to God, and to my lord and father, I will seek to recover my pennon, and beat up their quarters this night.' Such knights and squires in Newcastle as learnt this were willing to be of the party and make themselves ready." Some thirty miles—not eight, as Buchanan says, inaccurately following Froissart, who is himself inaccurate in putting the distance at "eight short leagues"—had to be traversed. And there, at last, under the moon (*luna prope pernox lucis diurnæ usum præbebat*), towards the dawning of the day, Douglas and Percy met to fight it out, met to drink "delight of battle" with "their peers."

χάρμῃ γηθόσυνοι τήν σφιν θεὸς ἔμβαλε θυμῷ.

The battle now raged; great was the pushing of lances, and very many of each party were struck down at the first onset. The Earl of Douglas, being young and impatient to gain renown in arms, ordered his banner to advance, shouting "Douglas! Douglas!" Sir Henry and Sir Ralph Percy [Shakspeare's Hotspur and his brother], indignant for the affront the Earl of Douglas had put on them by conquering their pennon and desirous of meeting him, hastened to the place from which the sounds came, calling out "Percy! Percy!" The two banners met, and many gallant deeds of arms ensued.

"Dux Scotorum præcipuus, Willelmus Duglas," writes Walsingham, excited beyond his wont—even far away, in the cloisters of St. Alban's, the monk's pulse quickened as he told the tale—

qui et ipse fuit juvenis ambitiosus, videns rem mille votis petitam, Henricum Percy videlicet, intra castra, alacriter equitat contra eum. Erat ibidem cernere pulchrum spectaculum duos tam præclaros juvenes manus conserere et pro gloria decertare.

A fair spectacle, indeed, O monk! and no wonder the ballad writer should be stirred by it, if your monkship is thus moved. "Pugnatum igitur acerrime," so run the words of Buchanan, "ut inter homines utrinque nobiles et de gloria magis quam de vita sollicitos. Percius ignominiam delere, Duglassus partum decus novo facinore illustrare contendebat."

There was no freke that there wold fly,
But stiffly in Stour can stond,
Each one hewyng on other while they might drie
With many a baleful brond.

The death of Douglas is more fully and finely given in the "Minstrelsy" ballad, which is indeed as a whole more highly poetical. The ballad of the "Reliques," that is the English ballad, is matter of fact enough at this point as at others.

The Percy was a man of strength,
I tell you in this stound;
He smote the Douglas at the swordes length,
That he fell to the ground.

The sword was sharp and sore can bite,
I tell you in certain;
To the heart he coud him smite;
Thus was the Douglas slain.

The standards stood still on each side
With many a grievous groan;
There they fought the day and all the night,
And many a doughty man was slain.

Contrast the Scottish version of this catastrophe:

But Percy with his good broad sword,
That could so sharply wound,
Has wounded Douglas on the brow
Till he fell to the ground.

Then he call'd on his little footpage,
And said: "Run speedily,
And fetch my ain dear sister's son,
Sir Hugh Montgomery."

"My nephew good," the Douglas said,
"What recks the death of ane?
Last night I dream'd a dreary dream,
And I ken the day's thy ain."

[In his "dreary dream" he saw a dead man win a fight, and thought the man was himself.]

"My wound is deep, I fain would sleep,
Take thou the vanguard of the three;
And hide me by the braken bush,
That grows on yonder lilye lea."

A favourite stanza that of Sir Walter Scott's, as it well might be.

"O bury me by the braken bush,
Beneath the blooming brier;
Let never living mortal ken
That e'er a kindly Scot lies here."

He lifted up that noble lord
Wi' the saut tear in his e'e;
He hid him in the braken bush,
That his merrie men might not see.

He was buried in fact at Melrose; but the true ballad does not care for historical detail—"spernit humum fugiente penna."

The moon was clear, the day drew near,
The spears in flinders flew,
But mony a gallant Englishman
Ere day the Scotsmen slew.

In the other Scottish ballad, that given by Herd, Douglas death is assigned to treachery—a Scottish page assassinates him; but in other respects we find but an abridgment of the passage just quoted:

The boy's ta'en out his little penknife,
That hanget low down by his gare,
And he gae Earl Douglas a deadly wound,
Alas! a deep wound and sare!

Earl Douglas said to Sir Hugh Montgomery,
"Tak' thou the vanguard o' the three;
And bury me at yon braken bush,
That stands upon yon lily lea."

But yet to us more interesting and more striking is a saying which the ballads omit from their last speech of the hero, but which is reported by the chroniclers. According to them Douglas is not struck to death by Percy in the Homeric manner, but, having thrown himself into the midst of the enemy, is borne down by three English spears,

thrust by unknown and unknowing hands—thrust by men whose names are not known, and who had no idea who it was they were bearing down. And then his head was cleft with a battle-axe.

There was a great crowd round him; and he could not raise himself, for the blow on his head was mortal. His men had followed him as closely as they were able; and there came to him his cousins, Sir James Lindsay, Sir John and Sir Walter Sinclair, with other knights and squires. They found by his side a gallant knight that had constantly attended him, who was his chaplain, and had at this time exchanged his profession for that of a valiant man-at-arms.

And we are told how the reverend gentleman had been wielding a battle-axe all night with tremendous effect. And then Froissart resumes his story of Douglas's last moments :

When these knights came to the Earl of Douglas, they found him in a melancholy state, as well as one of his knights, Sir Robert Hart, who had fought by his side the whole of the night and now lay beside him covered with fifteen wounds from lances and other weapons. Sir John Sinclair asked the Earl : "Cousin, how fares it with you?" "But so so," replied he. [Only so so in one sense, but in another it seems excellent well.] "*Thanks to God there are but few of my ancestors who have died in chambers or in their beds.* I bid you therefore revenge my death, for I have but little hope of living, as my heart becomes more faint every minute. Do you, Walter and Sir John Sinclair, raise up my banner, for certainly it is on the ground from the death of David Campbell, that valiant squire, who bore it, and who refused knighthood from my hands this day, though equal to the most eminent knights for courage and loyalty; and continue to shout 'Douglas!' but do not tell friend or foe whether I am in your company or not, for should the enemy know the truth they will be greatly rejoiced." The two brothers Sinclair and Sir John Lindsay obeyed his orders. . . . The Scots, by their valiantly driving the enemy beyond the spot where the Earl of Douglas lay dead, for he had expired on giving his last orders, arrived at his banner, which was borne by Sir John Sinclair.

Buchanan's version is worth quoting as of the same tone :

In hoc statu [when the Douglas lay "tribus lethalibus plagis saucius atque humi dejectus"] propinqui ejus Joannes Lindesius, Joannes et Valterus Sinclari de eo cum rogassent ecquid valeret, "*Ego*," inquit, "*recte valeo; morior enim non in lecto segni fato sed quemadmodum omnes prope mei majores.* Illa vero a vobis postrema peto : primum ut mortem meam et nostros et hostes celetis; deinde ne vexillum meum dejectum sinatis; demum, ut meam cædem ulciscamini. Hæc si sperem ita fore, cetera æquo animo feram."

So he died happy in the old Northern belief that no deathbed is so to be desired as the field of battle—that no heroes are so welcome to the gods as those whose spirits come straight from the midst of fighting and slaughter.

How thoroughly the genuine passion of these old stories may be weakened away may be well seen in the accounts Boece and his metrical translator furnish of the same scenes. Boece "flourished" about the beginning of the sixteenth century. By that time the

atmosphere had changed. We may be sure, from the spirit of them, if from nothing else, that the ballads we are considering are of an earlier age—are not, in point of date, far from the time of the events themselves.

There now stands, near Otterbourne, a cross called Percy's Cross, and tradition blunderingly asserts that it marks the spot where Percy fell, who did not fall, but, after a splendid resistance, was taken prisoner. Possibly it, or whatever monument preceded it, may mark the spot where Douglas fell. How pleasant it would be to believe that it was called Percy's Cross because it was erected by Percy in honour of his gallant enemy! There is no external authority for the suggestion, but such a sense would satisfactorily explain a title which otherwise is perverse and false.[1]

To sum up these remarks on the Otterbourne pieces: they deal with a famous "Warden's Raid," the details of which are precisely known, and are recorded in these ballads with as much exactness as can reasonably be expected. In this case Douglas is the aggressor. The locality of the final struggle is in Reedsdale; the time, a Wednesday night and Thursday morning, as we are specially informed. The result is the captivity of Percy and the death of Douglas.

Now let us turn to the Chevy Chase ballads, or, to speak more exactly, to the Chevy Chase ballad in its older form and in its newer. In its older, which must have been written in the fifteenth century, it is entitled "The Hunting of the Cheviot"; in its later, which must have been produced in the seventeenth century, it bears the familiar name of "Chevy Chase."

Now, in "The Hunting of the Cheviot," it is not a raid, but a great hunting expedition, that is the theme. Percy is the aggressor, and not Douglas; the struggle does not take place in Reedsdale, nor anywhere in England, but in Scotland, across, though close by, the frontier. The day was a Monday, and before the moon rose, as we are specially informed, and the result is the deaths of both Percy and Douglas. Finally, this ballad, if based at all upon any special historical occurrence, allows itself the utmost freedom of treatment; whereas the Otterbourne ballads, as we have seen, adhere to the facts with fair precision. It seems certain there was no border battle in which both a Percy and a Douglas were slain as here described. The ballad is historical in a very important sense; that is, it reflects

[1] The other Percy's Cross—that near Hedgeley Moor—does mark the spot where a Percy fell, having "saved the bird in his bosom."

with admirable truthfulness the habits and feelings and ideas of a certain age and a certain district. But it is not historical in the narrower sense—in the sense in which the Otterbourne ballads are so.

And yet these two sets of ballads are, as I remarked at the beginning of this paper, perpetually confused and confounded. Let us now consider a little more particularly the above-mentioned dissimilarities and distinctions.

In the first place, then, the occasions differ. In the Otterbourne ballads the feature of Border life that is celebrated is the Raid, and a raid of a most important kind—what was commonly called a Warden's Raid[1]:

> The doughty Douglas bound him to ride
> In England to take a prey;

or, "to drive a prey," as the "Minstrelsy" version has it; "to fetch a prey," as that in Herd's "Scottish Songs." In the Cheviot ballad, the occasion of the encounter is Percy's deliberate defiance of a well-known March law, viz., that the Scottish and English borderers were not to hunt in one another's territory without express permission from the warden whose province was concerned or his representative. It is exactly not what some ingenious person would fain make the name Chevy Chase mean—it is not a *chivachie*.

For some ingenious person or other has, with brilliant but wholly wasted acuteness, maintained that the name Chevy Chase is a corruption of chivachie!

Πολλὰ τὰ δεινὰ κοὐδὲν ἀνθρώπου δεινότερον πέλει.

And it may be confidently averred that man's δεινότης is nowhere more gloriously exhibited than in the domains of etymology. Whatever comes into his head is accepted for an inspiration. History may be offended, phonetic laws violated, probability defied, but the etymological amateur idolises his "happy thought"; he follows his own royal road; he can only pity those who will investigate and verify. In the present case his notable cleverness is sadly thrown away; for there can be no reasonable doubt that Chevy Chase is simply a corruption—a corruption, probably, of the late sixteenth or of the seventeenth century—of Cheviot Chase, a phrase which occurs in the older ballad, "chase" here meaning a hunting ground, or "forest," as often in old English, and still in many place-names, as, for instance, in Cannock Chase. The original title is, as we know, "The Hunting of the Cheviot"; and the original ballad again and again reminds us that the scene is "in the mountains of Cheviot," "in Cheviot, the hills so high," "in Cheviot, the hills above," "*in*

[1] See "Lay of the Last Minstrel," iv. 4.

this Cheviot Chase," "in Cheviot, the hills aboon," "Cheviot within." Douglas's expedition, which resulted in the battle of Otterbourne, might properly be called a chivachie ; but not so this of Percy's, that is balladised in "The Hunting of the Cheviot."

The Percy out of Northomberland
And a vow to God made he,
That he wold hunt in the mountains
Of Cheviot within days three,
In the mauger of doughty Douglas
And all that ever with him be.

A vigorous beginning, which Macaulay has closely followed in his "Lay of Horatius."

The fattest harts in all Cheviot
He said he wold kill and carry them away.
"By my faith," said the doughty Douglas again,
"I will let that hunting if that I may !"

Thus Percy defies Douglas, and, in fact, challenges him to a combat by hunting without leave on Douglas's side of the Border. "Concordatum est," runs an old March law, "quod . . . nullus unius partis vel alterius ingrediatur terras, boschas, forrestas, warrenas, loca, dominia quæcunque alicujus partis alterius subditi [a curious use of *subditi*] causa venandi, piscandi, aucupandi, disportum aut solatium in eisdem [exercendi] aliave quacunque de causa absque licentia ejus . . . ad quem . . . loca . . . pertinent aut de deputatis suis prius capta et obtenta." An excellent illustration of this point is to be found in the "Memoirs" of Carey, Earl of Monmouth, who was one of the March Wardens in the reign of Queen Mary. The passage is referred to by Percy ; and I had the satisfaction of quoting it at length in the introduction to Chevy Chase in the edition of "Bishop Percy's Folio MS." published some years ago. But as it is not well known, and is extremely pertinent, I venture to reproduce it once more :

There had been an ancient custom of the Borders, when they were quiet, for the opposite Border to send to the warden of the middle march to desire leave that they might come into the Borders of England and hunt with their greyhounds for deer towards the end of summer, which was denied them. Towards the end of Sir John Foster's government, they would, without asking leave, come into England and hunt at their pleasure and stay their own time. I wrote to Farnehurst, the warden over against me, that I was no way willing to hinder them of their accustomed sports, and that if according to the ancient custom they would send to me for leave they should have all the contentment I could give them ; if otherwise they would continue their wonted course, I would do my best to hinder them [to "let that hunting"]. Within a month after, they came and hunted, as they used to do, without leave, and cut down wood and carried it away. Towards the end of summer they came again to their wonted sports. I sent my two deputies with all the speed they could make, and they took along with them such

gentlemen as were in their way with my forty horse, and about one o'clock they came up to them and set upon them. [This situation is precisely like that presented in our ballad.] Some hurt was done, but I gave especial order they should do as little hurt and shed as little blood as possible they could. They took a dozen of the principal gentlemen that were there, and brought them to me at Witherington where I then lay. I made them welcome, and gave them the best entertainment I could. They lay in the castle two or three days, and so I sent them home, they assuring me that they would never hunt again without leave. The Scots King complained to Queen Elizabeth very grievously of this fact [*i.e.* deed, as often in Shakespeare].

The occasion, then, of the "Chevy Chase" battle was a deliberate act of bravado on Percy's part. "That tear began this spurn," as the old ballad curiously puts it. War was the great Border game in the Middle Ages; and there was never a lack of pretext for it or of opportunity. Deadly encounters were as common and as welcome as football matches or wrestling bouts now-a-days. The mutual irritability of the borderers, and especially of the retainers of the houses of Percy and Douglas, was not less keen than that of the Montagues and the Capulets, and of many another pair of families in Italy; and often the streets of Edinburgh and the highways of the Marches recall the fierce discords of Verona.

> There was never a time on the March-partes
> Sen the Douglas and the Persy met,
> But it was marvel an the red blood ran not
> As the rain does in the street.

Mercutio was not more inflammable and more delighted to be inflamed than those passionate Border gentry. Shakespeare's picture of Hotspur is excellently true in this respect; he has portrayed perfectly the fiery Border temperament. Hotspur, as we all know, is intolerant of the slightest rebuke or check. The least opposition drives him into a furious rage. He is a Borderer of the Borderers.

In "The Hunting of the Cheviot," Percy, as already noticed, is the aggressor, the provoker, the challenger. Perhaps we may regard this ballad as a sort of pendant to "The Battle of Otterbourne." Here Percy repays the compliment presented him by Douglas's visit and its conflagration. In the ballad of "Kinmont Willie," when the bold keeper Buccleugh has rescued his retainer and got him safely across the Eden,

> He turn'd him on the other side [*i.e.* towards Carlisle]
> And at Lord Scroop his glove flung he;
> "If he like na my visit in merry England,
> In fair Scotland come visit me."

Such invitations were only too readily and heartily accepted; such "calls" only too greedily and fiercely "returned." And as a ballad

had sung of the Douglas' inroad, a ballad must needs set forth a no less daring and insolent trespass of the Percy.

The locality of the "Hunting" battle is less certainly ascertainable than that of the other ballads. But there are indications that may be of use. Clearly, as is said above, it is on the Scottish side of the Border; otherwise, there is no point in Percy's sport, no insult is offered to a Scottish warden; and, therefore, it cannot but be a long way from Otterbourne, which is some fifteen miles and more from the Border line. No weight can be attached to the stanza which identifies the two battles, for it is clearly the uncouth interpolation of some minstrel—of some Midland minstrel—observe the form *knowen*—haply of Richard Sheal himself, whose particular copy is the one preserved—who knew nothing personally of the country concerned, and followed authorities who knew scarcely more:

> Old men that knowen the ground well enough
> Call it the Battle of Otterburn.

No, they did not know the ground well enough, these patriarchs, whoever they were. They must be "plucked" in geography, these greybeards. Assuredly we must not go into Reedsdale if we wish to localise the "Hunting" battle. But perhaps the attempt is idle; poets often make their own maps, and are greatly superior to the latitudes and longitudes of ordinary atlases. However, if the attempt is to be made, it seems fairly clear the battle was fought, or imagined to be fought, in or near the Forest of Cheviot. Now the Forest of Cheviot[1] "formerly covered the lower slopes of" Cheviot itself—the particular hill so called,—"was chiefly on the side fronting Scotland, and the remains of it may be seen in the oaks and birches along the Colledge Valley." The ballad seems certainly to point to some spot near the north-west corner of Northumberland as the scene of the adventures it celebrates. We are specially told that Percy started from Bamborough, that he drew his forces from the northern district:

> Then the Percy out of Bamborough came,
> With him a mighty many;
> With fifteen hondreth archers bold of blood and bone;
> They were chosen out of shires three.

The shires three were Islandshire or Holy Island, Norehamshire, and Bamboroughshire. One can scarcely doubt he marched, or was supposed to march, across from Bamborough *viâ* Belford, Wooler, Kirk Newton, and so passing just to the south of Flodden, whose

[1] See M. Tomlinson's "Comprehensive Guide to Northumberland," a very excellent handbook, p. 483.

name was to become "a household word" in the following century, and just to the north of Mount Cheviot, to enter Scotland at a point some seven or eight miles due east of Kelso and Roxburgh. It may also be noticed that the opposing troops came from Tweedside. The words are :

They were borne along by the water o' Tweed,
I' th' bounds of Tividale.

Which are translated in the later version :

All men of pleasant Tividale
Fast by the river Tweed.

Undoubtedly, these phrases point to the north-east corner of Roxburghshire, and so agree satisfactorily with the hints given us as to Percy's movements, as a glance at a map will at once show.

The consideration of the locality is of course closely connected with this question of the historical basis of the ballad we are studying. Now, we find that in the immediate neighbourhood at which, for plausible reasons, we have just arrived, there was fought a notable Border battle, with a Percy and a Douglas in it. This was the battle of Piperden, fought in 1435, or possibly, as Bower says, in 1436. And the suggestion made by the editor of the "Reliques," though by no means generally adopted, though very often forgotten or ignored—the suggestion that the "Hunting," so far as it is, has a particular historical foundation, relates to the battle of Piperden—appears to be well worth consideration. Piperden is, indeed, in England, but it is close by the frontier ; and a battle to which it gave a name might well have spread across the frontier. In respect of position, Piperden exactly suits the requirements of the case. And in other respects it is, though not altogether suitable, yet perhaps as much so as can be expected, the freedom of balladry remembered.

The English invasion that was signalised by the battle of Piperden, or Pepperden, as Ridpath spells it, was, according to the Scottish accounts at least, peculiarly unprovoked and wanton. I will quote Stewart's rendering of the story as given by Boece :

This beand done as I haif said yow heir.

He has just narrated the marriage of the Dauphin Louis and Margaret, daughter of James I. of Scotland, which took place in 1436 :

Sir Henrie Persie in the samin yeir
Quhat wes the caus I can nocht to yow schaw,
Agane promit without ordour of law
With four thousand all into armour bricht,
In Scotland come sone efter on ane nycht,
His appetite syne for to satisfie
With fyre and blude, haifond no caus or quhy.

The Erle of Angus in the tyme that was,
The quhilk to name hecht William of Douglas,
With equall nummer under speir and scheild
Met with the Persie then and gaif him feild ;
And in that battell so baldlie tha baid,
On euerie syde quhill greit slauchter wes maid.
The Scottismen so worthie war and wycht,
The Inglismen on force has tane the flycht,
And in the feild na langar mycht remane ;
On euerie syde richt mony than wes slane,
That da thair deit on the Scottis syde
Gude Elphinstoun ane nobill of great pryde ;
Of commoun pepill tha hundreth also
Departit than and tuke thair leif till go.
Of Inglismen into the feild did faill
Ane greit nobill, Henrie of Cliddisdail,
Richard Persie and Johnne Ogill also,
Knichtes all thre with mony other mo ;
Of commoun pepill that tyme young and ald
Four hundreth into the tyme war told.

So that Boece describes this expedition as a raid—as a chivachie—which in the ballad it is not ; and so Buchanan : "Angli terra marique e Scotia prædas agere cœperunt, duce Percio, Northumbriæ regulo. Adversus eos missus Gulielmus Duglassus, Angusiæ comes," &c.

Boece, however, does admit it was possibly a private and not an authorised enterprise : "Incertum cujus auctoritate an privata an regia." Gregory's "Chronicle of London" states that in the year 1436 "the Erle of Northehomberlande made a viage in-to Scotlande, and there he made a nobylle jorney." On the whole, this identification, though it cannot be insisted upon, is not to be roughly rejected. Possibly we must be content, as we well may be, to take the "Hunting" as of general historical value rather than particular. Anyhow, it does not reflect the battle of Otterbourne, as is so commonly stated. Meanwhile, the fight at Piperden answers better than any other that has been suggested for a nucleus. If the tourist would fain realise the scene in his imagination with the aid of the *genius loci* or local spirit, let him try the neighbourhood here readvocated. At all events he will find himself in a haunted land—a land abounding in memories of

old unhappy [and happy] far-off things
And battles long ago.

On the west side of Piper's Hill were buried many of those who fell in the terrible fight of Flodden close by, and at no great distance are Humbleton, Yeavering, Wark, Kelso, Roxburgh, and many less-known places with associations of various interest. Indeed, all that

part has been one great battlefield. It was the favourite cockpit of the Borders.

It must be observed that the chronology of the ballad as we have it is all confused; but it is never consistent with the Otterbourne theory. The kings of England and Scotland in 1388 were respectively Richard II. and Robert II. The kings mentioned in the ballad are King Henry the Fourth and, in "Eddenburrowe," King James, who did not in fact reign at the same time. For it was not till 1324 that James was set free from his long English durance, and actually ascended the Scottish throne. The mention of the battle of Homildon, fought in 1402, makes the confusion worse confounded. These blunders may be due not to the ignorance of the original writer, but to that of successive minstrels, "the crouders, with no rougher voice than rude style," who took great liberties with their texts, omitting, modifying, adding at their own sweet will, very much as the old Anglo-Saxon glee-men had done, whence certain difficulties in "Beowulf"—as probably did the ancient reciters, the ῥαψῳδοὶ or στιχῳδοὶ of the Homeric ballads, whence certain difficulties that pervade the "Iliad." The old poetry is sometimes "evil appareled in the dust and cobwebs of 'uncivil' reporters." In the present case a diaskeuast would in some sort restore order, if for "Henry the Fourth" he read "Henry the Sixth," and if he maintained ll. 155–72 to be an interpolation. It is in this dubious passage that the clumsy stanza occurs as to "the old men" and their knowledge of "the ground," which has been extracted above.

As to the date of composition, we may be sure that both the Otterbourne and the Chevy Chase ballads belong to about the same period. Probably those relating to the Otterbourne battle are the older, though the "Hunting" has, as it happens, been preserved in a more primitive shape. The Otterbourne ballads must surely have been written shortly after the event described; and the "Hunting" was probably written no long time after them.

But after all it must not be forgotten that such questions and matters as have been discussed here, though they have a real interest for the careful student of literature, are yet of secondary importance. The great thing and the saving grace is not to know about poems, but to know them themselves, and to bear in mind that antiquarian and critical and suchlike disquisitions are only helps, or intended helps, towards that supreme knowledge. The great thing is that we should keep our ears clear to catch those trumpet notes that so moved Sidney's heart as he heard them rudely sounded

in the Elizabethan streets, that we should duly feel with and for the heroes of those old songs, and recognise in them men of like passions with ourselves, or recognise in ourselves men of like passions with them. How vigorously they lived while they lived! With what a will they charged and thrust and struck!

> At last the Douglas and the Percy met
> Like to captains of might and of main;
> They swapt together till they both swat,
> With swords that were of fine Milon.

How infinite their boldness! "Dare, Madam!" exclaimed one of them, the bold Buccleugh, when Queen Elizabeth, greatly irritated by his breaking into her castle of Carlisle and carrying off one of her prisoners—an exploit we have already referred to—asked him how he dared do such a thing. "Dare, Madam!" he exclaimed, "what dare not a man dare?" And they died not less resolutely and dauntlessly than they lived. They fought to the last, these Marchmen, and submitted to fate without a murmur, even with joy, when their hour came.

> With that there came an arrow hastily
> Forth of a mighty wane;[1]
> It hath stricken the yearl Douglas
> In at the breast bane.
>
> Thorough liver and lungs both
> The sharp arrow is gane,
> That never after in all his life-days
> He spake mo words but ane:
> "Fight ye, my merry men, while ye may;
> For my life-days ben gane."

Fight while ye may!—such was his rule of life. Not *carpe diem*, nor "Soul, take thine ease," but *Fight while ye may!* The dying Borderer asks for no favour, not even for such a one as Hector vainly begs as he lies in the dust at the feet of Achilles—that his conqueror may be willing to receive ransom money for his body.

> σῶμα δὲ οἴκαδ' ἐμὸν δόμεναι πάλιν, ὄφρα πυρός με
> Τρῶες καὶ Τρώων ἄλοχοι λελάχωσι θάνοντα.

Nor, as we have seen, does his spirit pass—

> ὃν πότμον γοόωσα, λιποῦσ' ἀδροτῆτα καὶ ἥβην.

And the pathetic picture of Percy mourning over his fallen foe is a strange contrast to the iron-hearted Greek (σιδήρεος ἐν φρεσὶ θυμός) binding Hector's corpse to his chariot, and with so shameful an appendage driving exultantly beneath the walls from which old Priam and Hecuba are looking down on the piteous scene:—

[1] *i.e.* a number, a shower, a flight.

τοῦ δ' ἦν ἑλκομένοιο κονίσαλος, ἀμφὶ δὲ χαῖται
κνάνεαι πίτναντο, κάρη δ' ἅπαν ἐν κονίῃσι
κεῖτο πάρος χαρίεν· τότε δὲ Ζεὺς δυσμενέεσσι
δῶκεν ἀεικίσσασθαι ἑῇ ἐν πατρίδι γαίῃ.

The Percy leaned on his brand,
And saw the Douglas die.
He took the dead man by the hand,
And said "Wo is me for thee!

To have saved thy life, I would have parted with
My lands for years three;
For a better man of heart nor of hand
Was not in the North Country."

Happily, the ready shrewdness, the splendid energy, the fearless courage, the chivalrous spirit of the old Borderers are not extinct, though they have changed the forms in which they exhibit themselves. A very remarkable list might be made of their descendants, in whom their old prowess transmitted has been and is conspicuously displayed. The late General Gordon was ultimately of Border lineage. In the centuries to which we have gone back in this paper the name often occurs; for instance, we read of a John Gordon, who, "Angliam ingressus cum ingenti hominum pecudumque præda coacta rediret," is opposed by Sir John Gilburn, and overthrows him. And a note in "A Short Border History" informs us that Coklaw or Ormistown Castle, near Hawick, is "the peeltower of the Gledstones, a Border family, illustrious now through one of its members, the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P."

JOHN W. HALES.

A TOURIST'S NOTES: AD AMICOS.

ONCE more we keep our Easter tryst ;
Not now by banks of L'Oise and L'Aisne ;
Not where the pallid carven Christ
Looks out from Laon o'er all the plain.

For us the opal waves of Lesse,
Of Meuse, sweep round the marble hills ·
Boon Nature dons her earliest dress
In sheltered nooks by Wallon rills.

Namur : bright sun and eager air :
What comic tragic memories rise !
Wounded was Uncle Toby there,
There John of Austria poisoned lies.

Some would at early morning wake,
Some visit on the steep hill side
The castle of the hearts that brake,[1]—
The widows who so chastely died.

There were who saw a magic barque,
In caverns of a fairy land,[2]
Float as on air from out the dark,
To bear us back to earthly strand.

Again we joined in that old town
So full of memories of battle,[3]
Where Louis from the walls looks down,
Where Marlborough made the fortress rattle.

In homely Han, in proud Rochefort,
In grey Dinant, in blithe Courtrai,
Each chant, each hymn, each anthem bore
The tale of spring and Easter Day.

[1] Château de Crèvecœur. [2] The Caves of Han. [3] Oudenarde.

In Courtrai pealed the Angelus
  Above the tumult of the fair,
The solemn music said to us
  The Church has rest, the world has care.

Ah friends ! once more our holiday
  Draws near an end ; this five days' peace
Has braced us for our work by play,
  And though our wanderings soon will cease,

Yet when our lives are lived again
  In yon great hive of toil and riot,
This travel will not be in vain—
  This little space of mirth and quiet—

And, like the Angelus, will ring
  In all our hearts the memory
Of how we went to meet the spring
  In those fair lands across the sea.

TABLE TALK.

Facts concerning Book-buying.

SURPRISES are constantly in store for the book-lover, the latest being the discovery in an English library of a Mazarin Bible, the mere existence of which was unsuspected. If our "great houses" part with their books at the unedifying rate they have of late maintained, more "finds" of importance may be anticipated. Meanwhile, the change of taste on the part of book-buyers, on which I have more than once dwelt, grows even more remarkable. Early printed books, with the exception of a few works of exceptional rarity or interest, have fallen further in value, and public interest in England as in France seems to centre in illustrated works, books in splendid bindings, and first editions of writers of repute. A Grolier binding will add fifty pounds to the value of a book, and a monogram of Diane de Poitiers on the sides may add a hundred. £111 has been paid for the Kilmarnock edition of Burns's poems, £61 for Rogers's Italy and Poems, 2 vols. 1830–1834, and £50 for the first edition (4to, 1813) of Byron's "The Waltz." Meanwhile, early Dickenses is a subject on which the public become as knowing as the trade, and private buyers speculate for the purpose of sale. Ruskins, Cruikshanks, and the like maintain their place. American works are still in high demand. A new heading, however, begins to appear in the booksellers' catalogues. This is "Alpine Works," for which a sudden demand has arisen. Another fact of interest may be stated. While the great noblemen are dispersing their libraries, the Prince and Princess of Wales, incognito of course, are now collectors.

Proposed Alterations in the Strand.

GREAT pressure is being brought upon the County Council to secure the widening of the Strand by the removal of the two churches of St. Mary-le-Strand and St. Clement Danes. The *Daily Telegraph* lends the weight of its authority to the scheme for removal, and deals somewhat contemptuously, at least in the correspondence column, with those who are of a different opinion. That these churches may have ultimately to go before the overmastering increase of London

I will concede. Rather difficult is it to say what, in a generation more, will not have to depart. Most earnestly, however, do I protest against their immediate removal. A widening of the thoroughfare by removing Holywell Street with its degrading associations, and the formation of a segment of a circle around St. Mary-le-Strand, similar to that around St. Clement Danes, is all that is at present required. No need exists for the churches to be pulled down until the not far distant days when the Strand will have, as I long ago advised, to be doubled in size and turned into a thoroughfare like the Unter den Linden in Berlin, with two different routes, one eastward, a second westward, and a boulevard between for pedestrians. Tinkering to meet the development of London is ceasing to be of use, and trenchant measures, using the words in their full sense, will shortly be necessary. It is but poor policy to erect buildings such as the Law Courts on a line between St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, and so add to the expense of making the magnificent route which will one day have to connect these two buildings.

Architectural Beauty of the Strand.

OF the architectural features of the two threatened buildings I have nothing to say. One of them, at least, is generally condemned. Like Justice Shallow, however, "I was once of Clement's Inn," though they do "not talk of mad *Urban* still," and I, too, "have heard the chimes at midnight"—though not from the same spire from which they pealed in the time of Shallow. On no such personal and sentimental ground, however, do I defend the maintenance of these churches. Their removal would be one of the sorest misfortunes to the beauty of London ever known. Stand anywhere near the Adelphi in the Strand, especially in the early morning light, and watch the ascent of the summer sun from behind the congregated spires, and you will see a picture such as, in its class, Europe cannot rival. These two spires occupy the central portion of the background, the new spire of the Law Courts coming in not ungracefully, and St. Bride's belfry filling up the distance. When the sun glows through the open work, and the whole shows clear in the rarefied and all but smokeless air, I could almost say, as Wordsworth said of a proximate and a not dissimilar scene—

> Earth holds not anything to show more fair.

Remove these things, and the most picturesque thoroughfare in Loudon—one of the most picturesque in Europe—will be made as commonplace as Oxford Street or the Rue de Rivoli. Nothing short of absolute necessity will justify a deed of hopeless vandalism.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

MAY 1889.

COHEN OF TRINITY.

BY AMY LEVY.

THE news of poor Cohen's death came to me both as a shock and a surprise.

It is true that, in his melodramatic, self-conscious fashion, he had often declared a taste for suicide to be among the characteristics of his versatile race. And indeed in the Cambridge days, or in that obscure interval which elapsed between the termination of his unfortunate University career and the publication of *Gubernator*, there would have been nothing astonishing in such an act on his part. But now, when his book was in everyone's hands, his name on everyone's lips; when that recognition for which he had longed was so completely his; that success for which he had thirsted was poured out for him in so generous a draught—to turn away, to vanish without a word of explanation (he was so fond of explaining himself) is the very last thing one would have expected of him.

I.

He came across the meadows towards the sunset, his upturned face pushed forwards catching the light, and glowing also with another radiance than the rich, reflected glory of the heavens.

A curious figure: slight, ungainly; shoulders in the ears; an awkward, rapid gait, half slouch, half hobble. One arm with its coarse hand swung like a bell-rope as he went; the other pressed a book close against his side, while the hand belonging to it held a few bulrushes and marsh marigolds.

Behind him streamed his shabby gown—it was a glorious afternoon of May—and his dusty trencher-cap pushed to the back of his

head revealed clearly the oval contour of the face, the full, prominent lips, full, prominent eyes, and the curved beak of the nose with its restless nostrils.

"Who is he?" I asked of my companion, one of the younger dons.

"Cohen of Trinity."

He shook his head. The man had come up on a scholarship, but had entirely failed to follow up this preliminary distinction. He was no good, no good at all. He was idle, he was incompetent, he led a bad life in a bad set.

We passed on to other subjects, and out of sight passed the uncouth figure with the glowing face, the evil reputation, and that strange suggestion of latent force which clung to him.

The next time I saw Cohen was a few days later in Trinity quad. There were three or four men with him—little Cleaver of Sidney, and others of the same pattern. He was yelling and shrieking with laughter—at some joke of his own, apparently—and his companions were joining in the merriment.

Something in his attitude suggested that he was the ruling spirit of the group, that he was indeed enjoying the delights of addressing an audience, and appreciated to the full the advantages of the situation.

I came across him next morning, hanging moodily over King's Bridge, a striking contrast to the exuberant figure of yesterday.

He looked yellow and flaccid as a sucked lemon, and eyed the water flowing between the bridges with a suicidal air that its notorious shallowness made ridiculous.

Little Cleaver came up to him and threw out a suggestion of lecture.

Cohen turned round with a self-conscious, sham-tragedy air, gave a great guffaw, and roared out by way of answer the quotation from *Tom Cobb*:

"The world's a beast, and I hate it!"

II.

By degrees I scraped acquaintance with Cohen, who had interested me from the first.

I cannot quite explain my interest on so slight a knowledge; his manners were a distressing mixture of the *bourgeois* and the *canaille*, and a most unattractive lack of simplicity marked his whole

personality. There never indeed existed between us anything that could bear the name of friendship. Our relations are easily stated: he liked to talk about himself, and I liked to listen.

I have sometimes reproached myself that I never grew fond of him; but a little reciprocity is necessary in these matters, and poor Cohen had not the art of being fond of people.

I soon discovered that he was desperately lonely and desperately unapproachable.

Once he quoted to me, with reference to himself, the lines from Browning:

> . . . . Hath spied an icy fish
> That longed to 'scape the rock-stream where she lived,
> And thaw herself within the lukewarm waves,
> O' the lazy sea. . . .
> Only she ever sickened, found repulse
> At the other kind of water not her life,
> Flounced back from bliss she was not born to breathe,
> And in her old bonds buried her despair,
> Hating and loving warmth alike.

Of the men with whom I occasionally saw him—men who would have been willing enough to be his friends—he spoke with an open contempt that did him little credit, considering how unscrupulously he made use of them when his loneliness grew intolerable. There were others, too, besides Cleaver and his set, men of a coarser stamp—boon companions, as the story-books say—with whom, when the fit was on, he consented to herd.

But as friends, as permanent companions even, he rejected them, one and all, with a magnificence, an arrogant and bitter scorn that had in it a distinctly comic element.

I saw him once, to my astonishment, with Norwood, and it came out that he had the greatest admiration for Norwood and his set.

What connection there could be between those young puritans, aristocrats and scholars, the flower of the University—if prigs, a little, and *bornés*—and a man of Cohen's way of life, it would be hard to say.

In aspiring to their acquaintance one scarcely knew if to accuse the man of an insane vanity or a pathetic hankering after better things.

Little Leuniger, who played the fiddle, a Jew, was the fashion at that time among them; but he resolutely turned the cold shoulder to poor Cohen, who, I believe, deeply resented this in his heart, and never lost an opportunity of hurling a bitterness at his compatriot.

A desire to stand well in one another's eyes, to make a brave show before one another, is, I have observed, a marked characteristic of the Jewish people.

As for little Læuniger, he went his way, and contented himself with saying that Cohen's family were not people that one "knew."

On the subject of his family, Cohen himself, at times savagely reserved, at others appallingly frank, volunteered little information, though on one occasion he had touched in with a few vivid strokes the background of his life.

I seemed to see it all before me: the little new house in Maida Vale; a crowd of children, clamorous, unkempt; a sallow shrew in a torn dressing-gown, who alternately scolded, bewailed herself, and sank into moody silence; a fitful paternal figure coming and going, depressed, exhilarated according to the fluctuations of his mysterious financial affairs; and over everything the fumes of smoke, the glare of gas, the smell of food in preparation.

But, naturally enough, it was as an individual, not as the member of a family, that Cohen cared to discuss himself.

There was, indeed, a force, an exuberance, a robustness about his individuality that atoned—to the curious observer at least—for the presence of certain of the elements which helped to compose it. His unbounded arrogance, his enormous pretensions, alternating with and tempered by a bitter self-depreciation, overflowing at times into self-reviling, impressed me, even while amusing and disgusting me.

It seemed that a frustrated sense of power, a disturbing consciousness of some blind force which sought an outlet, lurked within him and allowed him no rest.

Of his failure at his work he spoke often enough, scoffing at academic standards, yet writhing at his own inability to come up to them.

"On my honour," he said to me once, "I can't do better, and that's the truth. Of course you don't believe it; no one believes it. It's all a talk of wasted opportunities, squandered talents—but, before God, that part of my brain which won the scholarship has clean gone."

I pointed out to him that his way of life was not exactly calculated to encourage the working mood.

"Mood!" he shouted with a loud, exasperated laugh. "Mood! I tell you there's a devil in my brain and in my blood, and Heaven knows where it is leading me."

It led him this way and that at all hours of the day and night.

The end of the matter was not difficult to foresee, and I told him so plainly.

This sobered him a little, and he was quiet for three days, lying out on the grass with a lexicon and a pile of Oxford classics.

On the fourth the old mood was upon him and he rushed about like a hunted thing from dawn to sunset winding up with an entertainment which threatened his position as a member of the University.

He got off this time, however, but I shall never forget his face the next morning as he blustered loudly past Norwood and Blount in Trinity Street.

If he neglected his own work, he did, as far as could be seen, no other, unless fits of voracious and promiscuous reading may be allowed to count as such. I suspected him of writing verses, but on this matter of writing he always maintained, curiously enough, a profound reserve.

What I had for some time foreseen as inevitable at length came to pass. Cohen disappeared at a short notice from the University, no choice being given him in the matter.

I went off to his lodgings directly the news of his sentence reached me, but the bird had already flown, leaving no trace behind of its whereabouts.

As I stood in the dismantled little room, always untidy, but now littered from end to end with torn and dusty papers, there rose before my mind the vision of Cohen as I had first seen him in the meadows, with the bulrushes in his hand, the book beneath his arm, and on his face, which reflected the sunset, the radiance of a secret joy.

III.

I did not see *Gubernator* till it was in its fourth edition, some three months after its publication and five years after the expulsion of Cohen from Trinity.

The name, Alfred Lazarus Cohen, printed in full on the title-page, revealed what had never before occurred to me, the identity of the author of that much-talked-of book with my unfortunate college acquaintance. I turned over the leaves with a new curiosity, and, it must be added, a new distrust. By-and-bye I ceased from this cursory, tentative inspection, I began at the beginning and finished the book at a sitting.

Everyone knows *Gubernator* by now, and I have no intention of describing it. Half poem, half essay, wholly unclassifiable, with

a force, a fire, a vision, a vigour and felicity of phrase that carried you through its most glaring inequalities, its most appalling lapses of taste, the book fairly took the reader by storm.

Here was a clear case of figs from thistles.

I grew anxious to know how Cohen was bearing himself under his success, which must surely have satisfied, for the time being at least, even his enormous claims.

Was that ludicrous, pathetic gap between his dues and his pretensions at last bridged over?

I asked myself this and many more questions, but a natural hesitation to hunt up the successful man where the obscure one had entirely escaped my memory prevented me from taking any steps to the renewal of our acquaintance.

But Cohen, as may be supposed, was beginning to be talked about, heard of and occasionally met, and I had no doubt that chance would soon give me the opportunity I did not feel justified in seeking.

There was growing up, naturally enough, among some of us Cambridge men a sense that Cohen had been hardly used, that (I do not think this was the case) he had been unjustly treated at the University. Lord Norwood, whom I came across one day at the club, remarked that no doubt his widespread popularity would more than atone to Cohen for the flouting he had met with at the hands of Alma Mater. He had read *Gubernator*; it was clever, but the book repelled him, just as the man, poor fellow, had always repelled him. The subject did not seem to interest him, and he went off shortly afterwards with Blount and Leuniger.

A week later I met Cohen at a club dinner, given by a distinguished man of letters. There were present notabilities of every sort—literary, dramatic, artistic—but the author of *Gubernator* was the lion of the evening. He rose undeniably to the situation, and roared as much as was demanded of him. His shrill, uncertain voice, pitched in a loud excited key, shot this way and that across the table. His strange, flexible face, with the full, prominent lips, glowed and quivered with animation. Surely this was his hour of triumph.

He had recognised me at once, and after dinner came round to me, his shoulders in his ears as usual, holding out his hand with a beaming smile. He talked of Cambridge, of one or two mutual acquaintances, without embarrassment. He could not have been less abashed if he had wound up his career at the University amid the cheers of an enthusiastic Senate House.

When the party broke up he came over to me again and suggested that I should go back with him to his rooms. He had never had much opinion of me, as he had been at no pains to conceal, and I concluded that he was in a mood for unbosoming himself. But it seemed that I was wrong, and we walked back to Great Russell Street, where he had two large, untidy rooms, almost in silence. He told me that he was living away from his family, an unexpected legacy from an uncle having given him independence.

"So the Fates aren't doing it by halves?" I remarked, in answer to this communication.

"Oh, no," he replied, with a certain moody irony, staring hard at me over his cigar.

"Do you know what success means?" he asked suddenly, and in the question I seemed to hear Cohen the *poseur*, always at the elbow of, and not always to be distinguished from, Cohen stark-nakedly revealed.

"Ah, no, indeed."

"It means—inundation by the second-rate."

"What does the fellow want?" I cried, uncertain as to the extent of his seriousness.

"I never," he said, "was a believer in the half-loaf theory."

"It strikes me, Cohen, that your loaf looks uncommonly like a whole one, as loaves go on this unsatisfactory planet."

He burst into a laugh.

"Nothing," he said presently, "can alter the relations of things—their permanent, essential relations. . . . . 'They *shall* know, they *shall* understand, they *shall* feel what I am.' That is what I used to say to myself in the old days. I suppose, now, 'they' do know, more or less, and what of that?"

"I should say the difference from your point of view was a very great one. But you always chose to cry for the moon."

"Well," he said, quietly looking up, "it's the only thing worth having."

I was struck afresh by the man's insatiable demands, which looked at times like a passionate striving after perfection, yet went side by side with the crudest vanity, the most vulgar desire for recognition.

I rose soon after his last remark, which was delivered with a simplicity and an air of conviction which made one cease to suspect the mountebank; we shook hands and bade one another good-night.

* * * * *

I never saw Cohen again.

Ten days after our renewal of acquaintance he sent a bullet through his brain, which, it was believed, must have caused instantaneous death. That small section of the public which interests itself in books discussed the matter for three days, and the jury returned the usual verdict. I have confessed that I was astonished, that I was wholly unprepared by my knowledge of Cohen for the catastrophe. Yet now and then an inkling of his motive, a dim, fleeting sense of what may have prompted him to the deed, has stolen in upon me.

In his hour of victory the sense of defeat had been strongest. Is it, then, possible that, amid the warring elements of that discordant nature, the battling forces of that ill-starred, ill-compounded entity, there lurked, clear-eyed and ever-watchful, a baffled idealist?

STAGE FALSTAFFS.

FROM the days of Betterton to the downfall of the patent theatres, the pinnacle of the aspiring comedian's ambition appears to have been to play Falstaff. Munden pondered over the idea all his life, but never had sufficient courage to attempt the task. As a touchstone to histrionic capability Falstaff is an infinitely superior part to Hamlet. The *rôle* of the Fat Knight is by no means one that, in theatrical parlance, "plays itself." Hence mediocre actors have generally fought shy of it. Some idea of the difficulties attendant upon achieving success in Shakespeare's greatest comic creation may be gleaned from the fact that out of some sixty representatives of the Fat Knight, not more than five attained the highest distinction in the character.

It has not been exactly determined who was the first exponent of Falstaff. Malone attributes the honour to John Heminge, who died in 1630, giving as his authority some obscure tract of which he had forgotten the title. Collier sneers at this vague allusion, but makes no attempt to clear up the mystery. The earliest authentic reference to any impersonator of the *rôle* is to be found in the "Historia Histrionica." Wright, in speaking of John Lowin (the original Volpone and Sir Epicure Mammon), says that "before the wars he used to act the part of Falstaff with mighty applause." Put more explicitly, this really means during the reign of Charles I., from 1624 to 1641. In all probability it was Lowin who filled the *rôle* of the Fat Knight when "The First Part of Sir John Falstaff" was acted at Whitehall on New Year's night, 1624, by the King's Company. As Lowin did not appear on the stage until May 1603, when all the Falstaff plays had seen the light, he could not have been the original representative. After the suppression of the theatres, he became very poor; tried his hand at innkeeping, and died March 1658-9. To him succeeded, after the Restoration, Cartwright, a clever actor, of whom little is known beyond the fact that he once kept a bookshop. Cartwright was the stock Falstaff of the first Theatre Royal, and, according to Genest, made his earliest appearance in that *rôle*

November 2, 1667, the play being "Henry IV. Part I." Lacey, Charles II.'s favourite player, is said by Davies to have been the next in order, but the painstaking authority just cited has no record of his performance as Falstaff. In 1700, Betterton, who had already distinguished himself as Hotspur, turned his broad face and corpulent body to extreme advantage by appearing at Lincoln's Inn Fields as the greasy Knight in his own version of "Henry IV. Part I." His success was so great that in February 1704 "The Merry Wives of Windsor" was revived at the same house on his behalf, and repeated at Court a month afterwards. Davies, in his "Dramatic Miscellanies," records that about this time Ben Jonson, the actor, made a professional visit to Dublin, and there saw a capital Falstaff in the person of one Baker, who, besides strutting the boards, followed the vocation of a master paviour. On his return to London, Jonson imparted the Irish actor's method of impersonating the *rôle* to Betterton, who both approved and followed it, candidly remarking that "the paviour's drawing of Sir John was more characteristical than his own." *À propos* of this, Davies tells the following humorous story. "Baker," he says, "would study his parts while surveying his workmen in the streets. This practice was once the occasion of a very whimsical adventure. Two of his men, who had been lately hired from Chester, and were strangers to their new master's custom, observing one day his countenance and gestures while talking to himself, imagined that he was seized with madness. He, on taking notice of their attention, bade them mind their business. They obeyed; but still kept a watchful eye on him, who was rehearsing to himself the part of Falstaff. He was in that scene where the Knight surveys the dead body of Sir Walter Blunt, and saying *Who art thou? Sir Walter Blunt! There's honour for you!* Upon this, the fellows laid hold of their master, and, by the help of the bystanders, tied him hand and foot, and in spite of his resistance carried him home, with a great mob at his heels."

At Drury Lane, in 1702, was produced Dennis's slipshod revisal of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," entitled "The Comical Gallant; or, the Amours of Sir John Falstaffe," in which the principal hit was made by Wintershal, who played Slender. The Falstaff is not known, but Genest very properly conjectures that it was George Powell, who envied Betterton, and thought himself capable of filling his shoes. Davies states that Powell played Falstaff after the manner of his great rival; "and, to take all advantages, he mimicked him in those acute pains of the gout which sometimes surprised him in the time of action." The only definite record of Powell's appearance in

the *rôle* was for his benefit at Drury Lane, April 7, 1712. Few and futile, however, were the attempts to excel Betterton in Falstaff while the veteran held the stage. Davies informs us that "by the particular command of Queen Anne," Booth ventured to put on the habit of Falstaff for *one night only*; but the more cautious Genest confesses to have found no trace of this performance. Estcourt, whose peer as a mimic has possibly never since been seen, essayed Falstaff in the "First Part of Henry IV.," at Drury Lane, November 25, 1704. Cibber, in commenting at length upon Estcourt's merits and demerits, says in "The Apology," "I have seen upon the margin of the written part of Falstaff, which he acted, his own notes and observations upon almost every speech of it, describing the true spirit of the humour, and with what tone of voice, look and gesture, each of them ought to be delivered. Yet in his execution upon the stage he seemed to have lost all those just ideas he had formed of it, and almost through the character laboured under a heavy load of flatness; in a word, with all his skill and mimicry and knowledge of what ought to be done, he never upon the stage could bring it truly into practice, but was, upon the whole, a languid, unaffecting actor." From Betterton's death, in 1710, until the rise of Quin, poor Falstaff fared badly at the hands of his would-be exponents. F. Bullock (Drury Lane, 1713), J. Evans (Drury Lane, 1715), and John Hall (Lincoln's Inn Fields, 1715), were all second-rate actors, whose names scarcely survived them. They all elected to appear in the "First Part of Henry IV." The elder Mills, another mediocrity, appeared in the same play at Drury Lane, in March 1716, and at the same theatre in the "Second Part of Henry IV." in December 1720. At Lincoln's Inn Fields, in October 1720, he performed in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and after that gave intermittent personations of Falstaff until 1736. Davies informs us that Mills's "sober gravity could not reach the inimitable mirth of this stage prodigy." In taking a retrospective glance at the stage, Tony Aston writes characteristically, "Betterton in Falstaff wanted the waggery of Estcourt, the drollery of Harper, and the salaciousness of Jack Evans; but then Estcourt was too trifling, Harper had too much of the Bartholomew Fair, and Evans misplaced his humour."

Early in the season of 1720–21, Rich, the eccentric manager of Lincoln's Inn Fields, contemplated a revival of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" but after casting the minor characters could find no one suitable to play Falstaff. Quin, who up to that period had been "the mere scene drudge, the faggot of the drama," quite astonished the famous harlequin by volunteering to fill the part. He was at

once characteristically dismissed with the rebuke: "You attempt Falstaff! Why, you might as well think of Cato after Booth." Nothing daunted, Quin returned to the assault with renewed vigour, and having gained the good offices of Ryan, who had the ear of the manager, persuaded Rich to hear him rehearse. Slight, indeed, was the impression made upon that autocrat; but as it was Hobson's choice, Quin was allowed to attempt the character, with what result all students of theatrical history well know. The comedy was revived, October 22, 1720, and occupied a place in the bill for eighteen nights during the season. An unknown player at the rise of the curtain on the first night, Quin's reputation was firmly established for all time when it fell. Foote, who was by no means over-lavish of his praise of contemporary players, once said: "I can only recommend a man who wants to see a character perfectly played to see Mr. Quin in the part of Falstaff; and if he does not express a desire of spending an evening with that merry mortal, why I would not spend one with *him* if he were to pay my reckoning."

Quin subsequently repeated this impersonation at Drury Lane late in 1734, and in March 1736 appeared there as Falstaff in the "Second Part of Henry IV." His portrayal of the Fat Knight in the First Part of that play, commencing at Drury Lane January 12, 1738, held the stage, on and off, for fully ten years. Of Quin in this, Davies remarks: "In scenes where satire and sarcasm were poignant he greatly excelled; particularly in 'the witty triumph' over Bardolph's carbuncles and the fooleries of the hostess. In the whole part he was animated, though not equally happy. His supercilious brow, in spite of assumed gaiety, sometimes marked the surliness of his disposition; however he was, notwithstanding some faults, esteemed the most intelligent Falstaff since the days of Betterton."

During the thirty years Quin remained supreme several ineffective attempts were made to wrest the Windsor antlers from his brow. Of these, the earliest and most successful was that of John Harper, who appeared in the "First Part of Henry IV." for his benefit at Drury Lane, May 11, 1723. With physical qualifications superior, if anything, to Quin's, Harper had much less intelligence. He was more frequently seen in the part than Quin, and provoked more laughter from his audiences; but critical admiration was all on the side of the more judicious Falstaff of Lincoln's Inn Fields. Drury Lane playgoers, however, were thoroughly well satisfied with their man, and for ten years Harper's jolly fat face and irresistible laugh were seen and heard there in all three of the Falstaffian plays.

At Goodman's Fields in October 1732 Charles Hulet utilised

'the good round belly," which excessive beer-drinking had imposed upon him, by appearing to considerable advantage as the Fat Knight in the "First Part of Henry IV." Of the next four representatives of the character little need be said. Bridgewater, who divided his time between acting and selling coals, emulated Hulet's example at Covent Garden, April 17, 1735. Delane, a fine exponent of heroic *rôles*, appeared in "The Merry Wives" at the same house in March 1736 and again in November 1743. Samuel Stephens, the whilom button-maker, had the temerity, after three brief years of histrionic experience, to ensconce his massive paunch in the garb of Falstaff for his benefit at Covent Garden in April 1737. The experiment probably met with some success, for Stephens appeared again at the same house one night in March 1740 in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Shepherd of Drury Lane essayed the *rôle* in the First Part for his benefit, April 27, 1742, and met with but ill success.

Berry, Quin's successor in Falstaff at Drury Lane, first acted the character at that house on February 10, 1743. His physical qualifications were quite on a par with Harper's, but his performance, as a whole, was reckoned "unmeaning and heavy." Davies, in comparing him with Quin, says he was "neither exact in his outline nor warm in his colouring. *He* was indeed the Falstaff of a beer-house; while the other [Quin] was the dignified president where the choicest viands and the best liquors were to be had."

Love, who succeeded Berry, was about the only actor who ever appeared in *four* Falstaff plays. By real name Dance, Love started life as a writer of political pamphlets, but earning more distinction than money at the calling, he took to the stage. A qualified failure as actor, manager, or dramatist, Love was essentially a one-part player, and never succeeded in anything save Falstaff. Churchill has some curious lines upon him in "The Rosciad," in which he is warned to keep the Fat Knight from peeping through his other personations. Love first attempted his favourite character at Goodman's Fields on March 26, 1745, the play being "Henry IV. Part I." Early in September 1762 he made his appearance at Drury Lane in the same play, and remained the stock Falstaff of the house in all three of Shakespeare's pieces until his death in 1774. When Love took his benefit on April 12, 1766, Garrick produced Dr. Kenrick's continuation of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," entitled "Falstaff's Wedding," and, besides the *bénéficiaire* in the chief *rôle*, gave the comedy an excellent cast, numbering, as it did, the names of Parsons, King, Dodd, Moody, Baddeley, and Mrs. Pritchard. Although excellent of its kind, Kenrick's piece was only performed once under Garrick, but it was revived at Liverpool

during August 1777, with Wilson as Falstaff, and again at Drury Lane in May 1803, when R. Palmer appeared in the chief *rôle*. It is certainly strange that Love should never have succeeded in any other part save Falstaff—and that the most difficult of all to play. As a comedian he was full of unctuous gaiety, and had a most infectious laugh. Captious critics complained that he wanted a little of Shuter's animation in Falstaff, while of Shuter in the same character they grumbled that he was too lively! When at Drury Lane Love had a quaint habit of self-laudation in the newspapers, but, even by aid of this ingenious artifice, was never enabled to draw crowded houses.

Henderson now looms ahead. But four other representatives have to be spoken of ere we turn to the man whose dazzling radiance was fated to absorb the glimmerings of all the Falstaffian lights who preceded, save one. First there was Dunstall, who appeared at Covent Garden, May 7, 1754, in "The Merry Wives," and exactly a year afterwards, at the same house, in "Henry IV. Part I." Then came Shuter, who had a monopoly of the Falstaff *rôles* at Covent Garden from April 1755 to March 1774, and in one season alone appeared as the Fat Knight twenty-four times. Writes Davies, "What Ned wanted in judgment he supplied by archness and drollery. He enjoyed the effects of his roguery with a chuckle of his own compounding, and rolled his full eye when detected with a most laughable effect." Woodward, who comes next in succession, committed the strange mistake of endowing Sir John with an extremely elderly appearance, entirely out of keeping with his acting of the character, which was quite juvenile in its levity. This excellent comedian attempted Falstaff for the first and only time on the occasion of his benefit at Drury Lane, March 13, 1758, the play being "Henry IV. Part II." Yates made a similar trial of his powers, in the First Part at the same house, April 30th, 1762, with no marked success. Speaking of these two ventures Davies writes, "Their respect for the judgment of the audience prevented their assuming the boldness of the character. I think their diffidence was greater than their deficiencies. These excellent comic actors might by repeated practice have reached the mark which they modestly despaired to hit."

Henderson's first appearance as Falstaff is said to have taken place at Bristol in August 1775. When he burst upon the town at the Haymarket exactly two years afterwards, the Fat Knight proved one of his earliest and most substantial successes. Sheridan secured a monopoly of his services for Drury Lane, while as yet the winter

season of 1777-78 had not begun; and at Drury Lane or Covent Garden Henderson Falstaffed it with great acceptance in all three Shakespearean plays, until the year 1781. He, indeed, must have been a marvellous actor, whose Hamlet, Benedick, Shylock, and Falstaff were all reckoned equally admirable. Snarling critics were not wanting to say that Henderson's Fat Knight lacked virile force, and laughed too much at his own conceits. We fling them over to Boaden, that Hyperion among the satyrs, who considered Henderson above all competition in the *rôle*, giving it as his opinion that "the cause of this pre-eminence was purely mental—he understood it better in its diversity of powers—his imagination was congenial; the images seemed coined in the brain of the actor; they sparkled in his eye before the tongue supplied them with language." Davies, who certainly has some right to speak on the subject, adjudged Henderson's Falstaff to be the best since Betterton. Comparing him with Quin he writes: "Henderson had many difficulties to conquer before he could bring Falstaff within his grapple; neither in person, voice, nor countenance did he seem qualified for the part. By the assistance of a most excellent judgment he has contrived to supply all deficiencies. In the impudent dignity, if I may be allowed the expression, of the character, Quin greatly excelled all competitors. In the frolicsome, gay, and humorous situations of Falstaff, Henderson is superior to every man.

"From his figure and other outward accomplishments, Falstaff seems to have courted Quin to embrace him; while Henderson was obliged to force him into his service. Quin's supercilious manner was of use to him in scenes where he wished to overawe his companions into compliance with his humour. Henderson's gay levity was best suited to midnight pleasure and riotous mirth.

"The master-action of Quin was the detection of his cowardice by the Prince and Poins in the second act; and though in this Henderson shows much art and true humour, yet his soliloquy in describing his ragamuffin regiment, and his enjoying the misuse of the King's press-money, are so truly excellent that they are not inferior to any comic representation of the stage."

Such a large measure of popular favour was meted out, indeed, to Henderson's Falstaff, that actors of the calibre of Munden and John Kemble, who had long cast wistful glances at the character, could never summon their courage to appear in it. Sooth to say, the memory of the "Bath Roscius" remained so long green after his premature taking off, that all his immediate followers in Sir John played in a perfunctory, half-hearted manner, which showed that

they did not consider their claims to wear Henderson's mantle very powerful. Lee Lewes, that "diluted Woodward," appeared at Drury Lane in "The Merry Wives," on January 10, 1784, with indifferent success. The next appearance in the character presented something of a novelty. Observing how the sterner sex fought shy of old Jack, a capital actress of old women, named Mrs. Webb, had the audacity to attempt the *rôle* in "Henry IV. Part I.," for her benefit at the Haymarket, on July 21, 1786. No wonder that Mrs. Webb's appearance on the stage always excited laughter, when she is described as "a huge hill of flesh surmounted by a front of a fiery fretful expression," and with a voice as deep as a draw-well. Possibly no woman was ever better adapted by nature for the character, but the exhibition was rightly considered in execrable taste.

Ryder, an Irish actor of repute who came to London at the instigation of Manager Harris of Covent Garden to fill a portion of the large gap left by Henderson, first appeared as Falstaff at that theatre, on November 22, 1786, the play being "Henry IV. Part. I." The new-comer had gained considerable fame in Dublin as Iago, Sir John Brute, and Falstaff; but, although a praiseworthy actor of comic and unheroic parts, his manner was coarse and frequently unsympathetic. On the night of Ryder's *début* at Covent Garden as the Fat Knight, Henderson's friends mustered in strong force prepared to scoff at the pretensions of the Hibernian upstart. So striking, however, were the merits of the performance, that the hostile foe soon went over to the enemies' camp, the curtain falling finally amid a perfect hurricane of applause. Seven nights afterwards Ryder confirmed his position by giving an equally fine interpretation of the *rôle* in "The Merry Wives," and thenceforward was allowed a monopoly of Falstaff at Covent Garden for several years.

Next on the list comes J. Harper, the first American Falstaff. This comedian (who must not be confounded with his namesake, Quin's rival) made his earliest appearance in the character at the John Street Theatre, New York, on October 5, 1788, the play being "The Merry Wives." Other Transatlantic Falstaffs of repute were John E. Harwood, Charles Bass, Dwyer, Ben de Bar, John Jack, and Hackett, of whom more anon.

The elder Palmer, who first played Falstaff at Drury Lane in May 1788, excellent actor as he was, appears to have misinterpreted the humour of the character, the stream of whose wit flowed but sluggishly in his hands. Joseph Surface having had his innings, Sir Peter Teazle followed suit. In other words, King played four nights at the Haymarket in the "First Part of Henry IV." early in August 1792.

With a better idea of the *rôle's* requirements than his friend Palmer, his success was no greater, owing to certain physical disadvantages. Fawcett, who, thanks to his temperament and training, could not possibly give an ill interpretation of any strongly-marked English characterisation, first took up the part of Falstaff at Covent Garden on December 9, 1795. He appeared there intermittently in all three plays until 1821, in June of which year the "Second Part of Henry IV." was revived for several nights with such a strong cast (Macready, C. Kemble, Farren, Emery, Blanchard, &c.), that poor Falstaff's merits were quite snuffed out.

Perhaps one of the most trivial Falstaffs ever seen was that of Richard Palmer, whom Kemble injudiciously permitted to murder the character at Drury Lane on January 11, 1802. In the autumn of the same year Stephen Kemble secured an engagement at this theatre, and wrote a very humorous prologue which was spoken by Bannister, and treated of his *natural* qualifications for the Fat Knight. Stress was properly laid on his being able to play Falstaff without stuffing, the only part in which "that boundless belly" did not spoil everything. An accepted provincial Falstaff, Stephen Kemble's personation drew several crowded houses on his advent in the metropolis. Boaden writes: "His voice was loud and overpowering, and sometimes in course, deficient in modulation. He was perhaps best at the Boar's Head, after the robbery—though he was also good at Shrewsbury, displayed the flimsy texture of *honour* with much discrimination, and claimed the reward of Percy's death in a novel mode that drew down repeated thunders of applause."

Blisset, a Bath actor, to whose Falstaff Lord Nelson was extremely partial, appeared at the Haymarket in "Henry IV. Part I." on May 18, 1803. Next in order comes no less a player than George Frederick Cooke, who acted the jolly Knight at Covent Garden on January 17, 1804, in the Second Part, surrounded by a galaxy of brilliant histrions, noteworthy among whom were John Kemble and his brother Charles, Munden, and Blanchard. A few months later Cooke appeared in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." He was accused of making Falstaff "an old lurching sharper," although the general consensus of public opinion had it that his impersonation was the only tolerable one since Henderson's time. Taylor, the dramatist, remarked that the jolly Knight in Cooke's hands "was shrewd and sarcastic, but wanted easy-flowing humour."

Bartley, who is said to have first acted Falstaff in the Liverpool and Manchester circuit in 1812, appeared at Drury Lane early in April, 1815, in the "First Part of Henry IV.," and drew crowded

houses for fourteen or fifteen nights. For some years previously the ladies of rank and fashion had eschewed the theatre when this play was put up, but owing to Bartley's refined impersonation, and to his care in expunging much of the grossness of the character, they flooded all the better parts of the theatre during this revival. When Bartley played Falstaff at Dublin in November 1821, the *Theatrical Observer*, in a discriminating criticism, remarked *inter alia* : "There was no daubing, no heaviness, no caricature. The voice had all the fulness of a sound coming from such a body, and his tongue seemed to 'drop fatness' and jollity. Yet all seemed unaffected and natural. But there was nothing that arrested our attention more than the operations of the eye. This single member would, by its individual merits, carry Mr. Bartley half through his part, if he were not so rich in other requisites." Thirty years afterwards (or on December 13, 1850), Bartley was playing Falstaff before the Queen at Windsor. Almost his last impersonation of the character was at the Princess's Theatre, late in the succeeding year, when Charles Kean's revival of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" enjoyed a pleasant run of twenty-five nights.

When Frederick Yates made his second appearance in the metropolis it was as Falstaff, at Covent Garden, towards the close of the year 1818. The critics were all unanimous in singing his praises, and Hazlitt, although not unmindful of a few blemishes, considered the rendering the best he had ever seen. When Yates introduced his Falstaff to the notice of Dublin playgoers, late in August 1821, the *Theatrical Observer* pointed out that his interpretation of the character was infinitely superior to that of his brother mimic, the elder Mathews, who had made an egregious failure in the Fat Knight at Crow Street some years previously.

When Reynolds' sacrilegious hand converted "The Merry Wives of Windsor" into a ballad opera, and Elliston produced the vile concoction at Drury Lane, on February 20, 1824, Dowton was chosen to be the Falstaff. The "opera" met with more success than it deserved, running twenty-four nights. Dowton, however, needed no meretricious aid to make his Falstaff acceptable. When he had previously appeared in "Henry IV.," at Southampton, Mansfield, the manager of that theatre, who had seen Henderson, gave it as his opinion that Dowton was equally unapproachable in the part. Charles Kemble on playing Falstaff for the first time in London, at Covent Garden, on May 3, 1824, in "Henry IV. Part I.," sought to give a courtliness and refinement to the character in scenes where they had hitherto been wanting. He took special pains to show

that Falstaff when before the King and in his conversation with Westmoreland was instinctively a courtier and a gentleman. Strange that this interpretation should not have been appreciated at its proper value. In conception at least, if not in actual performance, Kemble's Falstaff was identical with that of Elliston. Has it not been written that the traditional Falstaff smacked of the cook-shop, while the Falstaff of Charles Lamb's favourite might, if he pleased, have attended levees?

Elliston made his first appearance as the Fat Knight in "Henry IV. Part I." at Drury Lane, on May 11, 1826. He was then fifty-two years of age, and his constitution had been greatly impaired by dissipation, which had also tended towards rendering his method of acting both careless and slovenly. Macready, who was the Hotspur on this noteworthy occasion, speaks in his "Reminiscences" of the pleasurable anticipations of a great performance which he derived from seeing Elliston rehearse, and of the ineffectiveness of his acting when the critical moment arrived. When the play was repeated, on Monday, May 15, poor Elliston was really ill and smelling strongly of ether, which he had incautiously taken to brace him up for the occasion. Naturally the remedy proved worse than the disease. After the first two acts, which went capitally, Elliston suddenly became as weak as a child, and tried the patience of his audience beyond endurance by his inaudibility. "There was not," says Macready, "on this occasion even the semblance of an effort at exertion, and in the fifth act he remained silent for some little time, then in trying to reach the side scene, reeled round, and fell prostrate before the footlights." Conveyed to his dressing-room in a comatose state, poor Elliston's Drury Lane career was ended. Later on, however, at the Surrey, he rallied his forces and gave a really powerful representation of the character. "We fear," says the *New Monthly Magazine* (1836), in an appreciative notice—"we fear that few, very few, critics crossed the bridge to see the Fat Knight, which, it is our faith, was the highest triumph of Elliston as an actor, inasmuch as it combined, heightened, and enriched all the qualities which he severally displayed in other parts."

From first to last, however, burly Sir John never seems to have long lacked a suitable representative. With the disappearance of Elliston came Hackett, the American, who was certainly one of the most versatile actors of his time. Hackett's first acquaintance with Falstaff was made at Philadelphia in 1832, the Hotspur of the occasion being no less a personage than Charles Kean. The following year he journeyed to England, and appeared during May at the

Haymarket in "Henry IV. Part I." with every token of success. His Falstaff was frequently seen in London afterwards; at Drury Lane in 1840, at Covent Garden in 1845, and again at the Haymarket in 1851. Hackett played the Fat Knight with consummate truth and humour. Stimulated by a perfect appreciation of the difficulties of the character, for which he professed great admiration, the American comedian made its interpretation the study of a lifetime, and with executive ability equal to his powers of conception the result was unqualified triumph. On the occasion of his second visit to England, several critics fell foul of his impersonation, starting with certain premises that in Hackett's mind conveyed a false ideal of the character. By way of counterblast he published "Falstaff; a Shakespearean Tract," in which he vindicated his attitude towards the part by copious citations from the text, and concluded thus: "Shakespeare has invested that philosophic compound of vice and sensuality with no amiable or tolerable quality to gloss over his moral deformity, except a surpassingly brilliant and charming wit, and a spontaneous and irresistible flow of humour."

From Hackett we pass to Phelps, who was first seen in Falstaff at Sadler's Wells on July 25, 1846, the play being "Henry IV. Part I." This particular impersonation was repeated by Phelps as late as the Easter of 1864 in a Drury Lane revival. Equally happy was he in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," when the comedy, strongly cast, was revived with marked success at Sadler's Wells in March, 1848. He repeated the impersonation at the same house in October, 1856, with similar marks of favour and again in the Christmas of 1874, when the piece was finely played at the Gaiety. Although an eminently popular Falstaff (he must have represented the character in all over three hundred times), Phelps had a heavy lack of that delicious impudence and unctuous jollity which we usually associate in our minds with the part. He did not strive with Bartley and his class to look fat or talk fatly, nor did he believe with Hackett in the extreme earthiness of "plump Jack." While keenly appreciative of the natural fun of the character, his impersonation had all the courtier-like refinement of Elliston. On this point we crave absolution for quoting Professor Morley's opinion of his acting in the "First Part of Henry IV.": "He lays stress, not on Falstaff's sensuality, but on the lively intellect that stands for soul as well as mind in his gross body, displays his eagerness to parry and thrust, his determination to cap every other man's good saying with something better of his own, which makes him, according to the manner of the actor, thrust in with inarticulate sounds as if to keep himself a place open

for speech, while he is fetching up his own flagon of wit from the farthest caverns of his stomach" (1864).

Among minor actors of Falstaff may be noted C. W. Granby, who was for some years prominently associated with the Dublin stage, and played the Fat Knight at Covent Garden in 1847. Barrett, too, gave a very sound interpretation of the character when the seldom-played "Second Part of Henry IV." was revived at Sadler's Wells in March 1853, with Phelps in two such contrasted *rôles* as the King and Justice Shallow. Very little difference of opinion existed on the part of the critics regarding the merits of Barrett's impersonation. Stirling Coyne, however, protested against his habit of frequently twirling and swinging his walking-stick about as indicative of a degree of physical agility not in consonance with extreme obesity. John Oxenford wrote in *The Times*, "It is not often that we have to record a more conscientious and well-sustained personation than that of Falstaff by Mr. Barrett. He does not indeed adopt Dr. Maginn's theory that the Fat Knight, while the cause of laughter in others, should himself be grave; but regarding the character from a more mirthful point of view he thoroughly works it out. The long soliloquies deserve the closest attention as specimens of careful reading."

America, which gave us Hackett, is still keenly appreciative of Falstaff's humour. There were two noteworthy revivals of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" at Daly's Theatre, New York, in November 1872 and January 1886; Mr. Charles Fisher representing plump Jack in both instances.

It would be churlish to omit giving a word of praise in passing to two amateur Falstaffs of note in the persons of Mark Lemon and Arthur Sketchley—humorists and men of portly habit both. Nor must we omit to mention that the provinces within recent years have hailed with delight Mr. Barry Sullivan's performance in the "First Part of Henry IV."—an impersonation the easiest and most natural among the very few comedy *rôles* sustained in late years by that popular actor.

More courageous than the Bancrofts, who, some years back, gave up the long-contemplated idea of reviving "The Merry Wives of Windsor" from sheer want of a suitable Falstaff (where was the unknown Quin of the hour?), Mr. Beerbohm Tree not only brings out the play at the Haymarket, but himself challenges criticism in the trying and much-dreaded *rôle*.[1] Speaking from observations made at

[1] Originally written in February last; but I see no reason now to alter my opinion.—W. J. L., *April* 1889.

the matinées only, it would appear that the few faults evinced by the new Falstaff are, as in the case of Phelps, purely those of physique. Uneven, entering more closely into the spirit of the character as the play proceeds, although lacking at all times in unctuous breadth, Mr. Tree still paints his picture powerfully and with no uncertain hand. But the general impression conveyed—is it not that the *artist* has a great deal more to do with the presentment than the *actor*? Remark how Balzac-like in its minuteness is Mr. Tree's impersonation. The *artist* is for ever cropping up with his thousand and one well-considered touches of by-play or facial expression, and ousting the *actor* from his place. Certainly the one can observe, analyse, and reproduce, but it is the other who possesses the informing spirit and produces illusion, nay, sympathy, by dint of his emotional qualities.

W. J. LAWRENCE.

A FORGOTTEN REBELLION.

THE following Reuter's telegram was published in the morning papers of the 12th February last: "Melbourne, February 11th. The death is announced of Mr. Peter Lalor, formerly Speaker of the Victorian Legislative Assembly."

Some seven years ago, during the course of a visit to the Antipodes, I happened to spend some time in Her Majesty's and Lord Normanby's (the Vice-King of Victoria for the time being) loyal and prosperous city of Melbourne. One afternoon I strolled into the public gallery of the hall in the big pile at the head of Collins Street West, on the floor of which are held the momentous deliberations of that august assembly, the Lower House of the Victorian Legislature. Aloft on the daïs in his chair of state I beheld the Speaker of the Victorian Commons, a short, plump, one-armed gentleman in court dress; swarthy of feature, lips full, chin indicative of some power, with a bright, moist eye, and a countenance whose general expression was of unctuous contentment and sly humour. In answer to my question, my neighbour on the bench of the gallery informed me that the gentleman whom I was regarding with interest was the Hon. Peter Lalor, an Irishman of course—that his name betokened—a man held in high repute by his fellow-colonists, a scholar, an eloquent orator, and possessed of great political influence, which he always exerted in the furtherance of steady moderation and sound legislation. It occurred to me to inquire of my neighbour if he knew how Mr. Lalor came to be short of an arm, the reply to which question was that he believed he had lost it in some trouble on the gold-fields in the early days, the true story of which my informant had "never rightly learned." Subsequently I frequently met Mr. Lalor, and conceived for him a great liking. We used to meet at a little evening club off Bourke Street, and the worthy Speaker, as often as not still in the old-fashioned single-breasted coat of the court dress which he had worn in the chair of the Legislative Assembly, smoked his pipe, drank his stiff nobbler of Irish whisky, sang his song, and told stories always

droll and often very interesting, chiefly of his experiences on the gold-fields in the early "surface-diggings" days. But he never alluded to the way in which he had lost his arm, and it grew upon me in a gradual sort of way that the topic was one which he would prefer should not be introduced.

It is the strange truth that this douce elderly gentleman, this high functionary of the Colonial Legislature, was, in the year of grace 1854, the commander-in-chief of an armed force in a state of declared rebellion and fighting under an insurrectionary flag against an attack made upon it by regular troops in the service of Queen Victoria. It was in the far from bloodless combat of the "Eureka Stockade" that he had lost his arm—the loss caused by a hostile bullet; and but that, wounded as he was, he escaped and lay hidden while recovering from the amputation, he would have stood in the dock where many of his comrades did stand, undergoing his trial on the charge of high treason, as they actually underwent theirs.

I do not believe that in all the world, the United States of America not excepted, any community has ever progressed with a swiftness and expansion so phenomenal as has the colony which Her Gracious Majesty permitted to take her own name when she granted it a separate existence in November 1850. It had been but fifteen years earlier that the first settlers—the brothers Henty, one of whom died only a few months ago—came across Bass Straits from Van Diemen's Land in their little "Thistle." In 1837 the town of Melbourne was laid out, and one hundred allotments were then sold on what are now the principal streets. The aggregate sum which the 100 allotments fetched was 3,410*l.* Last summer the same allotments were carefully valued by experts, and it was calculated that, exclusive of the buildings erected on them, they could now be sold for nineteen and a half million pounds. This stupendous increment has accrued in half a century, but in effect the appreciation has almost wholly occurred during the last thirty-five years. Before 1851, when the gold discoveries were made, Victoria prospered in an easy, gentle fashion. Its scanty population, outside its two petty towns, were wholly engaged in stock-raising; almost its sole exports were wool, hides and tallow. The gold find upset as by a whirlwind the lazy, primitive social system of the bucolic era. From all the ends of the earth, gentle and simple, honest man and knave, hurried swarming and jostling to the new El Dorado. Mr. Ruxton, one of the Colonial historians, omits to particularise the reputable elements of the immigration deluge, but in his caricatured Macaulay-ese, he zealously catalogues the detrimental and dangerous accessions.

"From California," he writes, "came wild men, the waifs of societies which had submitted to or practised lynch law. The social festers of France, Italy, and Germany shed exfoliations upon Australia. The rebellious element of Ireland was there. The disappointed crew who thought to frighten the British Isles from their propriety in 1848 were represented in some strength. The convict element of Australia completed the vile ingredients." And yet it was wonderful how small was the actual crime of a serious character, when the utter disintegration of restraining institutions is taken into consideration. In January 1852, when daily shiploads of gold-mad immigrants were being thrown into Melbourne, only two of the city constables remained at their duty. The chief constable himself had to go on a beat. In the country the rural police to a man had forsaken their functions and made haste to the diggings. In the first rush the capital was all but depopulated of its manhood; there remained behind but the women and children, who had to shift for themselves. An advance of 50 per cent. of salary did not avail to retain at their desks the officials in the public offices. Servants had gone. Gentlemen and ladies had to carry water from the river for household purposes, for the water-cart supply had been arrested by the departure of the carters. It was said that poor Mr. Latrobe himself, the amiable but weak Lieutenant-Governor, had to black his own boots and groom his own horse. In the wholesale absence of workmen no contract could be insisted on. The squatters shuddered, too, as the shearing season approached, knowing that all the shearers were digging or cradling in Forest Creek, or on Mount Alexander. It was then that Mr. Childers, who at the time was an immigration agent, made his famous bull. "Wages of wool-pressers, 7*s.* to 8*s.* a day; none to be had." To such an extent did prices rise that there was the danger lest Government could not afford to supply food to prisoners in gaol. A contractor for gaol necessaries claimed and got 166 per cent. over his price of the year before, and, notwithstanding this stupendous increase, had to default. In April 1852, fifty ships were lying useless in Hobson's Bay, deserted by their crews. Carriage from Melbourne to Castlemaine was at one time 100*l.* per ton.

Diggers who had "struck it rich" came down to Melbourne for a spree, and it was a caution how they made the money fly. The barber I employed used to tell me how the lucky diggers would chuck him a sovereign for a shave, and scorn the idea of change. A rough fellow called a cab in Bourke Street and wanted to engage it for the day; the cabman replied that the charge would be seven pounds, which he

supposed was more than the digger would care to pay. "What is the price of the outfit as it stands, yourself included?" demanded the latter, and forthwith bought the said "outfit" for £150. When a digger and the lady he proposed temporarily to marry went into the draper's shop, the only question asked was whether the tradesman had no goods dearer than those he had shown. Ten-pound notes were quite extensively used as pipelights.

The additional expenditure entailed on the Colonial Government by the immense increase to the Colony's population, by the enhanced cost of administration, and by the added charges for the maintenance of order, it was perfectly fair should be met by a tribute levied in some manner on the gold the quest for and the yield of which had occasioned the necessity. An export duty would have met the case with the minimum of expense in collection and of friction, but Latrobe and his advisers preferred the expedient of exacting from each individual miner a monthly fee for the licence permitting him to dig.

While the gold-field population was small, the licence system, although from the beginning hated as an oppressive exaction, did not excite active hostility. Every digger was bound to produce his licence on demand; but the officer or trooper charged with the inquisition did not need to put it in force oftener than once a month in a community pretty well every member of which he knew by sight. But with the swarms of new comers the facility for evasion and the difficulty of detection were alike increased. In the throng of thousands, the demand for production of the licence might be repeated frequently, and give not wholly unreasonable umbrage to the busy digger. It naturally angered a man digging against time at the bottom of a hole, to have to scramble out and show his licence; it angered him worse to be peremptorily sent for it to his tent if he had omitted to bring it along with him. And if the licence could not be produced at all, the defaulter was summarily hauled away to be dealt with according to the bye-laws. Men were to be seen standing chained in "the camp," as the Gold Commissioner's quarters were called, waiting for their punishment.

The licence fee at first was £1. 10*s.* a month. As expenses increased Mr. Latrobe notified its increase to double that amount. Neither sum hurt the lucky digger who was down among the nuggets; but the smaller tariff was a strain on the unsuccessful man, with food at famine prices and every necessary costing wellnigh its weight in gold. The doubled impost was declared a tyranny to be resisted; the lower one an injustice only tolerated on sufferance. Violent meetings were held at Forest Creek and elsewhere, at which the new tax was vigorously denounced; and poor Mr. Latrobe cancelled the order for

it before it had come into effect. He could not help himself; had he been prepared to go to extremities he had inadequate strength, with a handful of soldiers at his disposal, to enforce the enactment. But, spite of his temporising, a bitter feeling grew between the miners and the gold-field officials. The Commissioner at Forest Creek burned the tent of a camp trader, on a perjured charge of illicit spirit-selling brought by an informer. Then followed an excited public meeting, and the gold-field was placarded with notices: "Down with the troopers! Shoot them! Down with oppression! Diggers, avenge your wrongs! Cry 'no quarter,' and show no mercy!"

The informer was convicted of perjury and the authorities compensated the burnt-out trader, but the ill-feeling was not mitigated. A deputation of miners waited on the Governor to report the irritation engendered by collection of the licence fees by "armed men, many of whom were of notoriously bad character;" to complain of the chaining to trees and logs of non-possessors of licences, and their being sentenced to hard labour on the roads; and to demand the reduction of the fee to 10*s.* a month. Mr. Latrobe simply told the deputation he would consider the petition; and the deputation went out from his presence to attend a public meeting of Melbourne citizens convened by the Mayor. There some of the delegates spoke with threatening frankness. "What they wanted, they would have; if peacefully, well: if not, a hundred thousand diggers would march like a ring of fire upon Melbourne, and take and act as they listed." Under threat Mr. Latrobe wilted, and announced that for the month of September no compulsory means would be adopted for the enforcement of the licence fee; at the same time inconsistently sending to Forest Creek a detachment of regular soldiers which had reached him.

In the beginning of 1854, not before it was time, the weak and vacillating Latrobe was succeeded as Governor of Victoria by the more peremptory Hotham, who was not long in office before he issued a circular ordering the gold-fields police to make a strenuous and systematic search after unlicensed miners, and soon after concentrated several hundred regular soldiers at Ballarat, the centre of a densely thronged gold-field, where an incident had exasperated the chronic irritation of the diggers caused by the rigorous enforcement of the licence inquisition. In a Ballarat slum a digger was killed in a scuffle by a fellow named Bentley, an ex-convict who kept a low public-house. The police magistrate before whom Bentley was brought promptly dismissed the charge. He was proved to be habitually

corrupt, and there was no doubt that he had been bribed by Bentley's friends. The miners, enraged by the immunity from punishment of the murderer of one of themselves, gathered in masses round Bentley's public house, and sacked and burned it in spite of the efforts of the police to hinder them. Hotham dealt out what he considered even justice all round. He dismissed from office the corrupt magistrate ; he had Bentley tried and convicted of manslaughter ; and he sent to gaol for considerable terms the ringleaders of the mob who had burnt that fellow's house. The jurymen who reluctantly found them guilty added the rider, that they would have been spared their painful duty "if those entrusted with the government of Ballarat had done their duty."

The conviction of their comrades infuriated the miners, and thenceforward their attitude was that of virtual rebellion. A "Ballarat Reform League" was promptly formed, whose avowed platform it was "to resist, and if necessary to remove, the irresponsible power which tyrannised over them." The League was not yet indeed eager for an "immediate separation from the parent country . . . but if Queen Victoria continues to act upon the ill advice of dishonest Ministers . . . the League will endeavour to supersede the royal prerogatives, by asserting that of the people, which is the most royal of all prerogatives." The leading spirits of the League were of curiously diverse nationalities. Vern was a Hanoverian, Raffaello an Italian, Joseph a negro from the United States, Lalor—Peter Lalor, my friend of the Speaker's chair, the court suit and the one arm—was of course an Irishman, H. Holyoake (socialist), Hayes, Humfrays, and others were Englishmen. Delegates were dispatched to the other gold fields to bring in accessions of disaffected diggers. Holyoake went to Sandhurst ; Black and Kennedy to Creswick. With drawn sword in hand, Black led into Ballarat the Creswick contingent, marching to their chant of the "Marseillaise."

On November 29 more than 12,000 miners gathered in mass meeting on "Bakery Hill," just outside Ballarat. An insurrectionary flag was unfurled, and one of the leaders who advised "moral force" was hooted down as a trimmer. Peter Lalor, at that time in the enjoyment of both his arms, made himself conspicuous at this meeting, which ended with shots of defiance and a bonfire of the obnoxious licences. But the miners, although they had pretty well by this time drawn the sword, had not yet thrown away the scabbard. Governor Hotham was a resolute man, and had the full courage of his opinions. He had concentrated at Ballarat about 450 regular soldiers and armed police, the command of which force he had given

to Captain Thomas of the 40th Regiment, with instructions "to use force when legally called upon to do so, without regard to the consequences which might ensue." As his retort to the "Bakery Hill" manifesto, he sent instructions that the licence inquisitions should be more diligently enforced than ever. If he were convinced that the trouble must be brought to the definite issue of bloodshed as the inevitable prelude to the tranquillity of the beaten, he probably acted wisely in this; and doubtless he had calculated the risk that might attend this policy of forcing the game. One of the Gold Field Commissioners, duly escorted by police, went out from the camp on the 30th, on the hunt after unlicensed miners. He and his police were vigorously stoned; more police came on the ground led by a specially resolute Commissioner. He ordered the diggers to disperse; they would not; so he read the Riot Act, and sent for the soldiers. Shots were fired—it is not said anybody was wounded by them; but a policeman had his head cut open. The mob dispersed, and the Commissioner triumphed in making sundry miners show their licences.

It was then that war was declared, at a mass meeting held on the "Bakery Hill" on the afternoon of the 30th. Who was to command? Peter Lalor, fired by enthusiasm—sarcastic persons have hinted at whisky—volunteered for the duty, and was nominated Commander-in-Chief by acclamation. Hundreds swore to follow and obey him. Drilling was immediately commenced. Lalor was said to have recommended pikes to those who had no firearms. The words attributed to him were that the pikes would "pierce the tyrants' hearts." He set himself systematically to requisition horses, arms, food and drink, designating himself in the receipts he gave as "Commander-in-Chief of the Diggers under arms."

After the 30th, there was no more digging for a time on any gold-field in the vicinity of Ballarat. A reinforcement of soldiers for Thomas was reported on the way from Melbourne, and patriots were sent into the roads to notify its approach so that it might be intercepted. Arms and ammunition were taken wherever found, and a thousand armed men paraded Ballarat in full sight of the camp, robbing stores, forcibly enrolling recruits, and seizing arms. It was reported that the camp—the enclosure in which were quartered the authorities, the soldiers, and the police—was to be assailed in force, and on the night of December 1, dropping shots were actually fired into it. Captain Thomas forbade reprisals. Like Brer Rabbit he "lay low." The world wondered why the Thiers Government in Versailles delayed so long to give the word to the troops to go at the

Communards in Paris. The delay was at the suggestion of Bismarck. "Keep the trap open," he said in effect, "till all the anarchical ruffianhood of Europe shall have gathered inside it; the time to close it is when the influx of scoundrels ceases. Once in we have them to a man; nobody can get out, the German cordon prevents that." Captain Thomas, in a small way, reasoned on the Bismarckian lines. He refrained from attacking while as yet the miners were straggling all over the place, and waited calmly, spite of provocation and appeals to do otherwise, until they should have concentrated themselves into a mass.

Lalor, however, was not drifting around Ballarat; he was seriously attending to his duty as rebel "Commander-in-Chief." The summit of Eureka Hill, about a mile and a half from the town, was rather a commanding position, and there he was engaged in the construction of a hasty fortification with entrenchments and other obstacles, such as ropes, slabs, stakes, and over-turned carts. This construction is known in the history of the Colony as the "Eureka Stockade." Captain Thomas did not allow the rebel chief much time in which to elaborate his defences. He kept his own counsel rigorously until after midnight of December 2; at half-past two on the morning of the 3rd he led out to the assault of the "Eureka Stockade" a force consisting of 100 mounted men, part soldiers, part police, 152 infantry soldiers of the line, and 24 foot police; all told, 276 men exclusive of officers. Approaching the stockade he sent the horsemen round to threaten the rebel position in flank and rear, while his infantry moved on the front of the entrenchment. The defenders were on the alert. At 150 yards distance a sharp fire, without previous challenge, rattled among the soldiers. Thomas ordered his bugler to sound "commence firing," sent the skirmishers forward rapidly, caught them up with the supports, and rushed the defences with the words "Come on, Fortieth!" The entrenchment was carried with wild hurrahs, "and a body of men with pikes was immolated under the eye of the commander before the bugle to cease firing recalled the soldiers from the work to which they had been provoked. The rebel flag was hauled down with cheers, all found within the entrenchment were captured, and some of the many fugitives were intercepted by the cavalry."

The insurrection was at an end. About thirty diggers had been killed on the spot, several subsequently died of wounds, and 125 were taken prisoners. Of the attacking force an officer and a soldier were killed, and thirteen men were wounded, some mortally. The military were promptly reinforced from Melbourne, and martial law

was proclaimed, but resistance had been quite stamped out with the fall of the "Stockade." A commission of inquiry was sent to the gold-fields without delay, and its report recommended a general amnesty (to include the prisoners awaiting trial) and the modified abolition of the licence fee. Nevertheless, some of the Eureka "insurgents" were arraigned on the charge of high treason, but in every case the Melbourne juries brought in a verdict of acquittal, and, therefore, no steps were taken to apprehend their comrades who had escaped and were in hiding. The amnesty was complete, although never formally proclaimed. Peter Lalor, for whose apprehension a reward of £200 had been offered, affably emerged from the concealment into which he had been so fortunate as to escape from the stockade. While lying perdu, one of his arms, which had been smashed by a bullet in the brief action, had been skilfully amputated, and Peter had made a satisfactory recovery. During his retirement he wrote a defence of his conduct, and claimed that, as hour after hour of the eventful night passed without an attack, the greater number of the 1,500 defenders who were in the stockade until midnight had gone away to bed, so that, when the attack was made, there actually remained in the enclosure only about 120 men. He expressed the frankest regret that "we were unable to inflict on the real authors of the outbreak the punishment they so richly deserved." A year after he emerged from hiding, the one-armed ex-rebel was returned to Parliament by a mining constituency. Thus he ranged himself, and five and twenty years later was sitting in a court dress in the chair of the Legislative Assembly of the Colony.

ARCH. FORBES.

GREEK ISLANDS & HIGHLANDS.

FOR some years past the conviction has been steadily gaining ground that the star of the little Kingdom of Hellas is distinctly in the ascendant. Some of our best scholars have visited her shores, not in the character of the Philhellenists of old, or even with the exclusive view of measuring the Parthenon and criticising the results of excavations at Mycenæ and Olympia, but rather to gauge her capabilities as a playground, and to mark the present condition of her men and manners. Already Professor Jebb and Public Orator Sandys have given to the world the gist of their experience as modest tourists in the realm of King George. The great Emeritus Professor J. S. Blackie himself has occupied two columns of *The Times* in drawing attention to the interest and value of Greek *Volkslieder.* Lesser luminaries have from time to time coruscated with greater or less effect. Perhaps the latest utterance is that of Mr. Charles Cheston in his "Greece in 1887," in which, while seeking in the first instance to set clearly before us the financial and commercial progress of the country, he has contrived also to touch with a facile pen many other features which are not by any means "caviare to the general." Enterprising ladies have translated Greek songs and doled out instalments of the local folklore, which promises to become as prolific a field here as it has proved itself to be elsewhere. And all this, be it remembered, is quite independent of "Hellenic Societies" and "British Schools," which devote their energies to the discovery, conservation, and study of the classical, as distinct from the modern, or even mediæval, glories of the land. On all hands there is a cry of "Græcia Rediviva."

The traveller has a choice of routes by which to approach the magic shores of Hellas. He may go *viâ* Trieste, or he may go *viâ* Brindisi. If he be wise, however, and moderately at his ease on Poseidon's broad, yet not always steady, heritage, he will go *viâ* neither, but choose rather the somewhat longer, though far more remunerative, voyage which has its starting point at Marseilles, and its terminus, so far as he is concerned, at the Peiræus. He will avail

himself of the well-found line of packets belonging to the Fraissinet Company, one of which leaves the commercial capital of France each week for the Levant. He will thus secure to himself not only the minimum of railway travelling, but also the maximum of interest *en route*. The Marseilles quay is itself an entertaining spot. Its scenes are as varied as its speech is polyglot and its crew motley; East and West here coalesce in a fashion almost as thorough and picturesque as on the famous bridge which joins Galata to Stamboul. True, there is no background of minarets to complete the illusion; yet the view, looking landward, when the vessel has cleared the harbour, is anything but commonplace. Regarded from this safe distance the city is no unworthy daughter of its ancient Phocæan mother, and, even as we tread its unlovely streets, the indescribable fusion of African, Asiatic, and European elements stamps it with an individuality which forces us to forget for the moment its squalor and unutterably malodorous propensities. Happily we are soon beyond the ken of both.

A sunset in the Strait of Bonifacio, once seen, is an everlasting possession. Desolate and ironbound as is the coast on either hand, it assumes, when illumined by the slanting rays of the dying Sun-god, a wild beauty of which the image can never wholly fade from the memory. The spot, too, has its associations, infinitely pathetic and other. It may be nothing to us that our Republican fellow-voyager points contemptuously to the left and mutters "*Fabrique d'empereurs.*" We may care nothing for principalities or powers, but if we bethink us of Newman in this very waterway composing the pearl of our English hymnology, or of the twenty-five who here started on the final journey of humankind from the wreck of the ill-fated *Tasmania*, we may possibly discover food for a few minutes' reflection.

Wending southward, in due course we thread our way through the Lipari group, and, if by night, may prepare ourselves for a view of Stromboli in full blast—not, indeed, a spectacle of overwhelming grandeur, yet striking enough to the eyes of those who have never before seen a volcano at work. If by day, we are more than likely to behold the grand bulk of snow-capt Etna as it rises before us out of the sea-haze, some fifty miles in a bee line from the deck of our steamer. Most mountains, if visible at all from the sea, look their best under those conditions. Olympus, the Thessalian not the Bithynian, and Adam's Peak in Ceylon, are cases in point; but Mongibello is more impressive than either of these. There is an air of solidity and robustness about him which not merely invites but enforces respect, especially when one reflects that those massy flanks

have ere now run with rivers of molten destruction, and may at any moment so run again. He is seen to advantage also from the main street of Catania, which, paved as it is with lava-blocks, brings his eruptive proclivities well home to us. There, however, we of course lose the halo of dim mystery which an intervening stretch of blue water invariably casts around an eminence, whether natural or the work of men's hands.

The brief pause of our throbbing engines between Scylla and Charybdis does not allow more than the most superficial survey of busy Messina. Yet it is enough to satify us that not here would we willingly pitch our tents for the appointed remnant of our days. The prospect indeed pleases, so far as the natural beauties of the situation are concerned, but man is in these regions so irretrievably vile—man, that is to say, in the variety which affects the immediate neighbourhood of the harbour. Let us rather hasten aboard and gird up our loins for the more than probable contest which awaits us with *improbus Hadria*, who is even now lurking with his confederate *Ionium Mare* to intercept the seafarers between Italy and Greece. If all go well, we may hope, in the course of some six-and-thirty hours after leaving Messina, to double Cape Matapan. The great ridge of Taygetus (Pentedactylon) we shall long ago have sighted, nor will it be lost to our view until we shall have passed under the lee of Cerigo, the home of Cytherean Aphrodite. Mark, too, the depth of water and agreeable absence of sunken rocks, by virtue of which we are enabled to shave the corner of Cape Malea so closely that the hermit, who has emerged from his cell and is in waiting at the extremity of the rocky point, catches dexterously the biscuit which we throw to him *en passant*. Pray Heaven he does not depend entirely upon this precarious commissariat, for in that event, during heavy weather, his provisions must often, and in a double sense, fall short.

It is everything to approach Athens for the first time by the Saronic Gulf, and to have fine weather and all one's eyes under command from Sunium (Colonna) onwards. Even the most inveterate hater of all that is classical must feel somewhat less rancorously disposed towards his natural enemies when he catches his first glimpse of the glistening temple-ruin which ushers him into Hellas. Even he to whom the whole range of Greek literature, from Homer to Polybius, is grievously abhorrent, must for the nonce sink his resentment when he comes within eyeshot of the sun-lit Acropolis and the city of Pallas Athene. The consciousness, as of another sense, of the power to conjure up the heroes and the history of the past may,

nay does, all too soon fade away, but while it lasts it is strangely vivid and irresistible. So is it when we look upon the Parthenon. Though we have never read a line of Greek history in our lives we must yet feel that we are standing face to face with a wonderful people, the cunning of whose right hand died with the death of Attica, and has never descended.

The curriculum of the newly-arrived stranger in Athens is in these days much the same as in all other continental cities which offer sights to be seen. There is no difficulty in securing a guide of many tongues, and all equally voluble, who for an adequate consideration will personally conduct him in the approved fashion from one wonder to the next until the whole list is exhausted. Those who neither possess nor are capable of simulating a special taste for the delights of archæology, even as set forth in the few remaining columns of the Temple of the Olympian Zeus, or the graceful Caryatides, will very soon be ready for pastures new. The day is fast approaching when no tourist will be admitted within the sacred precincts who cannot produce a *Testamur* to the effect that he has "passed" in architraves and friezes. Meanwhile, the Temple of the Winds, the singularly perfect Theseion so-called, the Pnyx, the apocryphal Prison of Socrates, even the Areopagus itself with its Pauline associations, will not detain him very long. We cannot all be Newtons and Harrisons. The vulgar herd will possibly be more interested in the strings of pretty shells, found, or said to be found, on the Plain of Marathon, and sold in the shape of little necklaces, or, perhaps, in the specimens of the various Greek marbles, which are offered as souvenirs to the credulous traveller. At least they will beware of investing in any of the spurious pottery which is forced upon their notice at every turn, no doubt with the connivance of their commissionaire. But, when they have come to an end of the recognised objects of interest in and around the city, they must, if they are not to be bored to death—for modern Athens is no Paris or Vienna—make up their minds to a more ambitious flight. An evening must certainly be devoted to the Acropolis, if the full moon be within hail, for this of all such effects is the most perfect, especially when heightened, as it usually is, by the appearance of some of the lineal descendants of the fowl sacred to Athene. The nightingale-concert in the Palace Gardens must also be duly attended if the season be not too early or too late, for even under the divine sky of Hellas Philomel cannot stay, and sing, all the year round. And however cordially we may hate Sophocles, and all his works, it would surely be ungracious to omit to visit Colonus, or the spot which does duty

for the burial-ground of Œdipus. One of the best views of Athens, backed by purple Hymettus, will reward the pilgrimage. But, these manifest duties fulfilled, it will become necessary to go somewhat further afield. The favourite excursions are those to the ancient quarries of Mount Pentelicus, from whose summit we look over Marathon and the silver streak of Euripus, to Eleusis, and to Phyle, the details of each of which, are they not written in the books of Baedeker and Murray? Geologically and anatomically inclined persons will derive peculiar pleasure from a visit to Pikermi, a village on the confines of Marathon, abounding in fossilised bones. Now that the country is tolerably free from the curse of brigandage, such outings may be compassed without much apprehension of leaving an ear in the hands of the enemy. But it is as well not to be overconfident: a few prophylactic measures will do no harm, and may save a world of annoyance hereafter.

Where time, however, and another consideration—far too vulgar to be specifically mentioned—are of no serious importance, there are many more distant *Ausflüge* to be made which will enable us to lay up a store of pleasant reminiscences hardly to be matched from any other treasury. With the exception of those sites which are chiefly dear to archæologists, it may be said that the most seductive charm of Greece lies in its islands and highlands. It is here, if anywhere, that we find some poor approximation to the personal characteristics of the versatile race whose home once occupied these same latitudes. With all their advantages of position and tradition it must be admitted that hitherto the Greeks of modern times have made but a sorry show. The fault, indeed, has not been theirs. A thousand obstacles have conspired to neutralise the inheritance which should of right be that of the descendants of such forefathers. It is amusing, but pathetic withal, to observe how jealously the great names, if not the deeds, of antiquity are repeated in the modern family. The traveller is perpetually coming into collision with Pericles, Themistocles, Aristides, "and such great names as these." If he care to listen he may overhear the washerwomen on the banks of the Ilissus addressing each other familiarly as Euphrosyne, Theano, or Arethusa. But should he seek to elicit any enthusiasm on the score of the brave days of old, his sense of the fitness of things will probably be subjected to a rude shock when he discovers that, save in the most highly educated circles, nothing whatever is known of ancient Greek history. The language as now written is so near akin to what it was two thousand years ago that an average scholar can grasp its meaning with very little difficulty; but it does

not appear that the professorial staff of the University of Athens has as yet contributed what might reasonably have been expected of it to the elucidation of crabbed passages in its own ancient classics. There have been, it is true, one or two modern poets; but no Euripides or Aristophanes, no Pindar or Theocritus. No famous sculptor has hailed from the city of Pheidias in our time. What prosperity the land now enjoys is due to the undoubted talent which the Hellenes possess in matters financial and commercial. It is in this entirely new department that the name of Greece now stands highest. But commercial prosperity is not necessarily unfavourable to the existence, side by side with it, of a brilliant literature or eminent artistic faculty—nay, has ere now called into being and stimulated such phenomena. We may yet see worthy representatives of that genius which said and sung, and carved and built, so much and so effectively when all the world was young. The sun shines nowhere so brightly as in Hellas; nowhere are the moonbeams so silvery, nowhere is the sky so blue, or the *Abendgluth* so gorgeous. Who can tell but that one day the land, which is so richly provided with the beauties of Nature, will again assert itself as the home of all that is intellectually and artistically greatest and most subtle?

At the expense of certain drachmas and a little hardship—if simple fare and an occasional bivouac *sub Dio* can be dignified with such a title—a charming excursion may be made from Athens to some of the Ægean Islands, notably to the Cyclades, and even by those who have not a floating palace at command. A Greek steamer takes us across from the Peiræus to Syra, a spot in itself singularly free from all attractions, but excellent as a base of operations for the surrounding archipelago. It is necessary, of course, to bring from Athens a guide, who will on occasion prove himself not only "philosopher and friend" also, but will market with admirable forethought, and smooth with infinite volubility what little rough places may occur in the course of the expedition. In the first place, he will engage for us on equitable terms one of the fleet and picturesque *caïques*, without which we could do nothing, and whose skippers are the hardiest and most skilful of seafarers. After leaving Syra our first point of call is naturally the "long and lofty Tenos," where we duly inspect the monastery with its far-famed Virgin image. Hither resort each year some thousands of pious pilgrims, many of them seeking some proof in their own persons of the miraculous healing-powers with which the shrine is credited. It is here that we make our earliest acquaintance with the peculiar diet affected by the Cyclades islanders. On the mainland the staple

dishes appear to be olives and garlic, but in the Archipelago there is an almost universal prejudice in favour of dried strips of starfish. *De gustibus non est disputandum.* Strangers, however, are happily not limited to this dainty *menu*. What hospitality in the shape of fish, flesh, fowl, or green meat the islands afford is freely, nay clamorously, proffered ; and a very moderate *quid pro quo* is in the end—for chaffering is their delight—accepted for the accommodation. It may be taken as an axiom that, save perhaps in the topmost crust of society, nothing in Greece is given for nothing—which, after all, is doubtless a sound economical maxim, excellent for trade purposes.

The birthplace of Apollo and Artemis—now, save for its undying memories, a mere wilderness of broken marbles, picked out in springtide with exquisite profusion of anemones—may well be the scene of our next picnic. It is possible that we do not care to determine with architectural preciseness the site of the once famous treasury-temple. We may even have forgotten for the moment the legend that this Delos was once a roving island till Zeus fastened it to the sea-bed with chains of adamant, to the end that Leto might enjoy a quiet rest-house. But if we be capable of appreciating a lovely prospect, let us at least climb to the summit of Mount Cynthus, and our reward will be ample. We look down thence upon the entire cluster of Cyclades, set like pearls and emeralds in a sapphire sea. The little Anti-Delos, where were buried the dead of the sacred island, lies at our feet ; and we stand as a high priest of Apollo may have stood in the days of Athenian supremacy. Here, at any rate, there is no chance of being mobbed by shrill-voiced natives. Even in this busy epoch it may still be said that when the axes and hammers of noisy excavators are silent our Delian reflections are not likely to be interrupted by anything more incongruous than the shriek of the seamew or the echo of "the wild water lapping on the crag."

Naxos, as it is the largest, is also perhaps the most beautiful and fertile of the group. A ramble inland reveals all manner of natural beauties of the mountain and valley order ; and at a little village called Melanis will be found some poor remnant of the ancient type of feature, which has elsewhere almost wholly died out. Now and again, in a secluded dale of Peloponnesus, a face that might have been worn by Phryne or Aspasia greets us ; but, as a general rule, the comeliness of the Greek Audreys and Phœbes is not precisely what one could wish it to be. The hard labour of many generations in the fields has told its tale, and he who goes to

Greece expecting to meet an Aphrodite at every turn must needs endure a grievous awakening. At Melanis, however, and especially among the children, he will not fail to observe examples of the *beaux yeux, beaux cheveux*, which are commonly associated with our idea of Hellenic personal beauty. An agreeable disappointment of the same kind awaits him also in Paros and Anti-Paros, where, besides the glistening fields of marble, and at least one grotto which rivals the importance and extent of Adelsberg itself, he will certainly look with satisfaction on the faces of the simple folk.

The skipper of the *caïque* is not by any means afraid to take his "fare" all the way back to Peiræus; and, given blue sky and a wind that follows fast, a delightful little voyage it is, but not to be essayed when time is an object. There is a tendency to be becalmed off Sunium, and in that case the progress up the Saronic Gulf is apt to be so tedious that not even the distant view of the Acropolis and Hymettus bathed in a flood of purple light is an adequate antidote to the long hours of compulsory dawdling. It is much to have set foot in the Cyclades; let us not tempt the winds and waves farther, but hasten with thankful heart back to Athens in the dirty Greek *Piroscafo*, and prepare for another start elsewhither.

To survey the Morea thoroughly, even without any archæological divagations, is the work of several weeks. The only railway it can yet boast skirts its northern seaboard, and the interior of the peninsula must therefore be explored, if at all, on mule-back. But in the course of a fortnight it is possible to carry out a highly interesting programme. Perhaps the wisest plan for those bent on this minor Peloponnesian campaign is to take the native packet, which at stated intervals makes the tour of the coast, and disembark at Nauplia. By this manœuvre we pass under the lee of Ægina, well within range of the Temple of Athené—a conspicuous object in the sunlight; and have also an opportunity of observing the lovely little island of Poros, the site of the modern Greek arsenal, but no less renowned for its prolific lemon-groves. We next touch at Hydra, whose tiny capital is perched, like Anxur, high on the rocks above our heads. The Hydriots won a gallant name in the War of Independence. Half-an-hour's pause at another islet, Spetza, and, lo! we are in the fair Gulf of Nauplia. Nauplia itself, thriving little port though it be, need not detain us long. We may climb the steep cliff, and visit the citadel which dominates the town, but we must mount some twelve hundred steps to do it. For our pains we enjoy a wide view over land and sea; and the sight, if it still exist, of a Greek convict establishment. The latter is a

gruesome spectacle, and by no means up to the British penitentiary mark. In the town below the Argus-eyed tourist will duly note sundry specimens of the proud Venetian lion, telling the tale of mediæval conquest; and his dragoman will be sadly wanting in discrimination if he do not insist upon his entering the church wherein the brave but too Russophile patriot Capodistrias fell before the assassin. But having exhausted these *Sehenswürdigkeiten*, he must make up his mind whether to strike inland to Tiryns, Argos, and Mycenæ; or, taking ship once more, to land again farther south. The latter is, for many reasons, the preferable course. It enables him to visit, if he care to do so, Monemvasia (Epidaurus Limera), the etymological parent of Malmsey; to touch at the picturesque island of Cerigo, belonging to, but strangely cut off from, the Ionian group; to exchange a parlous greeting once again with the Malean anchorite; and, finally, to steam up the magnificent Bay of Marathonisi, with Taygetus full in front of him, and Matapan and Malea on either hand. The little fishing village of Gythion, whose position on an inclined plane is curiously suggestive of our own Clovelly, serves as a convenient point of departure for a northward progress.

The great plenty of mulberry trees in these regions, grown for the benefit of the silkworms, the manipulation of whose cocoons constitutes the main industry, may well suggest the appropriateness of the name Morea. It is through mulberry groves that, Thisbe-like, we enter upon the first stage of our journey, and they bear us company until the ground becomes too broken for even this sparse cultivation. Were not the mules and horses, which alone supply the means of communication, trained to climb like cats or squirrels, they could never hope to surmount the appalling anomalies of the road, by courtesy so called. It takes, too, some few hours of painful experience to adapt oneself to the vicissitudes of the cumbrous howdah, which does duty for a saddle. But trifles such as these are soon forgotten in the constantly shifting scenes of interest through which our route lies. And so, after a ride of some twelve hours, having scaled eminences which seemed perpendicular and insuperable, having threaded a perilous way through forest and undergrowth, having crossed the Œnus by a bridge which is a very Nestor among bridges, we come, finally, to Sparta—to the Sparta, that is to say, of the moderns, for the precise locality of the old Lacedæmon is pointed out to us on the horizon, distant, perhaps, a Sabbath-day's journey. Neither in one nor the other is there any respectable vestige remaining of ancient days. The tomb of Leonidas is, indeed, indicated to our reverent eyes, but it is well known to be spurious. A Roman mosaic

of Europa and the Bull, discovered a few years ago, is all that is left with any authentic title to antiquity. The present inhabitants, though proud of their forerunners, exhibit the usual ignorance of ancient history, and certainly are innocent of all characteristics which have commonly been ascribed to the Spartiates of old. In these days there is no Lycurgus. They may still possibly have their black broth, or some modern equivalent, and no one will deny that they practise a stern asceticism, if dirt within doors and open drains without may be held to conduce thereto. But in most other respects we must, to be honest, count them a degenerate posterity. Their garrulity is surely no true Laconian product, and if they are not taught to steal is it, peradventure, because instruction is no longer necessary? The traveller, however, will be well treated by the authorities, who here, as elsewhere in Greece, are all that is polite and helpful. If he design to pass over to Kalamata they will endeavour to dissuade him from choosing the Taygetus route, on the score of its precipitous character, and they will tell him of a circuitous method by which he may reach his goal more easily. Let him turn a deaf ear to the charmer. The ascent of Taygetus on mule-back is undoubtedly a severe measure, and the *descensus* is anything but *facilis*. It is a thing to do once, and on subsequent occasions leave warily alone. The feat may at least be recommended as being delightfully free from monotony. Not only is the scenery of great variety, but the manœuvres of the beasts of burden, as they vigorously attempt rocky impossibilities, are infinitely diverting, especially to their riders, who, if they would keep their seats, must develop the agility of their parent-ape and the tenacity of the circus professional. The *agoyates* will do their best to keep up a semblance of light-heartedness. They are never out of breath and never footsore. They keep up a running fire of objurgation which their mules do not resent, but also do not heed, unless it be accompanied by a vigorous dig of the remorseless goad. By way of interlude, and chiefly after their mid-day potations of *resinato*, a beverage compounded, one would say, of equal parts of vinegar and turpentine, they are fond of indulging in vocal music. The long-drawn nasal love-songs sound to Western ears suggestive, sometimes of implacable hatred and concentrated fury, sometimes of excruciating internal agony, but certainly never of the tender passion. Sung in the most doleful of minor keys, they seem calculated to inspire the keenest aversion on the part of the fair Irene or Aglaia. Such as they are, however, they have the charm of novelty, and, when our eyes and minds are not engrossed in the contemplation of the far-reaching

prospects from the summit of Pentedactylon, they serve, *faute de mieux*, to beguile the time and speed us on our way.

Kalamata, which we presently enter, is not an end in itself, unless that end be merely a night's rest after our laborious passage of the heights which separate Laconia from Messenia. Our object in coming hither is to compass conveniently in our next day's march the ascent of Ithomé. We are now in the most fertile corner of Peloponnesus, and as we jog leisurely through the villages of Nisi and Mavrisi the generosity of the soil becomes more and more apparent. Nowhere else in Europe are we likely to behold such wealth of fruit and flower—a very Covent Garden turned loose—as confronts us in this Messenian plain. Alcinous himself can have boasted no greater abundance or variety. And as our road leads us onward to the spot where once stood the city of Messené, we become aware that not only for the lavish bounty of Nature's hand are these fair regions noteworthy. There are many ruins in Greece more graceful, many more interesting alike to antiquary and artist, than those which meet us here, but there are none which reflect more vividly, more impressively, the light of other days, and few, perhaps, which, considering their extent, are so seldom visited by the outside world. Imagine a valley, hemmed in by hills so lofty that in many a less rugged land they would be a mountain range, and encircling this valley a continuous chain of fortifications so prodigious that only the Anakim, it would seem, can ever have built them. Those vast blocks of limestone, so truly cut and bevelled that, innocent of all auxiliary cement, they lie one upon another with mathematical exactness; those sturdy watch-towers at regular intervals, what a tale they could tell us! Standing in the modern village, and looking upward and around, one seems to see literally *miles* of this gigantic wall, which follows the undulations of the land, and even now in many parts is as firm as heart of man or mason can desire—an eloquent memorial of an era which, whatever its shortcomings, at least could evidently command unlimited manual labour, and tolerated no such thing as scamped work. The monastery of Vurkano, which hospitably entertains the wayfarer, is a welcome sight after the long day's ride. A stranger is always made welcome on the Hill of Ithomé, and if he can muster a few words of the language of the country he will find his hosts full of local information, if not very well posted in the latest manœuvres of the world at large. They will show him, with great pride, the autographs of one or two distinguished Englishmen who have scaled their fortress, and among them that of John Stuart Mill. A strange bivouac for the "Spirit of the Age,"

notwithstanding those abnormally early Greek grammar *séances*, as set forth in his Autobiography.

From Ithomé, unless we would diverge in order to see with our own eyes Navarino, and also Sphacteria, the little island which gave us so much trouble in our schoolboy Thucydidean days, we cannot do better, whatever monks or Murrays may say, than make for Megalopolis. We are then in the very centre of Morea, and can branch off in any direction that commends itself. And we secure that scene of surpassing loveliness, the first and broadest panorama of Arcadia from the hillside, looking northward. The scant remains at Megalopolis of what, we are told, was the largest theatre in Greece will possibly give us less pleasure than the sight of the many oaks, which are characteristic of this province, and a comparison of modern Arcadian manners with the rustic simplicity current, if tradition is to be believed, in the good old times. The comparatively new, and superlatively gimcrack, town of Tripolitza must always be an eyesore in the midst of such associations. Prosperity and a growing trade? Yes, indeed, these it undoubtedly suggests, and excellent features they are from the economist's point of view, though hardly in unison with our stereotyped conception of Arcadia. It is a sorry consolation to reflect that even a pair of trading brothers may, in a sense, be *Arcades ambo.* Let us hasten over the hills into Elis, and there, striking the Alpheus, make the best of our way to Olympia, whose archæological treasures, so lately exhumed, are, it is said, already beginning to suffer from exposure to the elements; or, better still, let us push on across the plain to Mantinea, where the brave Epaminondas "foremost fighting fell;" and thence turn our horses' heads (for the mules we have left behind us in the precipitous south) in the direction of Argos. Anywhither, so we bid a long farewell to nineteenth-century Tripolitza. Argos actually, as well as by contrast, is a charming little town—bright, pleasantly situated, and, outwardly at least, of decent cleanliness. Well may the poet, describing the discomfiture of Antor by the spear intended for Æneas, conclude the episode with the line "*et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos;*" it is a home of which any man might be proud to cherish the recollection. For our present purpose we find it an excellent *pied à terre* while we explore the neighbourhood. Its own antiquities are neither many nor important, and even such as they are they are held by the initiated to belong to the Roman period. But, *en revanche*, it is within easy reach of Tiryns and Mycenæ, of which, however, so much has been already said or sung, in or out of tune, that we may dismiss them with the single note, "There were

giants in those days," referring all who desire more explicit treatment of the subject to Schliemann and Co.

Despite the Horatian "*non cuivis homini contingit adire*," the enterprising, and by this time case-hardened, traveller will without difficulty shape a course for Corinth by way of Nemea. Of the ancient city the scantiest traces are in these days forthcoming. Corinthian beauty, Corinthian wealth, temples, statues, palaces, have long since been swept off the face of the earth by Mummius and his successors. Of what the Roman orator once called "*lumen totius Græciæ*" the only vestige now remaining consists of seven sturdy Doric columns, which, with obstinate patriotism, still keep watch and ward over the desolation around. But there is one possession which the ruthless hands of Roman, Venetian, and Turk have not availed to destroy, or even to impair. If a man's experience of Hellas were forced to be limited to a single spot, one would almost be inclined to say let that spot be Acro-Corinth. From no other standpoint can he survey so wide an area, or one in which natural loveliness and historical interest are so liberally blended. Having once beheld this marvellous prospect he can never become old or hebetated enough to wholly forget it. Athens, Pentelicus, Hymettus, even Sunium, in the blue distance, on a propitious morning, Parnassus, Helicon, the entire Isthmus, Salamis, Ægina, and the mountains of Argolis ; such are the salient points of the panorama which discloses itself to our wondering eyes. An hour on Acro-Corinth is worth many volumes of Thirlwall-*cum*-Curtius-*cum*-Grote.

The newly opened line of railway which connects the capital with Patras, and will soon be extended to Pyrgos, cannot be said to either make or mar appreciably the pleasure of the tourist world, save in one respect. It does render more accessible the little town of Vostitza, hitherto feasible only by water, and with an easterly breeze and no steam anything but an agreeable port of call. But what of Vostitza ? We surely do not disembark merely to be told that it exports the finest currants of all Morea. If we chance, indeed, to be dendrologists, there is a curiosity in store for us in the shape of a colossal plane-tree, some eleven *mètres* in girth, long since reduced to hollowness, and convenient, therefore, as a *prison* during what is still called *par excellence* "the" War. But if we care for neither currants nor colossus, what in fortune's name can induce us to land at this melancholy spot ? Simply the hope of visiting two of the most remarkable religious settlements on the face of the earth, to wit, ancient Delphi, and modern Megaspelæon. The former, it is true, lies on the other side of the Gulf, and by those who have no yacht at com-

mand the excursion may best be made by hiring some species of craft at Vostitza, and scudding across with all the speed they may to Scala di Salona. Here, unless they happen to belong to the *Nil admirari* family, they will probably be somewhat taken aback on encountering sundry camels peacefully browsing by the wayside, the ship of the desert being in most European countries only a menagerie specimen, and, in truth, not elsewhere visible even in Greece. They will then cross the Cirrhæan Plain, once salt-sown and dedicated to his Delphic Majesty by reason of the insolence of its inhabitants, who had a pestilent way of levying blackmail on the pilgrims. The modern Castri, which includes all the poor remnant of the classical Holy of Holies, for barrenness and gloom stands without a rival, the one little gleam of cheerfulness being furnished by the chattering washerwomen, who, reckless of profanation, pursue their calling in the sacred fount of Castalia. But for the seat of an Oracle the place was admirably chosen. The gradual ascent by a toilsome rock-hewn path, still easy to trace, and flanked on either hand by the wrecks of monumental inscriptions, the awe-inspiring blackness of the sheer and lofty cliffs, the prevalence, which still survives, of the terrifying earthquake-shock, here, at any rate, are three attributes out of which the nimble, yet superstitious Greek mind could hardly fail to create a fitting shrine for all that it most reverenced. And the Greek mind, ancient or modern, is eminently reverential, at least in the outward respect which it pays to the ministers of its religion. The Pythia herself probably inspired no profounder reverence than the abbot of the little monastery of the Panagia yonder, the modern representative of the Delphic Temple. The gay brigand may facetiously send one of your ears, by way of reminder, to your friends, the mendacious dragoman may unblushingly deceive you as to routes and prices, the very nomarch will now and again outrageously overcharge you for the hire of his wretched cattle, but all three will kneel down to kiss the hand of the poorest priest with every appearance of humility and veneration. If we would study the domestic economy of Hellenic monkdom we cannot do better than return to Vostitza and brave the eight hours' laborious ride over rocks and watercourse to Megaspelæon. The architecture of this great convent is unique. It occupies a vast cavern, and above it rises a precipice of some three hundred feet, which was turned to good account when the place was besieged by Ibrahim Pasha. The monks then rolled down rocks on the heads of the besiegers, and finally caused them to retire in disorder. Not many years ago there were still surviving a few of these fighting brothers, who would recount with honest pride the details of

that memorable siege. Internally, the arrangements of Megaspelæon are extremely interesting. Its wealth, chiefly represented by vast currant vineyards in Elis, is so considerable, that to belong to its brotherhood is tantamount to holding an excellent fellowship. In some other respects, too, it reminds us of our own academical foundations. The daily serving-out of "commons," the morning and evening "chapel," the "common-room," the deserted library, the well-stocked cellar (whose casks emulate the famed Heidelberger Fass), all are parallel to similar features of a well-to-do Oxford or Cambridge college. The *personnel* of the establishment, however, has no British counterpart. We cannot match the splendid physiognomy and patriarchal hirsuteness of the elder monks, or (happily) the flowing locks and gentle girlishness of the novices—a curious mixture of apostolic gravity and effeminate youth. But nothing can be more genial than our reception, nothing prettier than the child-like pride with which all the treasures of the house are displayed to us, from the Crosses of gold and brilliants to the bas-relief of Madonna and Child, "the work of St. Luke," which in the darkest days of the struggle for independence is said to have shed pitying tears. It is with real regret that we bid the worthy "Hegoumenos" and his staff farewell, and take our perilous way back to Vostitza, turning ever and anon to catch a last, and yet another, glimpse of the tall white convent with its limestone beetle-brow, and the quaint excrescences which, like gigantic martin-nests, cling to and pleasingly diversify its glistening, but not ornamental, *façade*.

If the traveller be bound further East he will no doubt take occasion to visit the cool vale of Tempe and ever-glorious Thermopylæ, but if he propose to return by way of the Adriatic he may profitably employ what few days remain to him in a rapid survey of the Ionian Islands, which last year celebrated their silver wedding of union with Greece Proper. He will estimate for himself the justice of the refrain :—

Zante ! Zante !
Fior di Levante !
Le donne son belle,
Gli uomini birbanti.

If he be lucky enough to pass a day in the land-locked harbour of Vathy he will surely not rest until he have climbed the rocky heights of Ithaca, on which the hardy islanders raise handfuls of barley and precarious driblets of flax. Whatever he may think of the mythical "Homer's School" and "Ulysses' Castle," he cannot well refuse to admit that the modern Thiaki is quite in keeping with ancient tradition. Ulysses loved his country, not because it was broad, but

because it was his own ; Ithakiots to-day have the same reason, and no other, on which to base their patriotism. A brief glance at Argostoli, the habour and capital of Cephalonia, whose other attractions are Monte Nero, the bleakest of bleak mountains, and the sight of currant-vines cultivated to the very tops of the hills, an hour or two at Paxo, the least of the islands but famous for the production of the richest olive oil, a distant view of Sappho's Leap, so-called, for Santa Maura, if we except the palm (the tallest out of Egypt) in the garden of the old British Residency, has little else save olives and furious Molossian sheep-dogs to show—and then we pass the One Gun Battery, and find ourselves once more in the thoroughfare of civilisation, among the fertile groves and gardens of Corfu. And here, too, *finis chartæque viæque est.*

The present rage for the study of Greek archæology is commendable and interesting. To be able to deduce the exact measurements and elevation of a temple from the score of marble-blocks which may still remain *in situ*, or to assign the precise year and "School" to one of those graceful vases in the British Museum, is a power which we may well envy. But Greece has more to offer than this. She liberally repays the attentions of the botanist, the student of ornithology, and the mere butterfly-collector. The politician, who cares to watch the gradual, some say rapid, development of a clever people, long held in thrall by oppressions and disabilities of infinite variety, discovers in her a most remunerative example of national growth. And, lastly, the man who cherishes an intelligent, but not all-absorbing, regard for her antiquity, and who at the same time can appreciate exquisite scenery, apart from its historical associations, who can wander happily from village to village without any expectation of comfortable hotels or high feeding, for him, indeed, this little kingdom, still unspoiled by excessive contact with the race of tourists, is a veritable *Cuccagna*, or Land of Delights. Only, under the deep azure of a Greek sky, let him not forget the injunction :—

> Æquam memento rebus in arduis
> Servare mentem.

The casual ways of the light-hearted *agoyate*, for instance, are apt to try severely the practical Western temperament. But impatience of delay and a rigorous audit of expenditure to the uttermost *lepton* are things as yet "not understanded of the people," in the fair land of Hellas. Finally, let him forbear to read, or at least to believe, the misleading criticisms of M. About—and, if he mislay all other *articles de voyage*, let him under no provocation whatever lose touch of his supply of "Keating," or assuredly his sleep will seldom be that of the just.

ARTHUR GAYE.

THE QUEST OF GOLD.

THE gathering of gold has been one of the pursuits of man, whether savage or civilised, in all ages. Some of the earliest writings record the working of gold-mines and the fabrication of the precious metal into articles of adornment. The fable of the gold-digging ants of Tibet (who, of course, were human miners) was a theme for Herodotus, Strabo, Megasthenes, Arrian, Ktesias, Phôtios, and other ancient writers.

In modern times, the Anglo-Saxon race seems to have almost monopolised the gold-mines of the world, either, as in Australasia and California, providing the actual workers, or, as in many other countries, furnishing the money necessary for developing the industry. The amount of British capital invested in gold-mining would, if it could be accurately computed, assume colossal proportions. Yet there exists a singular degree of ignorance among otherwise well-informed people as to the means and manner of winning the coveted metal. This is much to be regretted, as it plays into the hands of rogues, and thus brings occasional discredit on one of the most genuine and remunerative industries.

Gold-mining is, in many minds, still associated with a flannel-shirted, long-booted, gambling class, of doubtful manners, who, with pick, shovel, and pan, found fortunes in the hill streams of the Far West, or of the Land of the Kangaroo. But this race of miners is rapidly becoming as extinct as the Redskin of California, or the Blackboy of Australia. As the superficial deposits which attracted the pioneers were exhausted, the aid of machinery and science became essential, and a new order of things began, introducing the capitalist, the chemist and the engineer. Moreover, in their haste to get rich, and with their rough and ready appliances, the early diggers only worked the richest ground, and passed over tons, acres, of stuff that with modern methods would pay handsomely.

To convey an idea of the perfection which has been attained in some of the processes of to-day, one illustration will suffice. During a quarter's (3 months') working, last year, of the alluvial deposits of

Daylesford, Victoria, some 33,560 tons of gravel were treated, and gave an average yield of 18½ grains troy of gold from each ton of gravel. That is to say, of all this enormous mass of material dug up, passed through the apparatus, and re-deposited, only 1–1814th part was of value, the other 1813 parts being useless. In other words, suppose an acre of land 15 feet deep to be turned over, broken up to the most minute proportions, and bodily removed, in order that it might be made to yield up a hidden treasure in the form of fine dust, the whole of which could be easily held in a small coal-scuttle. And this was accomplished presumably at a cost which left a reasonable margin of profit. These results are altogether unparalleled in any other kind of metal mining. As a rule, the metal or its ore forms the bulk of the mass treated. Thus, iron often constitutes 75 per cent. of the mineral, lead 85 to 87 per cent., copper 78 to 98 per cent., silver 85 to 99 per cent., while the gold in the case quoted only amounted to 0·000118, or a little over 1–10,000th part of 1 per cent.

Such an achievement sounds more like a conjurer's trick than a commercial operation, and appears as difficult as the popular puzzle of the needle in a bundle of hay. Yet the method is simplicity itself. It is based on the fact that while the specific gravity of gold is about 18½, that of the gravel found with it is only 2½ (water being 1); in other words, the gold is more than seven times as heavy, bulk for bulk, as the rubbish which hides it. To take advantage of this fact, the mass of gravel, with a corresponding volume of water, is passed into a narrow channel (either a wooden trough or a ditch), and here the tiny gold grains sink to the bottom of the stream and lodge against the little barriers placed there for the purpose, or drop into hollows containing mercury, while the dirt is hurried away in the rushing water. Often a stream of water under pressure is the only tool used to break up the hard gravel and convey it to the channel where the gold is to be caught. Whole mountains are moved in this way and transported to the valleys below, filling up the beds of big rivers and covering square miles of fertile land with many feet in depth of "sludge" that will be barren for years to come. Water should be the gold-miner's tutelary deity. Without it he is helpless, with it he can work wonders; but he is much more ready to worship whisky.

The application of the principles of gold-washing is older than history. Jason's golden fleece described by Strabo (bk. xi. c. ii.), which was a fleece laid in the bed of the Phasis (that still carries gold in its sands) to catch the golden grains, has its counterpart in the wild sheepskins used in Ladak, the oxhides of Brazil, and the

fleeces of Hungary and Savoy; while the blanket strake of Australia is a lineal descendant of the *Schwabentuch* of the Rhine; and the *nekoza* or woven grass mats of the Japanese are more efficient than any European substitute. Even hydraulic sluicing, which is generally regarded as an American invention, is but an exaggeration of the process used by the Romans in Spain. Thus Pliny writes:—"Another labour, too, quite equal to this, and one which entails even greater expense, is that of bringing rivers from the more elevated mountain heights, a distance in many instances of 100 miles perhaps, for the purpose of washing these débris. . . Then, too, valleys and crevasses have to be united by the aid of aqueducts, and in another place impassable rocks have to be hewn away, and forced to make room for hollow troughs of wood. . . The earth, carried onwards in the stream, arrives at the sea at last, and thus is the shattered mountain washed away, causes which have greatly tended to extend the shores of Spain by these encroachments upon the deep." The same words might be written of California to-day, only, instead of hailing the "encroachments upon the deep" as a blessing, there is an outcry about silting up the harbours. As to the use of mercury for amalgamating the gold, that has been known and applied by the heathen Chinee and the low-caste races of India since time immemorial.

So long as the rich placers lasted there was little inducement to seek for their origin; but as they declined, the more enterprising of the miners commenced tracing these alluvial deposits to their sources. The researches thus undertaken led to some remarkable and astonishing discoveries. In many instances the gravel, being worked in open river beds, was found to burrow abruptly into the sides of high mountains, and then it was realised that the stream which had accumulated the treasure belonged to a past geological period, and that its bed had been filled ages ago by a stream of very different character, a solid instead of a liquid stream, in other words, a lava flow. Numerous instances have occurred where such an extinct river bed has received successive lava flows, one superimposed on another, with auriferous gravels between, showing that the river resumed, as nearly as may be, its old channel after each invasion of molten rock.

When the gravel bed is covered with much worthless material, the cost of working is greatly heightened. But the yield of gold from these ancient streams, locally known as "dead rivers"—a most apt expression—is commonly immense, for they must have been mighty floods, draining huge areas, and during their long and active

lives they were ceaselessly helping to accumulate the scattered riches contained in the surrounding rocks, these riches being liberated by the action of frost, and thaw, and rain, and snow, and sun, whose combined effect disintegrated the quartz veins that carried the gold. Thus Nature, working in her own slow and secret way, has collected into comparatively narrow limits, ready for the use of man, the gold which had been disseminated through millions of tons of rock, probably in such small proportions as not to repay the cost of extraction by human methods. More than that, the precious metal has actually undergone a certain degree of *refining* at the same time, for the accompanying base metals have been dissolved out and washed away. Wherefore it is that placer-gold is purer than vein-gold.

Independent researches in many parts of the world have conclusively shown that much so-called "alluvial" gold has not been deposited by flowing water, but by water in its solid form, viz., by glaciers. In British Columbia, in the North-West territory of Canada, in Nova Scotia, and in New Zealand are many gold placers formed by glacial action. In North Carolina, Professor Kerr, the State geologist, attributes square miles of auriferous gravels to "frost drift" or "earth glaciers," *i.e.*, to the effects of repeated frost and thaw in decomposing the rocks, and then, by alternate expansion and contraction, causing their detritus to re-arrange its component parts. Even in tropical Brazil, the golden *canga* represents what is left of the glacial moraines and débris of a past geological epoch. Finally, to come nearer home, gold is found in the "till" on the flanks of the celebrated Lead hills of Scotland. Quite recently it has been claimed that some of the Californian "gravels" are not gravels in the true sense of the word, but that they are partly due to mud volcanoes, much of the accumulated matters being angular instead of rounded, as they are in riverine deposits.

Whatever the means by which the placer-gold has been conveyed to its present bed, it can only have had one source—mineral veins. At one time it was the fashion to suppose that vein-gold would be found only in quartz rocks of Silurian age; but, though such formations do afford a large proportion of vein-gold, there are many other minerals which carry gold—notably calcite—and scarcely a rock formation in which one could safely predict its absence. As to how the gold got into the mineral veins there are many plausible theories—in solution, by decomposition, by condensation of vapours, &c. Probably all these may have had their share in its production. Certain it is that gold has been found in solution in sea-water, and in native

crystals in the pores of lava which has been ejected within historic times.

Vein-mining entails greater expense than gravel-mining, because the underground workings are more extensive and more difficult; and when the vein stuff has been mined, the hidden gold can only be got out by the aid of costly machinery, designed to execute in a few hours that which, if left to natural agencies, would occupy many years. Thus a percentage of gold that would be remunerative in a placer would not pay in a vein; but veins are more enduring, and now afford the chief supplies of the precious metal.

When all the circumstances are favourable, gold-mining and milling are sufficiently simple operations, but a vast number of enemies arise to trouble the mill man. Two of the worst are known as "float gold" and "floured mercury;" and so many shareholders have been robbed of their dividends by these obstructive agents that they will probably be glad to know something of their birth and history. It must be told, then, that sometimes the gold occurs in particles so infinitesimally minute that they will actually float on running water, and thus get carried away with the refuse, despite all contrivances devised to arrest them. In the case of vein-gold, this evil is often increased by the hammering action of the stamps, which flattens the grains and augments their buoyancy. By the stamping process also the surfaces of the grains get covered with a silicious coat, due to impalpable quartz powder which is hammered into the yielding metal. This skin prevents proper contact between the gold and the mercury, hence such grains escape amalgamation; even gold which has been simply hammered shows, for some inscrutable reason, a very reduced affinity for mercury. Much gold is naturally coated with oxide of iron, or contaminated with a talcose mineral, or with shale oil, or with steatitic matter, all which are more or less inimical. Even dirty water used in the mill will cause an objectionable sliminess which must be guarded against. Then no ore is quite free from sulphurets (compounds of sulphur with the base metals—iron, copper, lead, zinc, antimony), which rapidly destroy the activity of the mercury by dulling its surface and causing it to break up into tiny particles, known as "flouring" or "sickening." Frequently these sulphurets form a considerable portion of the product and contain much of the gold, whose extraction from them is no longer a mere mechanical process, but involves roasting, treating with chemical solutions, and other intricate and delicate operations known to metallurgists. Many a mine really depends for its success upon the adoption of the most suitable method for dealing with the sul-

phurets, and that method is not always discovered in time to save the company from liquidation.

Sufficient has been said to show that modern gold-mining is a highly scientific industry, demanding capital and skill. A rich ore is by no means synonymous with large profits. The presence of gold is a necessary element of success; but equally essential elements are the tractable character of the ore, the situation of the mine, the supply of water and fuel, and the labour question. The problem is a commercial one: how much gold can be got from a ton of ore, and at what cost? To illustrate this by one example. Many mines assaying over 1 ounce (20 pennyweights) of gold per ton have failed to pay. On the other hand, a well-known Australian mine since 1857 has raised over a million tons of quartz, the bulk of which averaged only 6½ dwt. per ton, and some less than 4 dwt.; yet it has yielded gold to a value approaching two million pounds sterling, and has repaid the original capital many times over in dividends.

One of the great charms of gold-mining as an investment is that the market value of the product is constant; there are no fluctuations in the price of gold as there are in those of other metals; hence a soundly-established undertaking can never fail through depressed markets. Only get your gold, and it will sell itself.

C. G. WARNFORD LOCK.

WHAT GREAT EVENTS——I

THAT great events may spring from petty causes is an axiom which has met with general acceptance; and though it is certain that in the political and moral as in the material worlds no great revolution or reform is the efflux of any single or sudden cause, but results from the slow and patient operation of convergent influences which have been at work, perhaps for generations; yet it may, I think, be conceded that the primary cause, if we could trace it, would always seem trivial enough compared with the volume of its consequences. The broad flood of the Thames is fed by many tributary streams; but it flows originally from a little spring in a Gloucestershire meadow. We no longer believe that "Gospel light first shone from Bullen's eyes," for we know that the seeds of the Reformation had been germinating for centuries; but it is true, nevertheless, that Henry VIII.'s passion for that frail beauty was a direct and an active agent in its inception in England. The Mutiny in India, which menaced the security of the empire established by so much courage and sagacity, was induced, no doubt, by grave errors of government and by violent interference with native rights and prejudices; but the unlucky cartridge, lubricated with hog's lard, acted as the spark that ignited the smouldering embers. The image I have used is, I own, a trite one, but it is at least appropriate; for the relation of the obvious cause—the cause which every eye detects, apart from those more subtle causes perceived only by the philosophical historian—to a great historical event, is exactly the relation of the spark to the fire. If there be no fuel prepared for ignition, the spark cannot ignite it, and the fuel cannot kindle into a flame until it is lighted by the spark.

I propose in the following pages to collect from various sources some notes upon great and remarkable events produced, to all appearance, by petty causes. To spare the reader's feelings I shall not go back to the Trojan War, which, if Homer may be credited, had its origin in the weak passion of a profligate young prince for a married lady of unquestionable beauty, but very questionable morals. I shall mercifully confine myself to modern history.

The erudite reader is, of course, acquainted with Tassoni's 'Secchia Rapita" (or Rape of the Bucket)—one of the earliest and best specimens of the mock-heroic—to which Boileau was indebted for the hint of his poem of "Le Lutrin," and Pope, perhaps, for that of his "Rape of the Lock." Its story is that of a small war, which the Bolognese waged for the recovery of the bucket of a well, which the Modenese had carried off. The poet diversifies his subject by amusing parodies of the great poems of Tasso and Ariosto, and he also satirises the affectations of Marino, who had so unfortunate an influence upon our later Euphuists. The event of the captured bucket belongs to 1007, when some soldiers of Modena stole the bucket attached to the public well of Bologna. Pecuniarily, this was an affair of a few shillings; but it served as the pretext for a prolonged and bloody contention, in the later stage of which Enzio King of Sardinia, who had been sent by his father, the Emperor Frederick II., to the assistance of Modena, fell into the hands of the Bolognese. The Emperor offered for his son's ransom a chain of gold long enough to go round the whole city of Bologna—'tis not every father who would value his son at so high a rate!—but the Bolognese were inflexible, and kept their royal prisoner in durance vile until his death some 22 years afterwards. His tomb was to be seen in the Dominican Church at Bologna down to the time of the French Revolution; and in the cathedral tower at Modena was shown the fateful bucket, enclosed in an iron cage.

In 1293 a couple of sailors on the quay at Bayonne, one an Englishman and the other a Norman, fell to quarrelling, and, stabbed by the Englishman's knife, the Norman sailor fell dead. Thereupon the mariners of Normandy made petition to the English governor of Guienne that justice might be done on the murderer, and when no answer was made to their request, resolved to take the law into their own hands.

Shortly afterwards they fell in with an English ship, which they boarded, and by dint of superior numbers captured—hanging up to the yard-arm some of the crew, together with dogs, as an insult, and sending the others back to England to inform their countrymen that this was done to avenge the murdered Norman. In those remote times the English temper was quickly aflame. Dark deeds were done on board any French ship the English seamen could get hold of, more particularly off the shores of the Aunis and the Saintonge. Then the French took to reprisals, and a covert but desperate warfare prevailed for some months before either Edward I. or Philippe le Bel was apprised of it, or, at all events, thought fit to

interfere. But a contest on a larger scale soon converted this nautical feud into an affair of high policy, and embroiled the sovereigns of France and England.

A fleet of 200 Norman trading-ships, bound for the havens of the South to take on board their cargoes of wine, captured on the voyage a considerable number of English vessels, massacring their crews, and amassing an immense booty. When the news reached England, a fleet of 60 sail was rapidly equipped, and despatched to intercept the Normans on their return. A sanguinary battle ensued, in which, after fierce fighting, the Normans were completely defeated, most of their ships being burnt or sunk, and the rest carried home as trophies.

Next an English fleet made a descent with sword and fire on the coast of the Aunis. Rochelle was insulted, its territory invaded and laid waste. Numerous people in town and country were killed. The inhabitants flew to arms to repulse the attack of the enemy.

The two kings were now compelled to interpose. Philip summoned his vassal to arrest those of his mariners who were notorious for their animosity against the Normans, and detain them in the prisons of Périgueux until they could be put on their trial. Edward ignored his Suzerain's demand, but sent the Bishop of London as ambassador to the French monarch, for the purpose of gaining time. Hostilities, meanwhile, continued; each side plundered and destroyed the other's vessels; and, while the English and the Gascons swept clear the seas in the vicinity of their coasts, Edward hastened to fortify Bordeaux, lest the French king should make an attack on Guienne.

It was then Philip's turn to negotiate, and he too chose episcopal ambassadors—the Bishops of Beauvais and Noyon. They invited Edward, as a vassal of the crown of France, to present himself before the court of peers of Paris. Edward was in no mind to fill so humiliating a position; but he sent his brother, Edmund of Lancaster, to visit King Philip, recommending him carefully to avoid, in his conference with the king, aught which might provoke a rupture. In real or simulated wrath Philip would listen to no further evasions, and Edmund was preparing to return to England, when he was detained by Marie of Brabant and Jeanne of Navarre, the mother and the wife of Philip—how often in mediæval times woman appeared as the peace-maker!—who assured him that the king desired nothing more than some public satisfaction which might redeem the honour of his insulted crown. They proposed, therefore, that Edward should pretend to cede to Philip the towns of Saintes, Talmont,

Puymirol, and Montflanquin, by a fictitious contract which should immediately be revoked.

Edmund transmitted the proposal to his brother the king, who was then absorbed in his great project of the conquest of Scotland, and, therefore, by no means disinclined to get rid of the French difficulty by a shadowy compact which would bind him to nothing. In an overplus of confidence, he was not content with subscribing simply the required conditions, but declared that he would also give up to Philip the Duchy of Guienne and its capital.

To carry out the arrangement, the Earl of Lancaster ordered the English governors in Guienne and Saintonge to give up all their places in those two provinces to Ravul de Clermont, Constable of France, but Philip no sooner found himself in possession of them than he again cited Edward before his peers, and condemned him, in default, to lose his fiefs as guilty of felony. Accordingly, all Guienne and the Saintonge were confiscated for the benefit of the Crown of France. And in this way was brought about the great war between England and France, which, with occasional intervals of peace, extended over upwards of a hundred years.

One day in 1473, a day of public merry-making, some of the younger citizens of Sens, with their sons and daughters, were enjoying a game of tacque-main, or touch-hands, in the cool bright evening. An apothecary, named Eudes Bouquet, chanced to pass just as an athletic young man, Gabriel or Garnier Croullant, was the victim: his head wrapped in a cloth, and his big hand open behind his back, he listened to every movement around him; but everybody was afraid to touch him. The apothecary maliciously stole forward with noiseless steps, raised his hand, and lightly touched that of the young artisan. Croullant immediately tore away the cloth, espied the apothecary retreating, and the young girls following him with smiling eyes: "It was Master Bouquet," he cried. "Good! good!" shouted every voice: Eudes Bouquet was fetched back, and required to obey the rules of the game. But the worthy apothecary refused to assume the indispensable posture, and shrank from joining in the pastime of artisans. He darted through the group like an arrow, and, outstripping his pursuers by the speed of his flight, reached the house of his brother-in-law, Jean le Goux. Quick as thought, he shut to the door, scaled the staircase, and hid himself in a remote chamber on the first story. Croullant and some of his friends, however, who had followed up the scent, broke into the house, clambered up the stairs, knocked at the door, and, irritated by Bouquet's refusal to open it, shook it so violently that the lock gave way, and, in a

moment, the pale and trembling apothecary was a prisoner. They were carrying him off by force, when the master of the house, Jean le Goux, aroused by the sound of footsteps and the clamour of voices, issued from a room on the ground floor, and demanded the meaning of the tumult. When explanation was offered, he took the part of his brother-in-law, and ordered the intruders to retire immediately.

This Jean le Goux was a man of about 50, the son of a Sens cordwainer or carrier, who, partly through cleverness and partly through useful work, had risen to the post of notary and secretary to Louis XI. Whether he had abused his influence, and forgotten, perhaps, his origin, I know not; but the chronicles make it clear that he was exceedingly unpopular. His imperious tone and haughty mien increased, instead of appeasing, the excitement of the young men. A body of the females of the district, who had assembled in front of the house, encouraged them to persist, and they bore off Bouquet in triumph.

Le Goux, offended in every inch of his dignity, hurried before the magistrates, told his tale, and made his request. By their order the sergeants of the town proceeded to the scene of the public games, arrested Croullant and two or three of his fellows, and marched them off to the Saint Remy prisons, the nearest, but not the most secure. The news of these arrests spread like wild-fire through the town, and like wild-fire kindled a blaze of indignation. Soon every street which converged upon the mansion of Le Goux was filled with crowds, who grew more and more animated as one man encouraged or stimulated another. The swell of voices—imprecatory, objurgatory, defiant, minatory—kindled the hot blood in every vein; and while the women raised their sharp trebles above the din, appealing to husband or father, son or brother or lover, the men swiftly armed themselves with staves and clubs, with pikes and hammers, forced the prison gates, and, having released Croullant and his comrades, paraded them through the streets with wild shouts of victory. On reaching the house of Le Goux, they halted, and, amid the applause of the multitude, raised a satirical song, which was probably not very refined: popular satire never is.

The magistrates ordered the ringleaders in this riotous proceeding to appear before them, and, addressing them in tones of moderation, pointed out the necessity that law and order should be maintained in the general interest, and invited them promptly to repair the insult they had offered to authority by persuading Croullant and his comrades to return voluntarily to prison. This prudent advice

was rejected ; they feasted Croullant until far into the night, but, by degrees, the town resumed its usual tranquillity.

Not such was the case with the restless brain and malignant temper of Le Goux. The next morning found him more excited and vehement than before ; he considered himself monstrously insulted by the coolness with which the magistrates had treated his statement of wrongs, and therefore appealed to others, his friends and familiars, whom he could manœuvre like puppets, laid his case before them, and spoke bitterly of the way in which he had been denied justice. They professed to investigate the whole affair, and then drew up a report, which Le Goux immediately dispatched to Louis XI., with letters in which he represented that Sens had thrown off the royal authority. The king, in a burst of rage, dispatched a force under Pierre de Bourbon, Lord of Beaujeu, with orders to raze to the ground the rebellious city and put its inhabitants to the sword. Happily, Pierre de Bourbon was a man of just and benevolent temper, who having been secretly apprised of the true aspect of affairs, and the part played by Le Goux, was desirous of saving Sens from the cruel fate imposed upon it. Obeying the royal command, he advanced towards it with his troops on the 24th of April.

Great was the terror of the unfortunate people of Sens. Magistrates, priests, and principal citizens issued forth in procession, and sought to propitiate the king's general by placing in his hands the keys of their town, and humbly soliciting his impartial consideration of the war between them and Le Goux. He took the keys and promised that he would do strict justice. This promise he fulfilled in the spirit and to the letter. Forbidding his soldiers to attempt any act of plunder or outrage, on penalty of instant death, he fixed a day on which the inhabitants and Le Goux were to appear before him. But when the latter perceived that the prince intended to act with impartiality, and had decided that he and Bouquet, his brother-in-law, were the real offenders, he fled away by night, and his place knew him no more. The time and manner of his death, however, are uncertain. Though some authorities say that, like Seneca, he opened a vein, while in his bath, and bled to death, others assert that, eventually, he reconciled himself with his fellow-townsmen, and increased in wealth and honours ; and this, from what one knows of the way of the world, seems a much more probable end for so cunning a fellow as Maistre Jean le Goux.

All this bother came out of a street game—such great events from petty causes spring ! Turn to Genoese history and we shall find

a much more striking illustration. Strange to say, the moving spirit here, too, was an apothecary.

The time is the close of the 18th century, when the principles of the French Revolution were taking hold of the minds of men. Some Genoese citizens in this period of excitement were accustomed to meet at the shop of an apothecary named Morando, to read the news and discuss them. Their meetings came to be so much a matter of course that at length they dubbed themselves the Club Morando. As they were few in numbers the Genoese Government did not interfere, wisely concluding that persecution might probably give the club an importance it would not otherwise acquire.

Meanwhile, the French legions, under Napoleon Bonaparte, suddenly swooped down upon Piedmont and Lombardy. We know what followed. How that Piedmont and Naples hastened to make peace on the young conqueror's own terms; how he overran the plains of Lombardy; how he crushed the Austrian armies on every battle-field; how Mantua surrendered its impregnable place of arms; how Rome trembled at his power; how he dictated the preliminaries of peace with the Emperor under the walls of Vienna. While these events were in progress, a swarm of inflammatory writings propagated revolutionary principles and attacked the tyrannical forms of the mediæval governments. Every day the Club Morando increased in numbers. The administration, perplexed by the dangers and difficulties of the situation, was afraid to adopt any repressive measures lest it should kindle a fire which it would not be easy to extinguish. It confined itself, therefore, to an attitude of suspicion and secret supervision. Such was the state of affairs on the 17th of May, 1797.

For some days the young Genoese patricians had been in the habit of meeting every afternoon on the Plaza dell' Acqua Sola, situated near the ramparts, but outside the town, where they played at "prisoner's base." They had announced a special display for the 17th, at which several French guests were to be present. Among the players the most distinguished was the young Prince of Santa Croce, who had been expelled from Rome for his indiscreet advocacy of the new gospel of liberty.

A rumour soon spread in Genoa that, under pretence of playing at prisoner's base, these impetuous young men intended to represent a contest between the monarchical party and the republican, the result of which was to be the triumph of the former, and the crowning of its chief. Absurd and improbable as such a project necessarily was, some hot-headed persons actually believed in it. A crowd of young people consequently assembled, armed with swords,

pistols, and hunting guns, and proceeded to the Acqua Sola with the intention of preventing the game, and took possession of the ground where it was usually played. The players arrived, and, though they saw the place was occupied, resolved to establish their position. On one side they stretched a blue ribbon, on the other a red, and planted along the course flags of the same colours. Their antagonists then attacked them, drove them off, and seized their flags and ribbons. The players, who were far inferior in number, took to flight, hotly pursued. At the gates of Acqua Sola the guard endeavoured to arrest the course of the pursuers, and a *mêlée* ensued in which a soldier was mortally wounded. Two of them, however, were captured and committed to prison ; and their comrades, to avoid the same fate, thought it advisable to quit the city, which was thrown into a state of great excitement by this remarkable event.

A day or two afterwards, a mob assembled before the hotel of the French ambassador. News of the peace concluded between France and Austria had arrived, and the building was gorgeously illuminated. The minister, on making his appearance, was greeted with cries of "Long live the French Republic!" The eager crowd surrounded him, followed him into his house, thronged the vestibule and the stairs, and solicited him to use his influence with the government to secure the release of the two persons arrested on the 17th. He promised, and the crowd then retired, but only to march tumultuously upon the palace, and thence to the theatre. The theatre was immediately closed, and a detachment of soldiers entrusted with its defence ; but after breaking the windows in and a few Sedan chairs the mob withdrew, and quiet was restored.

This was the prelude, however, to much more violent scenes. About eight o'clock in the morning, on the 22nd, the Corps of Cadetti, on their way to Ponte Reale, where they were to be on guard, began to play the revolutionary air, *Ça ira!* attracting scores of curious and excited people, whose numbers increased all along the road. The music was soon accompanied by voices ; the popular enthusiasm waxed more and more strenuous ; shouts arose of "Long live Liberty! Liberty for ever!" and then the significant cry of "To arms!" A multitude, chiefly of young men of all classes, very badly armed, took possession of the principal gates, such as the Ponte Reale, the Porta San Tommaso, and the Acqua Sola, and also of the moles and the seaward batteries, the regular troops, infantry and artillery, allowing themselves to be disarmed without resistance. Several officers and many of the soldiers joined the insurgents, one body of whom repaired to the Darsena, set the galley-slaves at liberty,

armed them, and made them fall into their ranks. Fortunately, very few of these criminals happened just then to be at Genoa.

At about eleven o'clock in the morning, two hundred revolutionists, with the Abbé Cuneo and the Bernardine Monk Ricolfi at their head, proceeded to the French embassy. The two chiefs had an interview with the minister, whom they requested to accompany them to the palace, to support the demands their countrymen had instructed them to make. They bade him observe that the government were arming a very large number of men for their defence, and, among others, the charcoal vendors and porters, who were devoted to them; that bloodshed would certainly take place; and that the French minister alone could prevent the misfortunes with which Genoa was threatened. The ambassador replied that in his position it was impossible for him to comply with their requests; but that if his intervention with the Genoese government would be productive of any good effect, he would willingly transmit their proposals, and would write to the Senate immediately. Just at this time arrived a representative of the government, to invite, in the name of the Senate, his attendance at the palace, and to solicit his good offices in restoring order in the city. The ambassador complied, and was eagerly pressed by the government to take the responsibility of addressing the people.

The insurgents, meantime, had betaken themselves to the house of the apothecary Morando, who, sixty years old, and ill in bed, was ignorant of the events of this eventful day. They made him get up and dress, and go with them to the Loggia dei Banchi, where the principal body of "patriots" had assembled. There they were joined by the French ambassador, accompanied by some of the nobles, who proposed that the insurgents should appoint four delegates to confer with four members of the government on the measures to be taken to satisfy the people. The delegates chosen were the Abbé Cuneo, the apothecary Morando, the physician Figari, and the physician Vacarezza. So much medical skill ought to have been able to cure all the diseases of the body politic; but the revolutionists would not trust them to the tender mercies of the government until the latter placed six politicians in their hands as hostages; then they agreed to a suspension of arms, and to wait the result of the deliberations of the Senate.

In the city, however, events of a grave character had occurred. The carbonari and porters, some five to six thousand in number, had spread in all directions, had come to blows with the patriots, and got the best of it. The apothecary Morando, one of the popular

delegates, was left alone and unprotected under the Loggia dei Banchi. There he was joined by some of the insurgent chiefs, and al. hastened to the French embassy to shelter themselves from the fury of the carbonari, who were distributed in detachments of fifteen to twenty in every street, and marched to and fro with enthusiastic cries of "Long live Maria, Long live our Prince, Death to the French!" At the outset of the insurrection some of the revolutionists had assumed as a badge the tricolour cockade—an unfortunate distinction which proved fatal to the French. Everybody, Frenchmen or Genoese, who was found wearing this cockade, was immediately seized, stripped, beaten, and dragged by the hair. Two French artillery officers, as they left the embassy, were fired at thrice, but fortunately escaped without injury. The royalist mob arrested them, however, tore off their uniform and epaulettes, and carried them off to prison. Surrounding the embassy, they coolly levelled their muskets at every person who appeared at the windows. They had already set on fire the French consul's house, and, as the disorder increased, all the houses belonging to French tenants were threatened with fire and pillage. When the ambassador prepared to leave the palace with two patricians to announce to the people the decree of the Senate, his passage was resisted by the rabble who had crowded into the palace court. He was surrounded, maltreated, and separated from the patrician representatives. The sounds of musketry and artillery rang through the air; an unarmed Frenchman was set upon and killed, others were stopped and badly used and imprisoned. The ambassador obtained their release, and accompanied them to the presence of the Doge, of whom he demanded that he should be attended to his hotel by a sufficient escort, as well as by a couple of senators and six patricians. The escort was immediately granted.

On returning to his hotel, the ambassador found there the fugitive insurgents. He read them the decree passed by the Senate, and, numerous copies having been made, the patriots were invited by the government and the senators to disseminate them among their comrades and supporters.

The tumult continued to increase, volleys of cannon and musketry became more frequent, the carbonari increased in numbers round the French embassy. The minister again communicated his apprehensions to the government, and demanded that they should guarantee his safe departure from Genoa, throwing upon its members the personal responsibility of whatever might occur.

The government replied that they had no control over the multitude who had armed for their defence, that they could not

protect the departure of the minister now that their troops had ceased to hold the forts of San Tommaso, but that they would send a detachment to protect the ambassadorial residence. In the evening anarchy reigned triumphant, and the government intimated to the minister their desire to send two senators to confer with him on the means of restoring order, but added that they could not ensure their safety; that the fury of the carbonari was beyond all control; that they could neither appease them nor re-establish their own authority until they got possession of the gate of San Tommaso; and that the minister was invited to employ in this direction his best exertions. The latter replied that he was a stranger to all that had passed, that the government knew very well he had no power or influence for the purpose they spoke of, and that it was for the government alone to devise and carry out such measures as the circumstances required.

The tumult lasted until one in the morning; thereafter tranquillity prevailed until daybreak, when the cannonading and musketry recommenced, and on both sides several persons were killed and wounded. The government faction, however, remained in possession of all the gates.

At length the authorities woke up to a sense of their duty; and after much blood had been shed, and many houses plundered and burnt, adopted vigorous repressive measures. The streets were patrolled by troops of the line and bodies of respectable citizens, the galley-slaves were re-arrested and re-placed in chains, and the carbonari were compelled to desist from their outrages. But it was too late. The loss of life and property on the part of the French residents in Genoa supplied the French Republic with a pretext for interfering; with the result that the city was deprived of its independence—a result which, in those days of French aggression, might not long have been delayed, but was unquestionably precipitated by an unlucky game at "prisoner's base."

We see, then, that the pettiest cause may lead to the gravest political events; that a trivial circumstance may deprive an ancient state of its liberties; in like manner, a serious catastrophe may, by as trivial a circumstance, be happily prevented. The reader may, perhaps, be familiar with the curious misadventure which baffled Queen Mary Tudor's project for massacring the Irish Protestants, and nullified the orders which she had issued for this purpose.

A Dr. Cole was selected to carry these important despatches. He arrived at Chester, and was duly visited by the mayor. Over a bottle of wine the two grew talkative, and Cole, drawing from his valise a roll of leather, exclaimed, "There is a commission for

chastising the heretics of Ireland!" It happened that the mayor had a brother in Dublin who was of the reformed faith, and he had the address, when the doctor was in his cups, to open unperceived the roll of leather, extract the commission, and substitute for it a pack of cards, with the ace of clubs uppermost. Dr. Cole, suspecting nothing, replaced his leather roll in his valise, and, embarking on board ship next day, arrived in Dublin on the 7th of October, 1558. He hastened to the Castle, where the Irish Viceroy, Lord Fitzwalter, was sitting in council. After some discussion relative to his commission, he handed the roll to Lord Fitzwalter, whose secretary opened it. Imagine the surprise of those grave statesmen when nothing was found in it but a pack of cards with the ace of clubs uppermost! The doctor asserted that he had received the royal commission, but owned that he could not account for its disappearance. "Go back and procure another," said the viceroy; "meanwhile, we will shuffle the cards." On the doctor's return to London, a second commission was quickly prepared, but Queen Mary died before he could set sail, and the Irish Protestants were saved.

There is a tradition that a mere accident prevented Oliver Cromwell's departure for America, and by so doing changed, it is probable, the whose course of English history. Weary of the persecutions inflicted upon the Puritans, Cromwell, Hampden, Haselrig, and others, had resolved to seek liberty of conscience across the seas. On the 1st of May, 1637, their ships lay at anchor waiting for them to go on board. The king, however, refused to permit them to set sail, and the intended emigrants remained in England, to fight the battle of civil and religious freedom, and condemn King Charles to a traitor's death.

The conspiracy of Cellamare was discovered in a remarkable manner.

The Abbé Porto-Carrero, nephew of the cardinal of the same name, was about to depart for Spain with the son of the ambassador, carrying with him despatches which contained all the secret details of the conspiracy for the information of Alberoni, the Spanish prime minister. The secretaries of the embassy were kept hard at work in preparing them; and one of the secretaries, who was enamoured of a daughter of La Fillon, was soundly rated by her one night for keeping such late hours. He excused himself on the ground of the importance of the despatches, and the necessity he was under of completing them with all possible speed, as two couriers were impatient for them. Hearing these ominous phrases—"important despatches," "impatient couriers"—La Fillon took the alarm, and as she had access

at all times to the cabinet of Cardinal Dubois, she hastened thither immediately. The Regent was at the opera, and no one durst disturb him to obtain his orders, but Dubois knew that he might act for his master, and, on his own responsibility, despatched special messengers to pursue and arrest the two travellers. They were overtaken at Poitiers ; their despatches were seized and immediately sent back to Paris. These despatches revealed the whole plan of the conspiracy, and contained the names of the conspirators and their correspondence. The Regent knew nothing of the danger he had escaped until the following morning, by which time all the Spanish ambassador's papers were in the hands of Dubois, and Cellamare was under arrest.

The moral of this story would seem to be that officials engaged on important work should not live with ladies of doubtful character, nor gossip with them about matters of business.

It is true, however, that, according to some authorities, the plot was discovered in a different manner, which is thus described by M. Charles Nisard: The two travellers were accompanied by a bankrupt banker, whose flight they hoped to procure with the help of a disguise ; but his creditors hunted him down, and, having found the scent, tracked the party to Poitiers. It was in entire ignorance of their importance that they sent back to the cabinet minister the papers they found in the possession of the fugitives, including the despatches which disclosed the conspiracy in all its ramifications.

It may be added that Alberoni's career as a minister was terminated by a curious bit of carelessness. A certain Sieur de Furette, having been obliged to leave France, had entered the Spanish service, and risen into favour with the cardinal. One day a German officer asked the minister for some money. "If you have ten pistoles in your pocket," said Alberoni, turning to Furette, who was close at hand, "lend them to me, and I will repay you." To hear was to obey. A few days afterwards, when Furette was again in attendance, his eminence handed him the ten pistoles wrapped in a piece of paper. Great was the Frenchman's astonishment, on opening out the paper which contained the money, to find it was a letter from the queen sharply censuring the cardinal for certain amorous expressions he had ventured to address to her.

After some hesitation as to what he ought to do with so compromising a document, Furette, who, as a man of the world, could not but see in it the promise of good things for himself in the future, resolved to preserve it, and for greater safety hid it in the lining of his hat.

A time came when Furette, having refused to serve against France, was arrested by the cardinal's order, and shut up in a strong fortress. In his rage he confided the compromising letter to the judge sent to interrogate him, having discovered that this judge bore the cardinal no good will. The judge took care to place it in the king's own hands, with the result that, almost immediately, the cardinal was deprived of his high office and dismissed from court.

Some mystery has always attended the death of Gustavus Adolphus at Lutzen, but historians, I think, are now pretty well agreed that it was not the work of a traitor. A French writer, however, is responsible for a recital of circumstances which, if true, would invalidate this conclusion. He gives as his authority a letter in the Swedish archives, dated January 29, 1725, written by one Andreas Goedging, provost of the chapter of Vexin, in Sweden, to Nicolas Havedson-Dahl, secretary of the archives of that kingdom. It runs as follows :—

"When I was in Saxony in 1687, I discovered, by a fortunate chance, the circumstances attending the deplorable fate of the King Gustavus Adolphus.

"That great prince had ridden forth to reconnoitre the enemy, with no other attendant than a valet. The dense fog which prevailed hindered him from seeing a body of the imperial troops, who fired upon him and wounded him, but not mortally. The valet, while assisting him to return to camp, finished his royal master by a pistol-shot, and carried off a pair of glasses which the prince, who was very short-sighted, made use of constantly. I bought these spectacles of the *doyen* of Namburg. At the time of my sojourn in Saxony, the king's murderer was very old, and approaching his end. The remorse which so atrocious an action naturally occasioned him left him not a moment's repose. He sent for the *doyen*, of whom I have just spoken, and confessed his crime. I learnt these details from the mouth of the *doyen* himself, of whom I bought the spectacles, which I have deposited in the Swedish archives."

I think we may safely conclude that the valet's confession was a fiction.

That most entertaining of gossips, the Duc de Saint-Simon, furnishes an explanation of the origin of the European war of 1683, which is curious in itself, and illustrative of the character both of Louis XIV. and his Minister Louvois. On the death of Colbert Louvois became minister of works. The king had grown tired of Le Petit Trianon, that toy in porcelain, constructed for Madame de Montespan. He was exceedingly fond of building, and, though

deficient in taste, had a good eye for exactness of proportion and symmetry of parts. It is probable that, with proper training, *le Grand Monarque* might have become a decent architect.

The château had just risen above the ground, when Louis, one day, in the course of his examination of the progress made by the workmen, discovered a defect in one of the windows which had been completed on the ground floor. Louvois, who was naturally rough, and had been so spoiled that he could with difficulty bear any check from his master, disputed long and loud, maintaining that the window was all right. The king turned his back upon him and proceeded to some other part of the building.

That day he met the celebrated architect, Le Nôtre, distinguished for the splendour of his gardens, which he was just introducing into France. "Have you been to Trianon?" said the king. "No, sir," was the reply. Louis then explained the defect he had noticed, and requested him to visit Trianon and see if it were not as he asserted. On the morrow, the same question and the same answer. On the third day, the same question and answer. Louis, perceiving that the architect was equally afraid to find him in the wrong or Louvois in the right, broke into a royal fit of wrath; he commanded him to repair on the following day to Trianon, adding that he would meet him there, and order Louvois to attend also.

There was no longer any means of escape; and on the fourth day the king saw them both at Trianon. The window was immediately the subject of discussion. Louvois argued with his usual fluency. Le Nôtre said not a word. At length the king commanded him to take the proper measurements and announce the result. While he was thus engaged, Louvois, annoyed at the verification, grumbled loudly, and swore that the window was in every respect like to its fellow. "Is it not so?" he inquired of Le Nôtre, when he had finished his measurements. Le Nôtre began to stammer and hesitate. The king waxed angry, and ordered him to speak out plainly. Then Le Nôtre acknowledged that the king was right, and pointed out in what particulars the window fell off from the proper standard. Turning towards Louvois, Louis warmly expressed a hope that he would no longer persist in his obstinacy; but for his criticism, he said, the château would have been built all crooked, and he would have been compelled to pull it down immediately it was finished—in a word, he rated him soundly.

Louvois, indignant at this outburst, of which courtiers, workmen, and valets had been witnesses, returned to his own rooms in a fury.

He found there some of his most intimate friends, who were much alarmed to see him in such a condition.

"It is all over," said he; "I am out of favour with the king, or he would not have treated me in such a fashion about a paltry window. I have no resource but a war, which will turn him from his buildings and render me indispensable; and, *parbleu*, he shall have it!"

And, in effect, a few months afterwards, he kept his word; and, unhappily, succeeded in involving Europe in a general conflagration, ruining the internal resources of France, without extending her dominion or her fame, and by the sufferings which he brought upon her people sowing the seeds of the revolution which destroyed the French monarchy—and all because he disputed with his king the exact measurement of a window!

The history of campaigns would afford numerous instances of battles in which a trivial incident has prevented a defeat and converted it into a victory, or nearly converted a victory into a defeat.

On October 14, 1702, the battle of Frislingen was won by Marshal de Villars under the following circumstances: The cavalry were struggling in the plain, and the French infantry, having scaled the hills in their front, attacked the German regiments, strongly intrenched on their wooded summits, with such desperate valour that they carried all before them. Villars afterwards was fond of relating how, in the moment of triumph, as he marched at the head of his victorious columns, a voice exclaimed, "We are cut off!" Immediately his troops broke and fled. He gallopped after them, crying, "Allons, mes amis, la victoire est à nous; vive le roi!" The soldiers replied, "Vive le roi!" but in evident dejection, and it was with the greatest difficulty he succeeded in rallying the conquerors. Had a couple of the enemy's regiments attacked in this moment of panic, the French would have been beaten. Such is the influence of chance on the final issue of great battles!

If the accident of a poltroon's exclamation nearly cost Villars a decisive victory, to circumstances as frivolous and unforeseen he owed the yet more decisive and more brilliant victory of Denain.

Prince Eugène had laid siege to Landrecies. It is said that his lines were extended too far; that his depôt at Marchiennes was too distant; and that General Albemarle, who was posted at Denain between Marchiennes and the Prince's camp, was not within reach of immediate succour, if attacked. It is added that Marchiennes was chosen as a depôt simply because it was the temporary residence of a beautiful Italian, whose charms exercised over Eugène a powerful influence.

Those who delight in attributing events to singular causes, says a French authority, pretend that a curé and a councillor of Denain, while walking together towards their quarters, first conceived the idea that Denain and Marchiennes might easily be taken. The curé communicated their plan to the intendant of the province, and he to the Marshal de Montesquiou, who commanded under Villars. The general-in-chief approved of it heartily, and executed it successfully, by throwing Prince Eugène off the scent.

A corps of dragoons was thrown forward in sight of the imperialist camp, as if intending an attack; and while the dragoons afterwards fell back towards Guise, the Marshal advanced upon Denain with his army in five columns. He forced the intrenchments of Albemarle, which were defended by seventeen battalions; every man was made prisoner or killed. Prince Eugène hastily marched towards the scene of action with what troops he could collect, but arrived too late; and in an attack which he ordered on the bridge of Denain, then in the hands of the French, suffered severely, so that he was compelled to return to his camp.

The French carried, with great rapidity, all the posts towards Marchiennes, along the Scarpe; and pressed the siege of Marchiennes with so much vivacity that at the end of three days it surrendered, with all the stores of food and military *matériel* which the Germans had collected for the campaign. The Prince's army retired, weakened by the loss of fifty battalions, of which forty had been taken prisoners between the battle of Denain and the end of the campaign. These successful movements materially contributed to hasten the conclusion of the Peace of Utrecht, in April, 1713.

I have been assured, writes the President Hénault, that Marlborough, who was then at Aix-la-Chapelle, on receiving a letter from Prince Eugène, enclosing a plan of his position, immediately despatched a courier to point out to him the hazard to which it exposed him; but the courier arrived too late. *Too late!* the fatal words which Time so frequently endorses on the records of human enterprise.

Grimm attributes the defeat of Admiral Byng before Minorca to a curious incident. He says that the Chevalier de Lorenzi, groping among the refuse which had collected during the English occupation of Minorca, discovered in a corner the signal-book of the British Fleet. After examining and making sure of his prize, he sent it to the Prince de Beauvau, who placed it in the hands of the Marshal de Richelieu. At first some suspicion was entertained, but, when the sea-fight began, it was soon apparent that the English followed their

signals exactly, and the French admiral was thus enabled to anticipate all their manœuvres, and, in the end, to compel the unfortunate Byng to retire. If the signal-book had not been lost and found, Byng might never have been shot, *pour encourager les autres !*

The story goes that a word of doubtful meaning in the Treaty of Utrecht cost the French their colony of Canada ; while one of the boldest enterprises ever attempted for the purpose of recovering it failed through a *contretemps* which no one could have anticipated. In the "Souvenirs et Portraits" of the Duc de Lévis, we read :—

After the death of the brave but unfortunate Montcalm, the duke, then only the Chevalier de Lévis, had assumed the command-in-chief of the French army in Canada. The capture of Quebec, the result of the victory won by the genius and consecrated by the death of Wolfe, had compelled him to fall back to Montreal, the chief town of Upper Canada, where he established his winter quarters. Having been informed, early in the following spring, that the British held Quebec with great carelessness, he resolved to attempt a surprise. He made his preparations with the greatest secrecy ; and, embarking his artillery in boats so soon as the ice broke up, ascended the river with a body of picked troops, and, without being discovered, arrived within a few leagues of Quebec. Then an iceberg, or floe, which was drifting with the current, struck against and capsized one of the boats with the artillery. All the crew were drowned, with the exception of a sergeant, who clung to the floating ice, and was carried by it, half dead with cold, under the walls of the fort. The sentinel, perceiving with astonishment that he was a Frenchman, gave the alarm, and his comrades, arriving on the scene, demanded of the castaway who he was, and whence he came. He could not reply. They placed him in a warm room ; he rallied his energies, and soon recovered enough strength to own that he belonged to the army of the Chevalier de Lévis, which the English supposed to be resting tranquilly in winter quarters, and yet was only a few leagues distant. Soon afterwards he expired.

The governor sent out spies, reinforced his posts, and determined his scheme of defence. The chevalier's expedition was foiled of its object ; but fate had reserved for him additional troubles. His troops captured ten small trading ships ; unfortunately, they carried cargoes of rum and brandy, and to a soldier who has made a forced march of some days, it is useless to speak of moderation. The hogsheads were driven in, and in less than an hour the little army was not only drunk, but dead drunk ; and must have been destroyed if the English had known of their condition. The French general, in this

terrible position, armed his officers and made them patrol round the camp to prevent any communications being opened up; at the same time he wrote to the governor of Quebec that, seeing that his attempt had been discovered, he would retire, but that he recommended to his mercy two hundred sick, whom he could not remove, and had left in the hospital outside the town. The governor, supposing the chevalier to be on his guard, offered no attack, and the French, having sobered down, retired without loss, owing to the prudence of the measures taken by their general.

According to the same Monsieur de Lévis, the active part taken by France in the American War of Independence was due to the pressure applied to the minister Maurepas by Beaumarchais, who had engaged in a big speculative transaction with the Colonists.

The king was disposed to wait before he declared war and despatched his forces. But this prudent resolution gave way before the influence which Maurepas exercised over his mind, and Beaumarchais over Maurepas.

Beaumarchais had purchased for a song in Holland some 60,000 muskets, and disposed of them at an enormous advance, but upon letters of credit, to the American agents in Paris. Now, if the Americans were defeated, he would lose both his guns and his money. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ!* But the witty creator of "Figaro" was a great favourite with M. de Maurepas, and for his own personal benefit contrived to persuade him to assist the American colonists, and declare war against England.

In the singular pamphlet, long ascribed to Mirabeau, "L'Espion Dévalisé," occurs an amusing yet significant anecdote, which, as it is adopted by the "Biographie Universelle," may, I suppose, be accepted as authentic.

When Louis XV. was king of France, and the astute and unscrupulous Duc de Choiseul his minister, there was much talk about colonising that part of Guiana which lies on the river Kooroo. A couple of adventurers, Baudet and Chauvalon, and a simple-minded Utopian theorist, the Chevalier de Turgot, were the moving spirits of the enterprise. The minister, influenced by Baudet, willingly adopted the scheme; but there were difficulties in the way of obtaining the royal sanction, and the nomination of the chevalier as governor of the projected colony.

No one at court knew the chevalier, who had never been accustomed to mix in Parisian society; but his name had been borne by some admirable officials, and preserved a well-merited reputation.

When the minister first saw the chevalier, he felt embarrassed by the general ignorance respecting him, and blurted out, "Is it long since you were in this part of the country?" "I cannot remember," said the chevalier, meekly. "Does the king know you by sight or by name?" "I cannot say."

"Well, the first thing to be done is to bring you under the king's notice, for I must tell you that his Majesty does not like anyone to be proposed to him for office of whom he has not heard previously. It is not that he has any particular wish to refuse, but it wounds his *amour-propre*. However, all kings are alike; they don't want the trouble of anything, and yet wish to have the air of knowing everything. When a piece of news is carried to the King of Spain, he immediately says, often before the informant has opened his mouth, 'I know it.'"

"What am I to do then?" inquired the chevalier. "You? By faith, I am in a mess! The deuce take it! Don't you know a single soul at Marly or Saint-Germain?" "Ah, yes, at Saint-Germain. I know the Duc d'Ayen's head gardener there." "*Peste!* why did you not say so before?" "And at Trianon I know Richard." "No, no, Saint-Germain is the thing! Now, I can manage your business; adieu!"

Three weeks passed, and the chevalier heard nothing. He thought all his hopes were blasted, when the Duc de Choiseul sent him a message that he must come at once to Versailles to be presented. "I thought, Monsieur le Duc, that you had forgotten me." "No; but it took me some time to bring the affair round." "And how did you manage it?" "Oh, I spoke of you to the Duc d'Ayen. He told me that he did not know you. Then I spoke of his gardener, his gardens, his plants, finally of Cayenne, of your hopes and my views, and the Duc d'Ayen understood me." "And what has *he* done?" "I don't know; but the day before yesterday he told me that I could propose your name to the king. And yesterday I chatted with his Majesty by the fire after he had risen. He assured me that he knew you very well; that you had genius, new ideas, conceptions. . . . Oh! you will be very well received; but let us make haste."

The chevalier follows the duke, and they enter the royal cabinet. After prayers the king goes round the circle of courtiers. "Ah," he says to the duke, "I see the Chevalier de Turgot, a man of intellect, of ideas——" "Sire, this is the commandant of Cayenne." The king smiles, passes on, and the minister follows his master. The chevalier retires radiant, but feels bound to offer his thanks to the

Duc d'Ayen. "I was not aware, Monsieur le Duc, of all I owed you, but M. de Choiseul has told me how greatly I am indebted, and I am the more flattered, because, not having the honour to be known to you personally, I had the less reason to hope for your esteem." "Oh, is it settled then?" "Yes, Monsieur le Duc." "Have you just come from the presence?" "Yes." "Have you saluted the king?" "The king came to me, named me, recognised me—which is extraordinary, for he had never seen me before. You must have spoken of me to his Majesty in the most obliging terms; for his demeanour was very gracious, and I have been told that generally he passes straight by you without a glance." "Oh, yes, he would not fail to recognise you; I told him that you were blind of one eye." At this the chevalier makes a grimace; the Duc d'Ayen perceives it, and goes on to say: "I had spoken to him also of your personal qualities." "Yes, *that* I could not fail to discover, for the king said I was a man of genius, of new views, of conceptions ——" and the chevalier proceeds to describe all his plans, entering into every detail, persuaded that, in concert with the Duc de Choiseul, the Duc d'Ayen has expounded them to the king, and concluding with fervent expressions of thanks.

"Yes," resumes the Duc d'Ayen, after this elaborate harangue, "last week, I seized a happy moment to speak of you to the king; it was at Choisy, during supper. Chauvelin asked me for a *filet de faisan à la tartare.* I told him he had made an excellent choice. He ate it, pronounced it capital, and, as the king knows him to be a gourmand, he asked me immediately for the other *filet.* The thought occurred to me to speak of you, and I told the king I had found it supremely good when prepared *à la turque.* 'Where?' inquired his Majesty. 'At my own house, sire, at Saint Germain. The Chevalier de Turgot gave the recipe to my gardener, and my gardener succeeded with it wonderfully.' 'I must have it,' said the king. He has already forgotten all about it, but I am not surprised that he received *you* well."

The poor chevalier does not know with what sauce to eat this fish: embarrassed, ashamed, blushing, he stands silent. "Ha," cried the Duke, "does this astonish you? I see that you did not know—you are new—yet at your age—well, every day we render this kind of service to the ministers. The king has a passion for knowing names; as loyal subjects we must consult his wishes; happy to have been able to contribute to your satisfaction." And he shows him to the door.

In the internal communications of France an important part is

played by the Canal de Languedoc, the project of which was submitted by the Signor Riquetti to the great statesman and financier, Colbert, and received his approval after a careful and prolonged examination. Everything was soon put in order for the commencement of this great work—no, not everything—alas ! there were no funds. Riquetti applied for some advances, but Colbert at the time was in despair from the exhausted state of the national treasury, and informed him that he not only could not give him a sou, but that he could not assist him even with his credit.

Riquetti was not to be baffled, and drew upon his resources of invention. He told the minister that since he could not come to his assistance, he had thought of an infallible method for raising the necessary money if he would sanction it. What was it? Riquetti replied simply that when he was renewing the agreements with the contractors, or farmers-general, who farmed the taxes for a certain sum yearly, he (Riquetti) might be allowed to enter his cabinet. Colbert at once consented.

And so it happened that, a few days afterwards, the minister presiding over a meeting of farmers-general, Riquetti turned the key, entered the cabinet, and seated himself in a corner, without saying a word to anyone, or anyone saying a word to him.

He remarked, as he had anticipated, a good deal of disquietude on the countenances of these gentlemen at his appearance. They naturally concluded that he would not have used so much liberty had he not been one of the minister's confidential agents employed to investigate important State affairs, and they judged that it would be to their advantage to secure his good-will.

When the sitting came to an end, some of them accosted him and endeavoured to ascertain how he had secured the *entrée* of the minister's cabinet, and to what purpose he used it. He replied coldly that he wished to see for himself how they conducted affairs, and quitted them abruptly : a proceeding which confirmed their opinion that Riquetti enjoyed the minister's confidence, and must be bought.

At the second meeting of the farmers-general a similar scene was enacted. Riquetti was again accosted, but no more questions were put to him. They spoke to him of his canal, of its certain utility, of his genius as an engineer, and ended by offering him an advance of 200,000 francs. Turning his back upon them, he replied as brusquely as before that he was in no need of money.

Under ordinary circumstances such an answer might be accepted as meaning exactly what was said, but in Riquetti's case the con-

tractors were quick to see that it signified the amount named was not sufficient. So at the close of the third meeting they proposed to him a loan of 500,000 francs. Then, indeed, the countenance of Riquetti brightened, and he thanked these gentlemen warmly, adding, however, that he would not accept their offer without the minister's consent. He re-entered the cabinet and put Colbert in possession of all that had passed. He could not refrain from laughing heartily at the stupidity of the farmers-general, and the adroitness of Riquetti ; but he told the latter that he might take the money proffered.

These five hundred thousand francs represented the capital first expended on the Canal de Languedoc—one of the finest works of its kind, at least before the days of Suez and Panama and Manchester Ship Canals—which greatly enriched Riquetti and his descendants, and proved to a large district of France a source of commercial activity and increasing wealth.

In the great sea-fight of "the glorious first of June," the "Marlborough," a ship of 74 guns, was surrounded by French vessels, and she suffered so severely that, being wholly dismasted and torn about the spars and rigging, with her captain and second lieutenant wounded, some of the crew began to talk of striking her colours. "No, no," said the first lieutenant, overhearing them, "I'll be d——d if she shall ever surrender, and I'll nail her colours to the stump of her mast." The jaded seamen still looked dispirited, when a cock, which had got free from its broken coop, suddenly perched on the stump of the mainmast, clapped his wings and crowed aloud. As if by magic the men immediately recovered their spirits and renewed the fight with such determination that they compelled one of their big assailants to haul down the tricolour, and in no small measure contributed to Lord Howe's famous victory.

One of the most successful naval battles before the days of Nelson was Rodney's encounter with the Spanish fleet, under Don Juan de Langara (January 16,1780), in which the Spaniards were completely defeated. This was followed by his great victory over the French, under the Comte de Guichen in May, 1780. Then came his still greater victory over the Comte de Grasse, on the 12th of April, 1782, when he first performed the manœuvre of breaking the enemy's line. Humanly speaking, these three victories were due to a loan of one thousand louis which the Maréchal Biron advanced to Rodney, when he was lying a prisoner for debt in one of the prisons of Paris, or, if not actually a prisoner—and accounts differ—was in imminent danger of arrest, and compelled to hide from "the myrmidons of the law."

Writing to his wife, the reckless sea-captain says: "I have this day accepted of the generous friendship of the Maréchal Biron, who has advanced one thousand louis in order that I may leave Paris without being reproached." It was not unnatural, perhaps, that four years later, when the intelligence of Rodney's decisive defeat of De Grasse reached Paris, the populace should be excited against the Maréchal and should reproach him with having been to a certain degree the author of the calamity. The Maréchal, it is said, replied that he gloried in the man whose deliverance he had effected, and in the victory which he had so nobly won. If he really made such a speech we must confess that his chivalry seems to have been a stronger impulse than his patriotism.

W. H DAVENPORT ADAMS.

BEAU BRUMMELL.

THE character of Beau Brummell is generally misrepresented. True he was a fop, or "masher," but he was much more than this. He had talent, and knew how to use it, as is evidenced by the fact that he raised himself from an humble position in life to be a companion of, and to be almost feared by, princes.

He was born in 1778. His grandfather was a confectioner, whose son got a Government appointment, and was able to send the Beau to Eton and Oxford. Of course the only profession he could enter was that man-millinery affair, the 10th Hussars. So little did he know of the business of an officer that on parade he never could find his troop. Fortunately there was a soldier in it who had a great blue nose, which served as his beacon and his guide. One day the soldier was absent, and Brummell, late as usual, was looking out for him. The old colonel thundered, "Why don't you find your troop?" "Why, sir," said the imperturbable Brummell, "I am looking for my nose." At last he gave up the army. The regiment was ordered to Manchester, and he really had to draw the line at that. On one occasion Brummell thought, or pretended to think, himself invited to somebody's country seat, and being given to understand, after one night's lodging, that he was in error, he told a friend in town, who asked him what sort of place it was, that it was an "exceedingly good place for stopping one night in." Manchester seemed to him not to be good enough to stop even one night in.

On leaving the army he set up as a gentleman at large, and became supreme in the fashionable world. His judgment was final, but not always easy to follow, as when, in answering a reference made to him as to what sum would be sufficient to meet the annual expenditure for clothes, he said, "that, with a moderate degree of prudence and economy, he thought it might be managed for eight hundred per annum." In his own person Brummell realised the perfection of dress—that is, that if you had seen him you would not have noticed how he was dressed. Three hundred cravats would be tried to obtain the proper wrinkle. Believing that the man who

made the fingers of his gloves could not make the thumbs, he had two artists for the purpose. Walking down Bond Street with a nobleman, he suddenly stopped, and looked at the other's feet. "What do you call these?" he said. "Shoes," replied the other. "Oh! I thought they were slippers."

All that concerned the king of fashion was talked about and excited interest. Having taken into his head at one time to eat no vegetables, and being asked by a lady if he had never eaten any in his life, he thought deeply awhile, and then, with intense ponderousness, said he believed he had once—eaten a pea. Compare with this his reply when somebody condoled with him upon a supposed matrimonial failure. He smiled, with an air of better knowledge upon that point, and said, with a sort of indifferent feel of his neckcloth, "Why, sir, the truth is, I had great reluctance in cutting the connection; but what could I do? [Here he looked deploring and conclusive.] Sir, I discovered that the wretch positively ate cabbage!" Being met limping and asked what was the matter, he said he had hurt his leg, and "the worst of it is, it is my favourite leg."

Somebody inquiring where he was going to dine next day, was told that he really did not know: "they put me in a coach and take me somewhere." And yet he considered that he conferred no small honour upon anyone with whom he did dine, as will be seen from the following. Having borrowed some money from a City beau, whom he patronised in return, he was one day asked to repay it; upon which he thus complained to a friend: "Do you know what has happened?" "No." "Why, do you know, there's that fellow Tompkins, who lent me five hundred pounds; he has had the face to ask me for it, and yet I called the dog 'Tom,' and let myself dine with him!" His impudence was sublime. After dining with some old squire, he asked, "Who is going to have the honour of taking me to the Duchess of So-and-So's?" "Why, you will go in my carriage," said the host. "But what will *you* do?" said Brummell; "you can't get up behind, and you can't be my *vis-à-vis*." Being asked if he liked port, he said, with an air of difficult recollection, "Port? Port?—oh,—*port*!—oh, ay! what, the hot, intoxicating liquor so much drunk by the lower orders?" Speaking lightly of a man, and wishing to convey his maximum of contempt, he said, "He is a fellow, now, that would send his plate up twice for soup."

Last summer used to remind me of one of his sayings. On being asked by a friend, during an unseasonable summer, if he had ever seen such a one, "Yes," replied Brummell, "last winter."

But his own summer did not last long. It was on the mid-

summer day of it, so to speak, that he is said to have declared he would order the Prince Regent to ring a bell. "George, ring the bell," he said. Even the Prince's endurance could not stand that. He rang the bell, and—ordered "Mr. Brummell's carriage." So the story goes, but it seems to belong not to Brummell, but to a young sailor highly connected, who told the Prince to ring the bell. He did it; and when the servant came, he said, "Take that poor little drunken fool off to bed." The real cause of estrangement was Mrs. Fitzherbert, who took a dislike to Brummell, and expressed it to the Prince. But Brummell had his revenge, as shown in the well-known anecdote of Brummell asking a companion, whom the Prince had addressed in Brummell's presence without noticing him, "Who's your fat friend?" At another time he said that, if the Prince didn't mind what he was about, he would bring old George III. into fashion again.

Brummell was extinguished by impecuniosity. He had great bills for washing, soap, eau de Cologne, blacking, and gloves; so he wrote to his friend Scrope Davies: "Dear Davies,—All my money is in the Three per Cents. Send me some." His friend replied: "Dear Brummell,—All mine is in the Three per Cents. Can't be done."

As his kingdom could not be carried on without money, the king of dandies abdicated. He went off by night, setting like the sun in glory. From the opera he departed for Dover, and landed in Calais. "The effects of a gentleman declining housekeeping" were disposed of; and Brummell's brought immense sums. In one of the many snuff-boxes that were sold was found a slip of paper with these words, "This snuff-box was intended for his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, if he had conducted himself with propriety towards me."

This is the way Brummell spent his day at Calais. He rose at nine, took coffee, and read the *Morning Chronicle* till twelve. At twelve to a minute, he came out in his flowered dressing-gown, and in majesty crossed the passage which led to his sanctum to dress for company. This solemn operation occupied two hours. Then he held his levée to receive company. At five o'clock he dined. He had now to submit to the degradation of drinking beer, for which awful vulgarity he apologised to himself by pretending it was good for his little complaints. The rest of the evening he spent quietly with his dog Gyp. He was fond of animals, and one day made an honest confession to a lady, "If I saw a man and a dog in danger, *and if nobody was looking*, I would rather save the dog than the man."

George IV. was passing through Calais, and, recognising the

Beau, exclaimed, "Good God! there's Brummell." There is a story that the King asked the Consul for his snuff-box. That functionary, not being a snuffer, borrowed one of Brummell. The King knew it to be his; so he took a pinch, put a £100 note in it, and sent it back. Brummell took the money. He was not nice about some things, even though he carried about with him a silver spitting-dish; for "no gentleman could spit in clay."

Through the influence of his friends, Brummell was after some time appointed British Consul for Lower Normandy. Though heavily in debt he was invited, before leaving Calais, to subscribe for the erection of an Episcopal chapel. What was his answer? "Really, I am very sorry that you didn't call last week; for it was only yesterday I became a Catholic. However, put me down for 100 francs." He never paid the money, and when invited to meet the Bishop at dinner he excused himself in this admirably truthful letter: "You must excuse me not having the pleasure to dine with you and the trustees of the Church Establishment this day. I do not feel myself sufficiently prepared in spirit to meet a bishop, or in pocket to encounter the plate after dinner; moreover, I should be a fish out of water in such a convocation."

At last he set off for Caen, with one attendant. When this man got back he was asked, "I suppose you found Brummell a very pleasant companion?" "Oh, very pleasant, indeed." "Yes, but what did he say?" "Say, sir? why nothing; he slept the whole way." "And you call that pleasant. Perhaps he snored?" "Well, sir, he did; but I must say he snored very much like a gentleman." The man's whole soul was filled with the privilege he had enjoyed in having been snored at by Brummell.

At Caen the Beau was pestered with all sorts of people, wishing to make his acquaintance. One lady was his peculiar horror; and she, watching her opportunity, as he was leaving the hotel, called to him to come up and "take tea." He looked at her with his calm eye: "Madame, you take medicine; you take a walk; you take a liberty; but, madame, you *drink* tea."

On one occasion Brummell drew, in reference to himself, a prophetic pun-picture of "the broken beau"—Cupid weeping over his shattered weapon. Sooner than perhaps he expected it was realised. Blow after blow began now to fall upon him. First the consulate was abolished, and then he had a stroke of paralysis. But the first touch of paralysis was of another kind—the bailiffs. The Beau fled to the bed-room of his landlady; he went further—he got into the wardrobe, and there, from amongst the faded contents, he cried,

"Madame, do for goodness' sake come and take out the key." A considerable sum of money was sent by friends in England, but even of this he was not careful, and when it was at an end the Beau was imprisoned by his creditors. Soon he had to write begging-letters for food. "You will be the best of beings if you will renew your benefaction *en forme de gâteau*." His degradation was complete. The man of three shirts a day was reduced to one a month. He who "cut" a man for cutting his nails in his presence, in default of a towel had to rub himself down with his dirty shirt. He had even to take to black cravats. His memory began to fail, and urchins in the street to mock him. A lady of distinction came *incognito* to see him, and went off in tears. He dreamt away his time by the fire, and now and then had the door flung open and "the Duchess of Devonshire" announced, going through all the routine of the world he had left. At length he became so filthy that hire would not procure attendance; and struggling, shrieking, and weeping, thinking that he was about to be carried off to prison, he was removed to the Bon Sauveur, where he was tenderly nursed by Sisters of Mercy. He died on March 30, 1840, aged sixty-two years.

See how the world its veterans rewards!

On one occasion Brummell told a friend that he was reforming his way of life. "For instance," said he, "I sup early; I take a—a—little lobster, an apricot puff or so, and some burnt champagne about twelve; and my man gets me to bed by three." Pity that his reformation never seems to have been more serious than this!

E. J. HARDY.

THE FRUIT-GROWING MYTH.

NO lovelier sight can be imagined than an orchard laden with golden fruit at that time of the year when the rapidly shortening evenings and the falling temperature warn that the short, uncertain summer of our northern latitude is swiftly approaching its close, unless it is an orchard in the mild climate of Devon or Somerset at the end of April or beginning of May, when every spray is a mass of delicately-tinted white blossoms, and the banks and the turf are carpeted with primroses and violets. What an anxious time it is then with the gardener: the promise of the year literally hangs trembling in the balance—a sharp night's frost, a stiff gale, and the blossoms are cut off! and the ground, strewn with their withered remains, tells him that his labour and thought will have no return, and that he must be content to wait another year for better fortune. In the rich retentive clays of Herefordshire and Worcestershire the hedgerows, the gardens, and the fields groan beneath their beautiful burden in September, and it is hard to believe that those golden spheres are too often like Dead Sea apples, beautiful and tempting to the sight, but bitter and sickening to the taste. Ah! were only the sky serener and the temperature higher, September on the Welsh borders would leave nothing to desire; but unfortunately the black clouds, the falling leaves, and the chilly air make one long for lands where the heavens wear a more smiling face. God seems so much nearer in the country than in the town. In a sweet English village, in summer, how often the thoughts of the Christian rise to Him, who in His goodness has given us such indescribable blessings, such exquisite beauty!

The earlier part of my life was passed in a small village a few miles from Birmingham. The house where I lived had large fruit gardens attached to it, besides a flower garden and a small paddock or two, and, as I was the only child, and there was a good deal of fruit, to which I had unrestricted access, it was only natural that the appetite for fruit, which I possessed in common with all children, should be so strengthened by long indulgence that, though childhood is long passed, I find no other food so agreeable. I was a very little boy when I first tried my

hand, not at first successfully, at the cultivation of fruit, and during many leisure hours learnt something of this useful art. I was too young to understand all that passed before me; but, looking back on those distant days, I can recall many facts that would be of immense service were good fortune to put a large garden once more in my way. To some of these lessons I shall direct the reader's attention.

There is no other road to success than this—patient, unwearying, intelligent application. "Everything you see," said Archbishop Sancroft to a friend who visited him in his garden, "is the work of my own hands, though I am bordering on eighty years of age." He had only an old woman to weed, and a man to dig. "But for the nicer work," he continued, "I trust to no other hand but my own, so long, at least, as my health will allow me to enjoy so pleasing an occupation."

The importance of a constant and liberal fruit supply has hardly received the attention it deserves, though at last quite an animated correspondence has gone on in the *Times*. Of late years much more land has been devoted to nursery gardens and orchards, and the yearly agricultural returns show the large increase going on in the area employed in this way. People are beginning to understand that their diet can be agreeably varied by the addition of a considerable amount of fruit, and there does seem a chance that more fruit will come into the markets, of the great towns at any rate, partly from abroad, and partly from our own country. It is a serious drawback, however, that small country towns and little villages, where fruit and vegetables might be looked for in profusion, are precisely the places where the fruit-lover, unless rich enough to have a large garden—a most costly luxury, by the way—must not live.

The craving of children, and grown-up people too, for fruit, shows that it is man's natural food. Why, it is thought almost venial of schoolboys to break into an orchard to get some apples and pears. Few well-informed people will differ from me when I say that our homely bush fruits are among the most delicious, perhaps the most delicious, in the whole world. What can compare with the strawberry, the raspberry, large luscious gooseberries, fine fleshy cherries, especially white-hearts, white currants, well-ripened greengages, nectarines, and peaches? Certainly not the insipid, spongy banana, the pomegranate, and the custard fruit. And yet, in spite of its wholesomeness, pleasant flavour, and tempting appearance, really good fruit is, taking the country as a whole, comparatively scarce and dear. Why is this?

The importance of an abundant and constant fruit supply in

villages and small country towns must be my excuse for harping on this matter. No dweller in a great town can, in these days, understand, without an effort, the scarcity of fruit in country places. A whole summer may be passed in a village, some distance from a large town, without the residents seeing, much less tasting, strawberries and raspberries, and during the past summer I only once or twice had a few of the former offered me. The prices ruling in country districts are not only high, but absurdly so, and for weeks there may be a complete fruit famine, and none whatever to be got.

It makes the mouth of a resident in a small country town water when he chances to walk along the streets of a great city in the fruit season. He may have read that the market is glutted: he has heard perhaps that plums are rotting, and apples and pears dropping unheeded from the trees, and that the wholesale price is so low that it does not pay to gather and pack the fruit. But unless he chances to be living in the wonderful place where it is so abundant, or has a large garden, his experience is totally different. Perhaps there is no pretence at a market in his neighbourhood, and when he wants fruit he has serious difficulty in hearing of anyone with some to dispose of; and when he does alight on such a person he is disgusted to find that the prices asked are very much higher than the newspapers have led him to expect rule the market.

Two years ago, on the 28th of August, I was in Birmingham, and, as is usual at that season, every greengrocer's shop was well stocked with large egg plums, and I saw excellent fruit, some at two pounds for three halfpence, while other samples fetched one penny a pound. Later in the day I was at Cheltenham, which is near a splendid fruit country, though it is not well supplied with cheap fruit. The same kind of plums were fetching twopence halfpenny the pound; and in the evening, when I reached my residence in a charming and rapidly growing old town in the loveliest part of Dorset, surrounded by pleasant country, and blessed with a climate that for warmth and brightness surpasses anything in the Midlands, egg plums were sixpence a dozen, and not many to be got even at that price. A few days later a farmer's wife in Holt Forest refused eightpence a dozen for large red plums, asserting that it did not pay her to grow them at that price. At that very time, in Dorset and Devon towns, small, dark, astringent plums, which in the Birmingham and Gloucester markets no one would have looked at, were being sold, when they could be got, at threepence and fourpence a pound. This was not exceptional, and I have in other years

brought large hampers of plums from Birmingham, and found on getting home that my labour and money had not been wasted.

How is this? Surely in these days of agricultural depression and low prices fruit should be plentiful and cheap in small country towns, which, in the aggregate, contain so large a proportion of the whole population of the kingdom. Why, when complaints are rife that fruit is over-abundant and not worth gathering, should half of our countrymen hardly see any at all, or only at prohibitive prices? The explanation is simple. In many warm, sheltered, and highly favoured country districts little fruit is grown; and when this is not the case no conveniences exist for distributing it—in other words, for reaching the consumer. The latter has to write to some farmer or cottager, asking if he will kindly sell some fruit when it suits his convenience, or he has to set off on a voyage of discovery, finding out who has some and when it will be ready; or the seller has to call at house after house, losing time, and perhaps not succeeding in selling her produce. In short, the facilities for bringing consumer and seller together are rude and imperfect. Fruit, accordingly, is little grown, thus leading to scarcity and correspondingly high charges, and these, in their turn, further diminish the demand. I need hardly remind my readers that towns like Dorchester, Tewkesbury, and Ledbury have practically no outside fruit supply; no trains laden with garden and orchard produce come from distant places; no wholesale dealers receive tons of vegetables several times a week. Such places are self-dependent, and the resident finds to his cost, as I have often done, that he can only buy fruit with difficulty and on rare occasions, and all the time friends in great towns were perhaps congratulating him on the abundant fruit harvest, and on his good fortune in being able to buy fine, fresh fruit so cheap, when, perhaps, poor fellow! he hardly sees any at all, and that only, it may be, in the jealously defended gardens of rich friends.

The excuse often heard in the country—that it does not pay to grow fruit—is really preposterous. Land is so cheap that a piece which would grow a couple of hundred good-sized trees would hardly fetch a pound a year rent; and, as fruit trees get little attention, although they bear far better when carefully looked after, a fruit orchard is, after the first cost of planting and bringing it into bearing condition, no great tax on the owner. I doubt whether the fruit grower need complain if he could, in an abundant year, get sixpence for a dozen pounds of plums; and apples should be still cheaper.

Mr. Albert Mott, in the February part of the *National Review*,

denies that there is a demand for more fruit at present prices. Perhaps he is right ; the fact, however, is that in many parts of the country the little supplied commands almost prohibitive prices. We want more fruit certainly, but at lower prices.

One way to meet the difficulty would be to build small, convenient, central market-houses in many little towns that now have nothing of the kind ; then on regular days the countrywomen could come in, and residents would know where to find them ; and thus, in time, a large and constant supply of cheap fruit would be obtainable, and an impetus, most beneficial to country people, would be given to fruit-growing. Another way would be getting fruit direct from wholesale growers and large dealers ; but, apart from the difficulty of finding out their addresses, it is curious that their charges are usually far higher than those obtaining in retail shops in great towns ; and when the cost of carriage—generally most alarming—and the price of the package or basket are added, the small country town resident finds that his fruit is not cheap, and not always particularly good and fresh. I will give an instance, that of a Dorset rector, living six miles from the important junction of Wimborne. This gentleman could not buy fruit in his neighbourhood, and, knowing that it was cheap in the large towns, he looked about for any addresses of fruit dealers he could find. At last he heard of a Worcestershire grower, and wrote for a hamper of plums, which were to travel in the cheapest possible way. The fruit came in due course ; the price charged was reasonable, and the quality excellent. At the station the rector was led to think that the carriage had been paid, but alas ! three months later a railway bill reached him, and then it turned out that the hamper had been marked "Fruit—Perishable," and had come by passenger train, and the freight actually came to more than the price of the fruit. In that very district of Dorset inferior apples often command in the early autumn *2s. 8d.* per peck, while fruit of very decidedly better quality sells at half that price in Birmingham and Sheffield. Cheapness and dearness are relative terms, however; let Hugh Miller teach us on that point :—"A humble fruit-shop stood temptingly open among the naileries in the outer skirts of Halesowen, and I stepped in to purchase a few pears: a sixpence-worth would have been by no means an overstock in Scotland to one who had to travel several miles uphill on a warm day ; and so I asked for no less here. The fruitman began to fill a capacious oaken measure, much like what in Scotland we should term a meal lippy, and to fill up the fruit over it in a heap. 'How much is that?' I asked. 'Why, only fivepenn'orth,' replied the man; 'but I'll give thee

the other penn'orth arter.' 'No, no, stop,' said I; 'give me just the half of fivepenn'orth; you are much more liberal here than the fruit dealers in my own country, and I find that half will be quite as much as I can manage.' This incident reminded me of the one so good-humouredly told by Franklin. When fresh from Boston, where food was comparatively high, he went into a baker's shop in Philadelphia to purchase threepence-worth of bread on which to breakfast, and to his astonishment received for the money three huge loaves, two of which he had to carry through the streets stuck under his arms, while satiating his hunger to the full on the third."

An enterprising Dorset grocer tells me that of late he has imported baskets of fruit from Worcester, a distance of 132 miles. With what result? First, he has to ask customers if they will take some when it comes; then, when he has filled up his list, he sends for the fruit. The wholesale price is generally rather over one penny a pound. He has, next, to pay over one penny a pound carriage, and in addition he requires some profit, so that when the customer gets the fruit it is about fourpence a pound. Last year, though plums were everywhere scarce and poor, he imported a good deal of fruit from Worcester, and managed to keep the retail prices down to threepence a pound, of which he was not a little proud.

Could not railway companies give special rates to the Southern Junctions: say one, or at most two, shillings a pot? In that way, and in that alone, a splendid market would be opened up to Worcestershire growers: at present the fruit trade is practically strangled.

But to return from this digression. We must admit, I am afraid, that our climate is, to some extent, against us, and that, if fruit is to succeed, it needs loving care and constant labour. How often did I, when a child, lament the small return which unfavourable weather enabled me to get from carefully cultivated beds and favourite fruit trees! How much vexed was I more recently when kidney beans, peas, currants, and flowers, in my small garden at Edgbaston, were nipped by untimely frost, or deluged with rain at the most critical time! While, as for apples, pears, and cherries, they are everywhere uncertain; one year you gather ten or twenty pounds from a tree which next year does not yield one. In the northern and midland districts it is questionable whether any gardener ever found all his fruit crops successful in the same summer. Gardening is the most fascinating pursuit in the world when once a man has given his heart to it; were it not so, we should never be able to fight against the disappointments which too often attend it. We hope for good fortune this year and next, and then we go on hoping for it, again putting in our seeds and plants, and look-

ing forward with undiminished confidence to the perfect season that never comes. This uncertainty of return is the most serious drawback to extended fruit culture in England, and Mr. Albert Mott is not wrong in ascribing to it our scanty home supply. Many a despairing cottager, worn out by cruel disappointment and severe foreign competition, consigns his fruit trees to the fire, and plants his garden with potatoes, cabbages, and broccoli, which, though not so agreeable to eat, are far more likely to yield a large return. In the south of England matters are different; and, as the climate is milder, the return is larger and more to be depended on, and fruit cultivation is not attended with the same drawbacks. And yet, although our climate does not at first sight appear well adapted to the growth of good fruit, the fact is nevertheless undeniable that home-grown fruit from our best orchards commands a higher price than that from warmer and apparently more fortunate lands. This was the case last year in many parts of England, and it was some years ago noticed that choice pears from Herefordshire fetched higher prices and were superior to specimens from northern France. The secret lies in the selection of good sorts and in careful cultivation. Even English tomatoes are worth more than those from Portugal—on this point the recent correspondence in the *Times* is conclusive, and it shows how large a field might be worked by energetic and intelligent fruit growers. The total value of the fruit consumed in the United Kingdom was in 1881 computed to reach £11,000,000, or six shillings a head.

The country cousin, who just at the right time wanders through the vast market halls of London, Birmingham, and Manchester, where the produce of the world is brought together for the benefit of the fortunate citizens, is filled with envy—fruit from all climates, of the most splendid description, and at prices of which he has no experience in his own neighbourhood. But what are the supplies of English markets compared with the bewildering profusion of the Parisian ones at the same season, although French retail prices are quite as high as ours? As for the American markets, their profusion throws English and French abundance into the shade. To walk along a New York street on a dry, warm, sunny November morning, and pick out large, rosy, and thoroughly ripe apples from the vast heaps piled up on the street stalls, at one cent apiece, is a pleasure the memory of which long remains to delight the traveller; but these apples are rather mealy to the taste, and not equal to our best home fruit. The markets of Richmond, in Virginia, are even more attractive at that beautiful season of the American year, but perhaps they tell of proximity to and command of semi-tropical supplies that can hardly be brought to our shores.

We cannot hope, at any rate in the north of England, to grow cheap fruit in the abundance I should like, but decided improvement in the present state of things is possible. With greater care in the selection of trees, and less ambitious gardening, our fruit supply could, in ten years, be vastly increased, perhaps doubled or even quadrupled, and, were the prices reasonable, every bushel would be eaten. Let me explain. You go into the large gardens of Warwickshire, and what do you find? Numbers of pear, apple, cherry, and plum trees which from the coldness of the climate, the poorness of the soil, and sometimes from the kind, bear little fruit. You find gardens over-stocked with trees that cannot be remunerative. In our garden there were—on walls, of course—peach and nectarine trees, and Channel Island pears. These were of little use, and gave immense trouble. They sometimes blossomed freely, and then the walls had to be covered with large curtains, moving on rods, to protect them from night frost. Six years out of seven a few miserable, half-ripe peaches, and two or three dozen hard, stony pears, were the only return. One summer, the summer of 1855, I believe, the walls were beautiful with rosy peaches, and that year I revelled in fruit which few persons would expect could grow in the open air so far north. Once more, in 1858, there was a fair return. Now it happened that on a north wall of the house grew a plum-tree not carefully attended to, as it was not a highly prized variety, yet it was many times loaded with luscious fruit. In the well-kept, but not always successful gardens of rich neighbours there were plum-trees which in warm summers were laden with fruit, but they also were fond of trying to grow rare fruits, unsuited to the locality. Suppose that we had substituted plum-trees, that would bear, for the expensive and troublesome pear and peach trees, which gave such trouble and brought so little profit, the result must have been, in the long run, an immense gain. Were I fortunate enough to have a good orchard, no foolish vanity would induce me to cover the ground with trees unsuitable to the soil and climate: quantity as well as quality should be my motto. Rather to my surprise, several correspondents inform me that I am too hard on the climate of Worcestershire, or rather of the Quinton district. One tells me that apricots ripen at Aberdeen, and another adds that jargonelles are a common and successful Scotch pear. When I was a little child I often heard my Scotch tutor say that Inverness was *the place* for fine, well-ripened fruit. Now I know that I am describing facts: and perhaps some of my critics prefer their fruit half-ripe, like the worthy Scot, who thought Scotch outdoor grapes superb; but then he added that he liked them hard and not over-ripe.

Careful selection would do wonders, though it is a mistake to suppose that trees can be acclimatised. Every species of plant will bear a certain range of temperature, but it seems impossible to extend that range. Many plants, originally placed in greenhouses, have done well exposed to the open air, and have been cited as instances of acclimatisation; the truth is that they could bear a lower temperature and a greater range than was supposed, and the natural climate of the locality chanced to suit them perfectly. The *Aucuba japonica* is a case in point; so is the *Aponogeton distachyon*, an aquatic from the Cape, which thrives in the open air at Edinburgh; so, too, the *Araucaria imbricata* from Chili, and some Nepaulese and Japanese plants. But the potato, the dahlia, the heliotrope, the Marvel of Peru, and the tobacco are as sensitive to frost as on the day of their first arrival. Lord Bute is trying to grow grapes for wine-making in the open air at Castell Coch, near Cardiff. His experiment must fail, for the summer there is too short, and the mean temperature too low, to make success possible. But the selection of hardy varieties of the vine and the maize, capable of resisting our spring frosts, might in time lead to a great extension of English agriculture. The same might be true of the peach, the pear, and the nectarine : hardy varieties of all three might possibly flourish very far north.

In the genial climate of the extreme south of England blunders are made similar to those of which we, near Birmingham, were guilty. Think of growing figs near Romsey, where the mean summer temperature cannot, in an ordinary season, exceed 62° Fahr.! Fancy large walls covered with vines bearing sour and small berries which are rarely eatable ! With a little greater common-sense the sunny gardens of Hampshire and Dorset might be stocked with fruit that would do well ; the best sites should not be wasted in growing, or perhaps it would be more correct to say "in trying to grow," grapes and figs. These two counties are fortunate in having warmer summers than are usually known farther north, and they always have far more sunlight ; but much of the land is poor gravel or sand, and the orchards, which in many districts are small and neglected, are greatly inferior to the superb and far-spreading ones of Hereford, Worcester, Gloucester, Somerset, and Devon.

From what I have seen, I am convinced that there is not a garden in England, Ireland, and Wales that might not be made fairly remunerative, for where fruit will not flourish vegetables will pay well. But for this two rules should be borne in mind : only to cultivate trees adapted to the climate and soil, and to select good sorts. Take currants—surely a very homely illustration. Black

currants are not such prolific bearers as red or white, and are not such favourites at table ; hence the former should largely give place to the latter, especially in small gardens. More important still, there are countless profitable varieties of red and white currants. Some trees always bear well, and have ten, twelve, or fourteen large berries on each bunch, while other kinds bear badly, and do not average more than six or eight small berries to the bunch. Why not use common sense, and choose sorts that can be counted on to do well? Look, again, at rhubarb. Is there a more profitable and wholesome vegetable? It grows almost anywhere ; even in a town garden ten or twelve large roots will flourish, and furnish stalks enough for a couple of pies a week for five months. Take gooseberries ; how well they bear when care is taken to get good sorts ! While, as for apples and pears, in the western and southern counties they are profitable and easily attended to, provided always care be taken to have good kinds.

The neglected appearance of many Hereford orchards does not do credit to the enterprise and intelligence of the local farmers. The late Dr. Bull, of Hereford, whose labours in connection with the Herefordshire "Pomona"—one of the most splendid works on fruit culture ever given to the world—will not soon be forgotten, gave fruit-growing an impetus the full force of which is hardly yet felt. He impressed upon the neighbouring villagers the importance of selecting good kinds, of preparing the ground carefully, and of attending to the orchards systematically and thoroughly. Trees, while still vigorous at the root, are often covered with lichens, American blight, and other parasitical growths that destroy all chance of a return, and which in time kill the tree outright. No plan is so simple and effectual as painting the whole carefully with paraffin, and in the following spring scraping the branches clean of the dead rubbish adhering to the bark ; in a couple of years the tree, unless it has gone too far, completely recovers—its bark becomes healthy again, and splendid crops repay the grower. Mr. Henry Dunster, a clergyman of considerable ability, contributed an excellent and charming article on this subject to the *Nineteenth Century* a few years ago, which I advise my readers to study.

An excellent gardener, for whose sterling qualities and great shrewdness I retain great respect, had a favourite expression which I have heard him repeat a hundred times. It was: "Good sorts don't take up a bit more room than bad ones, and are less disappointing and more profitable." Had I my way with the gardens of several friends, I should grub up the old, badly-bearing trees, and replace them with younger and better ones.

The fruit supply of this country must not be regarded as unimportant or as a mere luxury, for, although fruit is not a nutritious food, it is an excellent adjunct to the diet. Fruit might be eaten all the year round, and at nearly all meals, and might largely economise the consumption of meat. An Arab will travel a long way on a pound or two of dates and a bottle of water. An Italian peasant will display herculean limbs and strength, and toil like a slave, under a burning sun, on a few bunches of dried grapes and a liberal supply of olive oil. The Parisians consume fruit and some kinds of vegetables in quantities unusual in England. Why should we look upon fruit as a luxury when it ought to be a regular and large article of diet, and children and grown-up people should take considerable quantities every day, and substitute it for other foods? Then it would play an important part in the food supply of the household, and, while improving the health, give more pleasure to the eater than almost any other kind of food.

I am still comparatively young; yet in horticulture what vast improvements have been made since more than twenty years ago I first tried my youthful hand at gardening! We at that time paid a shilling apiece for strawberry roots that were a vast improvement on the older varieties, but which have in their turn been supplanted by others still better. As for prize gooseberries and grape currants, they were in some rural districts only to be seen in the gardens of the wealthy; now every enterprising villager can have them if he has a little energy and forethought. We were inordinately proud twenty years ago of gooseberries not weighing an ounce apiece; now some of the Midland villages grow as large berries in bushels. The same thing is equally true of peas, beans, and other vegetables, in all of which immense improvement has been made. We then had peas the pride of our simple hearts; but, talking to our old gardener about them several years ago, some little time before his death—poor, dear fellow!—he informed me that "them peas are no good now; we've got better sorts." He showed me beans eleven inches long, a dozen of which made a dish. How unlike what I used to grow or see grown! Selection has been carried on with wisdom, and in a dozen years the art of horticulture has been revolutionised, and there is no limit to what careful gardening can accomplish. The negligence of cottagers is, however, proverbial: and in spite of flower and fruit shows, in spite of prizes, in spite of splendid gardens all round them where the squire and the parson grow superb fruit, they are generally very indifferent and refuse to learn. Their little gardens are not replenished with better varieties, and the advance of scientific horticulture hardly attracts

their attention. And yet the demand for first-rate English-grown fruit is said to be vastly in excess of the supply, and this must be the case as long as the net profits of fruit culture are said in some districts to reach, and even to exceed, £60 an acre. Still I must confess that prices keep up far higher than seems justifiable, and good fruit continues to be the luxury of a small class. Of course, were orchards to be greatly extended it could not be expected the present prices would keep up, and even good fruit would fall considerably.

Let me once more recommend my readers, however small their gardens, to grow a few fruit trees, and to have some rhubarb plants, and in all cases good, profitable sorts, adapted to the climate, the soil, and the situation. Do not try, whatever friendly critics may advise, to grow jargonelles, peaches, nectarines, and Marie Louises in Warwickshire and Staffordshire unless you can afford to have glass or other kind of shelter. When you do your own gardening, and there is no great depth of soil, make a large, deep hole before planting your trees and roots, and put in plenty of manure and good soil. In my garden at Edgbaston I dug large holes a yard deep for my rhubarb roots, and put in plenty of manure and light soil, and I did not forget to water them often and thoroughly with liquid refuse. The result was that three or four persons could almost have lived on the rhubarb I grew. Any trouble taken with a garden pays in improved health and in increased return ; and industry and judgment can make five pounds of gooseberries grow where ignorance and idleness will not get one pound.

Fungi, or mushrooms as they are commonly called, are not exactly fruit, but they can be treated with advantage in such a paper as this. Fungi are, in the first place, startlingly numerous: at least four thousand microscopic species are known to exist in our islands alone, and additions are being made every week by the labours of those dauntless lovers of Nature--the mycologists—whom neither evil odours, nor damp, nor deep mud alarm. Many mushrooms are very wholesome, and so prolific that they should not be dear. In September, 1887, which was, by the way, a most prolific mushroom season, in Hereford market the common Field Agaric was selling at a penny and occasionally at a halfpenny the pound. The orchards and fields in the neighbourhood were at times almost white with them. In 1886 a curious incident happened. The well-known Woolhope Field Club was, early in October, having its annual meeting at Hereford. It is usual to have a public fungus banquet—at the "Green Dragon"—when members and friends gather together. The afternoon of the banquet Canon Duport, of Norwich, Dr. Cooke, the famous fungologist, Capt.

H. C. Moore, late of the Bombay Engineers and now the honorary secretary of the club, and I, were coming out of the grounds of Belmont House, where we had been calling, when we saw, near the drive, a large quantity of the *Lactarius deliciosus*, the most delicately flavoured of all our native edible mushrooms. We filled a large basket with the welcome spoil, and that evening, at dinner, the Woolhope Club had an opportunity of feasting upon a mushroom beautiful in appearance and tempting beyond all others to the palate.

We know little of the conditions required for the cultivation of this mushroom, nor indeed much of any other sort except the *Agaricus campestris*; but Dr. Cooke tells me that he does not think that the difficulties are insuperable, and that fungus culture might be greatly extended. Last year the Woolhope Field Club at its banquet had a course of a very suspicious-looking mushroom—the *Agaricus procerus*—which is nevertheless, although it has a strong flavour, excellent eating. Dr. Cooke's beautifully illustrated little work on British Fungi I warmly recommend my readers to get. It would be a treasure to them, and the style is charming—graceful, fascinating, and lively to a degree. The book is as interesting as a novel.

I fear that fruit, looking at the trouble of growing it, is not as remunerative as some other kinds of garden produce; nor is it nutritious, unless eaten in very large quantities. But then it is the most wholesome and agreeable of foods, and when ripe cannot do harm. A small town garden may be made a constant source of innocent pleasure, and with intelligent management will grow more currants, gooseberries, and apples than most of my readers would believe possible. My readers will see that I do not believe that fruit orchards and jam-making will relieve the distressed British agriculturist, and a very little knowledge of the subject must relegate some of the brilliant speeches we have of late heard to the limbo of discredited theories and fables. A very great deal too much is made of foreign competition. Mr. Albert Mott shows that we only spend seven millions a year in imported fruit, but of that only three-quarters of a million go for fruit which could be grown in England. I have already said that the average consumption per head, under the head of fruit, is only six shillings, so that we could do with much more fruit of almost every description, more particularly in the rural districts, and I cannot help thinking that even our great towns could dispose of still larger amounts at reasonable prices, but the charges must be reasonable and the quality fairly good.

ALFRED J. H. CRESPI.

THE POET OF PORTUGAL.

THE history and language of Portugal, save for a comparatively brief period at the commencement of the Peninsular War, may be classed among subjects which have been unpopular, or at any rate unfamiliar, in the case of most English readers. The Portuguese language, though a fine and sonorous one, shares, perhaps from its difficulty, the same fate which Dutch, Russian, and the Scandinavian languages have experienced from English students in general. But there are many life stories which are more well known that are less interesting in episode and tenor than is that of the Poet of Portugal. "The" Poet I call him, inasmuch as he stands, in the estimation of the majority at any rate of his own nation, alone—none but himself being his own parallel. England has Shakespeare and Milton; France, Boileau and Racine; Italy, Dante and Petrarch; Germany, Goethe and Schiller—but Portugal puts no second name in juxtaposition with that of Camoens, and few authors for successive centuries have so concentrated in their individual names the patriotic pride of their countrymen. The great epic of the "Lusiad," which has been translated into many languages, including our own, by two standard authors presently to be noticed, was the sole object of his life after the loss of the woman whom he had hopelessly loved from his youth, and it so immediately attained celebrity that Continho his admirer, but sixteen years after his death, could inscribe on his tomb "Prince of the Poets of his time." Yet his reward was nothing but a fame which resembles the state of things shown in the lines—

> And bailiffs shall seize his last blanket to-day,
> Whose pall shall be borne by princes to-morrow.

save that Camoens was too honourable and high-souled to get into debt. But his life closed prematurely in utter misery, from no neglect of any of the rules of worldly wisdom on his part, from none of the recklessness of genius, but rather as if some destiny akin to that which runs through the Greek tragedies influenced his whole life. It is a story which must remain vividly fresh in the memories of those who can appreciate the vicissitudes of genius, and it certainly is less

known to that convenient abstraction the general reader than are those of Dante, Tasso, Shakespeare, Racine, or Milton. It is a story of unhappy but pure and unchangeable love, of constant misfortunes varied by gleams of success, of ills borne in varied shapes with manly courage and patience, of spurns taken by patient merit of the unworthy, of crowning misfortune private and patriotic, and of death in utter penury; but through all these varied phases of his life-story the unchanging devotion to his great work remains the one unalterable and strongest emotion of the poet which consoled him for all his woes.

Of Castilian family, which had migrated to Portugal after the downfall of Pedro the Cruel, to whose cause his forefathers had steadily adhered—in its way a proof of the chivalry of his breed—Luis de Camoens was born in what was formerly the Moorish part of Lisbon in 1524, and was educated at Coimbra, and some years later, after the fashion of men in his position, appeared at court, the only road to success then for "persons of quality." It is necessary to remember that Portugal then was famous in Europe as owning an enormous empire in the East, and having reaped the full harvest of laurels which Vasco de Gama had planted. With such unexplored realms before them, it is easy to imagine that power, place, and wealth in many shapes depended on the favour of the sovereign, and all the high-born youth of Portugal surrounded the throne as eager aspirants to preferment. None had greater reason to hope for it than Camoens, both on the score of his family history and personal genius. But, of ancient and knightly blood as he was, he had that disadvantage which then as now weighs heavily against any gift of intellect—he was poor. And he soon found that at the Court of Lisbon in the sixteenth century merit had no chance against money, and venality was the motive power of everything. Being poor and neglected he proceeded to improve his prospects by falling in love with a lady of rank and wealthy family, whose relatives would not dream of giving her to any but a suitor of ample means. But Catharine de Atayde returned Luis de Camoens's love with a passion as fervent as his own; and through their joint lives the "hapless pair who looked their last" when Camoens sailed for the Indies continued tenderly attached to each other though separated by time and ocean, and never ceased to cherish the hope of a union which was never destined to be. At the very outset this hapless love was clouded by misfortune. One of the curious laws of the Portuguese Court was that all lovemaking was forbidden within its precincts, even on pain of death. Indeed, one courtier, a favourite too of the reign-

ing monarch, had at a former era been sent to the stake for it. Such grim reality of penalties, however, did not influence young Camoens, and the result was he was banished to Ceuta, doubtless much in the same mood as Romeo's under the same circumstances. At Ceuta there was fighting, and in an action at sea he lost an eye. Returning when his term had expired the young poet again visited the Court, thinking his services might find him some favour; but save for Catharine's constant but hopeless love all was dark, and wearied out with waiting he sailed for the Indies in 1553, with no special design save to seek his fortunes. Out of all the fleet Camoens's ship alone reached Goa, after such a lengthened and dangerous voyage as the modern traveller is quite unable in his wildest moments to imagine. At Goa Camoens got plenty of fighting; it was the hereditary fashion of his gallant house to "draw and strike in," and he joined in the battles between two of the native sovereigns. After this he joined in a barren expedition to the Red Sea against Arab pirates, where he wrote one of his minor poems, which is a favourite with Portuguese scholars, and in masterly style describes the arid, barren surroundings of the locality, comparing it with his own desolate feelings. In this poem is seen the first glimpse of the genius yet unknown perhaps even to himself.

Returning to Goa he got into some dispute, the merits of which at this distance of time it is impossible to decide upon, with Barreto, the Governor, and was exiled by him to the Malaccas, whence after some time he was removed to Macao, which possibly Eastern travellers who have visited it will chiefly remember for the gambling which is, or at any rate was, so prominent. But, little known as it is to many who have been to the place, Macao has an interest of its own in the eyes of all lovers of literature, for here during the years of his exile—which however was softened by the possession of a good civil appointment—Camoens composed the concluding part of his great epic. According to the local traditions, a natural grotto which overlooked the sea was the poet's favourite resort. Meanwhile, with as much common sense as if he were not a genius (and which belongs to our geniuses of the latter years of the nineteenth century), he was looking after his money as well as his poem, and gradually realising a competence from his savings, while constantly filled with the hope of returning to Lisbon rich, and so becoming the husband of Catharine de Atayde. Thus everything concurred for the time in smoothing the poet's progress with the "Lusiad," which was to secure his fame.

Here it seems appropriate to speak of the epic, which is possibly less known for its contents than for its name and reputation to

many northern readers. No translation can do full justice to the Portuguese, but, on the whole, though Mickle has ever since his rendering in the last century been considered the popular translator of Camoens, those who wish to see the exact work of the poet far more faithfully reflected will turn to the translation made in the seventeenth century by Fanshaw at Lord Strafford's seat in Yorkshire, from whose walls the author never stirred till the translation was finished. Old-fashioned as is the style, and quaint as are the phrases, Fanshaw's is a genuine translation, whereas Mickle's work is in great part his own composition, which was not for some time discovered, owing to the scarcity of Portuguese scholars in this country.

The "Lusiad" appealed to every heart in Portugal which was ready to respond to the chord of patriotism. It is a glorification of the discoveries of Gama, and Portugal's part in the opening of the Indies to European domination. Mythological machinery, according to the taste of the time, is interwoven—allegories more suitable to the sixteenth-century reader than to the nineteenth. Of the poem, the most famous passages are those relating to the Floating Island, the apparition of the Spirit of the Cape, and the episode of Inez de Castro, one of the most pathetic in literature. The epic has faults, but on the whole merits the estimation in which Portugal holds it—that of *the* poem of the nation. It is as regards them much what Chaucer and Spenser combined would be here—the chief source of the enriching and purifying of the language. And Camoens's language has a musical fitness of its own which reminds one of Edgar Poe in English. In fact, the best scholars in the language have found a kind of inexplicable charm in the choice of the words which any other writer has found it impossible to attempt to rival, and which of course disappears in any translation, however faithful. But with all its defects, and after all the criticisms which have been passed upon it, it is to this charm of diction and collocation of words as much as to its imaginary episodes and general scheme that the "Lusiad" owes the position it occupies and the renown that it has secured for its author. It was published first in 1571, and the edition was rapidly sold, a second being soon called for, and others in succession. It was translated into several languages, and, what is probably unique in epics, one of the most learned and laborious of Portuguese scholars set himself in the next century to write a most elaborate and erudite Commentary on the book, which had then gone through twenty-two editions. This was Faria e Sousa—a man who literally devoted all his life to his books, shortening it by reason of the constant confinement in his study, for he secluded himself from all society and his wife shared his

feelings. His great book was published in 1639, and is a masterpiece of learning and minute detail; and as the whole history of Portugal is brought into Camoens's poem, such a complete Commentary was of course very valuable in explaining the innumerable allusions which were made in the course of the epic. Faria e Sousa did his work thoroughly well, and such enormous labour is he said to have bestowed on his Commentary as to have recopied it five times himself.

But we must now return to Camoens, whom we left having completed the work of his life. That current of misfortune which was henceforth to bear him upon it now commenced. He had amassed from his office a competence, and he obtained permission to return from Macao to Goa and thence to Europe. He realised all his gains, and placed his whole fortune on board the ship which bore him, as he hoped, to happy ease and wedded felicity. At the mouth of the river Mecon the ship was wrecked, and Camoens escaped, it is said, almost miraculously, only saving his great MS.; his whole fortune was engulfed in the waves. He found his way to Goa in 1561, where he was received with kindness by the Governor. He continued some years here, and took part in military *reconnaissances*. But now came the news of woe far deeper than any he had experienced. Catharine de Atayde died. All the hopes of his life were gone. He prayed that he might soon rejoin her. He became quite indifferent as to the reacquisition of wealth or the chances of advancement, and seemed to have but one end in life—that of establishing his name and fame as the author of the "Lusiad." And before he could reach Lisbon yet further troubles were in store for him. Barreto (Pedro), the new Governor of Sofala, took him into his train, not from any generou feeling, but from a mean man's desire to have a genius whose name was growing great as one of his *entourage*. The two, of course, did not agree and parted, Camoens in extreme poverty, in which condition some of his generous friends supplied him with money and clothes. Barreto, to wreak his revenge, basely threw him into prison for a debt which he asserted was due from Camoens for money spent for his needs. His friends paid the money, foiled the base patron who did his best to crush the high spirit of the poet, and sailed with him to Portugal, where in due course his great book, as has been mentioned, was published. But, for some reason never fully explained, the poet of Portugal, despite the fame which he, and the money which the publishers, secured by the "Lusiad," obtained none of the places, pay, and honour constantly distributed at Court to men far his inferior, and he was rewarded for his *magnum opus* by a miserable pittance quite insufficient for his needs, which was merely the calculated

pension due to his rank and military service. Thus, like many another genius in various lands, was the man whose memory al Portugal honours suffered to spend the remainder of his days.

They were not many, nor was there any amelioration in their condition. All educated Portugal was studying the great poem which enshrined the episodes which were their country's pride—the very peasants and muleteers had snatches of it by heart from oral repetition. Luis de Camoens, whose name was in everyone's mouth, was living near a convent in wretched poverty, with neither friends nor pleasures. His only relaxation, his only variation and relief from the monotony of misery and poverty and sorrow, were his conversations from time to time with some of the learned brethren belonging to the convent—that of San Domingo. His friends were dead or departed into other regions, his spirits were broken, he met with neglect and oblivion, and so bitter was his need that on one occasion, as he himself said, he had not twopence to give the attached Indian slave who was his trusted and faithful servant wherewith to buy fuel. His living was of the most meagre description, his surroundings of the poorest, and he was desolate and worn with unceasing care and sorrow. Only his thoughts remained to console him, and the knowledge, despite the absence of any reward for it in tangible form, that his great poem, the work of his life, had secured for him a niche in the Temple of Fame ; like Danton before the Revolutionary tribunal, he was at least sure that "his name would live in the pantheon of history." One passionate feeling survived. This was his love of his country, despite the neglect and ingratitude with which she had treated him. For Camoens was essentially as much patriot as poet. His patriotism was a real, a glowing, an unalterable part of his being, and its influence had been the motive power of the "Lusiad." Therefore it was that he now, after personal sorrow had been so much his destiny, felt more almost than any of his contemporaries the crushing blow of public calamity, such as that which was experienced by Scotland at the field of Flodden. In a battle with the Moors in Barbary, King Sebastian and the very pick and flower of the chivalry of Portugal were slaughtered *en masse*—a calamity which meant the cessation of his country's independent existence, and its fall from the haughty position which was surrounded by so many memories of pride, memories of which he himself had been the most brilliant chronicler. To a mind and heart like Camoens's this was a blow not to be understood or appreciated by lower natures. It struck him like an arrow. He was only fifty-five years of age, at a time of life when many men are still in the full vigour of middle age with many years of hard mental work before

them. But in his case, sorrow, misery, misfortune and solitude had eaten away his vital powers, and this great public calamity completed the work. Poverty of the most dreadful kind was the accompaniment of this catastrophe. To such straits was the genius of Portugal reduced that the poor slave, whose fidelity was such a reproach to Camoens's wealthy compatriots, begged every night from house to house for broken victuals to support life in his unhappy master. Ultimately some slight measure of compunction was roused somewhere, and Luis de Camoens was by his grateful country presented with a bed in a hospital, which had he not secured he would probably in a short period have perished from starvation. He did not long tax the hospital's resources, and in 1579 he died. Even after death Camoens the Great, as Portugal calls him, showed how little his country had given him. The winding-sheet in which his remains were enfolded had to be begged in charity from the house of a Portuguese noble; and therein, in the Church of St. Anna, the great Portuguese poet was buried. Well might Continho inscribe years later on his tomb—

Here lies Luis de Camoens,
Prince
Of the Poets of his time;
He lived poor and miserable,
And so he died,
1579.

After his death, as has been mentioned, edition after edition of his poem was published. It became the standard history of Portugal. It became the subject of continual comment and correspondence, and, as has been said, the theme of a most learned and laborious man's lifelong labours. It was translated into many languages, and was the subject of imitations more or less ambitious, possibly the sincerest form of literary compliment.

Perhaps in all the melancholy stories of literary life, a subject full of saddest chronicles, there are none which surpass, nor many which equal, for one constant succession of woe that of Camoens. Perhaps of all the many instances of the nations' neglect of living geniuses, to honour them when dead, there is none more vivid than this one. But it is to be noticed that in Camoens's life there are none of the causes assigned which the world is always ready enough to suggest as the accompaniments of an unhappy and gifted career. Luis de Camoens was not a genius who lost himself in dreams or disregarded the teachings of worldly experience. In all respects he united with his genius, common sense, industry, and energy in looking after his advancement. Yet the result is summed up in the pithily pathetic lines on his tomb.

F. G. WALTERS.

TABLE TALK.

Art in France.

SO completely is Paris the playground of the English-speaking race, that every work that casts new light upon its antiquities, or renders easier the task of contemplating its developments—social, artistic, political or literary—renders a service to humanity. Such works naturally are seldom from an English source. Now and then, however, an English writer contributes a summary of observation which, coming, as it does, from without, unites with actuality of experience a just and passionless appreciation or estimate which is like the verdict of posterity. To the admirable books upon French development which we owe to men such as Chancellor Christie and Mr. John Morley, must be added the "Art in the Modern State" of Lady Dilke.[1] Under a title which is not quite explanatory, or is perhaps even a little nebulous, the author shows, with unrivalled vivacity and picturesqueness of style, the growth of Academies in France as a species of literary police. I know few subjects more interesting in themselves, or shown with more perspicacity, than the development of art industries in France as a result of fiscal policy, and the manner in which the foundations of despotic power were strengthened and secured by the patronage of literature and art.

Lady Dilke's theories, strengthened by original documents, receive ample development, and the reader who follows to the close her absorbing volume will find much that was dead and meaningless in French life spring into vitality and significance. He will watch the growth of the academies of architecture, and of painting and sculpture, will find a new education in revisiting the Louvre or Versailles, will form probably a new estimate of Le Brun, and may or may not accept the author's final assumption, that Modern Democracy is the protest of the Renaissance against the crimes by which it was politically stifled. At any rate he will have made a pleasant voyage of discovery, and will retire from the perusal with altered estimates and an enlarged experience.

[1] Chapman & Hall.

Piety and Profane Song.

WHAT zealous and plain-spoken divine was it that first objected to the monopoly by the devil of the best tunes, and set pious rhapsodies to secular, and in some cases profane, music? I have heard it attributed to Wesley and to many subsequent preachers. With none of them, however, does the idea appear to have originated. It had an older and, as the orthodox will hold, a more respectable origin, seeing that it sprang out of the Roman Church. How far the notion was acceptable to the superior authorities I have no means of knowing. I lighted however, recently, upon a little book printed in Brussels, the title of which is "Cantiques Spirituels, sur des Airs d'Opéra et Vaudevilles Choisis." A text from Scripture serves as a motto, "Chantez un nouveau Cantique à la gloire du Seigneur, qu'il soit loué dans l'assemblée de ses Enfans. Pseaume 149, v. 1." I should have supposed that the book was of Calvinistic origin, but that it is stated to be published Chez les T'Serstevens (*sic*), Imprimeurs et Libraires, près les RR. PP. Dominicains. Here, then, under the shadow of the Dominican fathers, we have the praise of the "Grand Dieu de l'Univers" to be sung to the air of "Grégoire au Cabaret." Le Pécheur endurci is conjured to quit his sins to the tune of "Aimable Vainqueur," and the sentiments on the sufferings of the Saviour are to be given with the accompaniment to "Les Folies d'Espagne." No blasphemy is of course intended. Hymn-makers are not seldom an innocent and an unsophisticated race. George Withers wrote hymns to be sung while a man was being hanged, while he was washing, shaving, and engaged on other kindred occupations, which must have interposed some difficulty in the way of those who attempted to carry out his intention, and, indeed, so arranged matters that every avocation of life, however humble, should have its appropriate accompaniment of psalmody. The Catholic Church has, however, been less tolerant than were Puritan legislators with regard to such matters, and I fancy the instance I point out is unique. The book is undated, but obviously belongs to early in the eighteenth century. Some of Withers' hymns for women remind me of a story of the birth of Henri quatre, which is less known than it ought to be. During his birth, his mother, Jeanne d'Albret, at the bidding of her father, Henri d'Albret, kept singing a Navarrese song. So soon as the child was born the grandfather threw his gold chain round his daughter's neck, and taking the child, rubbed its lips with garlic, and poured into its mouth a drop or two of the wine of Jurançon, to make of it a "vrai Béarnais."

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A DUKE'S CAREER.

BY J. CRAWFORD SCOTT.

PART I.

THE Duke of Macedon had a just claim to a title, for he was a king's son. Among his earliest recollections had been indelibly graved many proofs of the autocratic sway wielded by his father at a time when, though still a little child, he wore the ornaments and weapons of a feudal court.

The Alesandros family had held their territory from time immemorial, and though beyond doubt they came of an ancient race, few, who were qualified to judge, would have left undisputed their connection with the august dynasty from which they claimed descent. Their pretensions were great, for they affirmed that in their veins ran the blood of the royal house of Macedon. The proof of their descent from Philip and Alexander was not, it need hardly be said, of a very cogent nature; but neither was it altogether contemptible nor uninteresting. This family had a firm belief in their imperial origin, and they were supported in their claim by ageless tradition. They still held the territory—though but a small portion of it now—which had been the cradle of the race from whom they traced their lineage. They had in their possession many authentic relics of the world's conqueror; and the medallions of Alexander, which they had treasured, were said to portray physical characteristics which had been manifested in various members of their house.

If few would have credited this preposterous genealogy, fewer still would have acknowledged the right of this family to follow the example of their imperial ancestors by waging a universal warfare against mankind.

It is true that from their mountain fastness the small band of fighting men professed to carry on hostilities only against the Turks, who had usurped the territory, but it is certain that patriotism had small influence in determining their conduct, as when a rich prize was to be obtained the nationality of their antagonists was a matter of indifference.

When his father fell fighting at the head of his men, the Duke of Macedon, though then a lad of only eighteen, assumed the leadership by right both of heritage and election. He was an eminently handsome youth, whose appearance gave no indication of his calling. His refined and clearly cut features were of an intellectual rather than of a sanguinary type. His blue eyes, though they could on occasion grow fierce and passionate, had usually an expression that was mild and even gentle. Yet it would have been difficult to account for any element of tenderness in a man who was destitute of all regard for the sacredness of human life or the rights of property. It was characteristic of the man that he took no interest in any adventures save those which held out the hope of great gain, and that all matters of less importance were left in the hands of the veteran lieutenant Pietro. If money sent for the payment of the Turkish troops could be intercepted, or a wealthy pasha plundered, or a company of English travellers surprised among the mountains, the Duke would lead his men in person, but in matters of less moment he did not interfere. His citadel was among the marble ruins of a temple of Apollo, and owing to its elevation, and the numerous caverns and secret passages that abounded in the locality, this fastness was virtually impregnable. The mountain passes by which the place was surrounded might have been kept by a handful of men against an army.

It was not oftener than once in three months that any enterprise worthy his notice occurred, so that he had much leisure, which he spent in almost absolute seclusion. He had the temperament of a student, and was deeply read in the ancient language of his country. He knew classical Greek almost as a vernacular, and his familiarity with the poets and historians of his country would have put to shame the attainments of the most brilliant scholars of Western Europe. He knew nearly the whole of Homer and Euripides by heart, and could have quoted any portion of the chief dialogues of Plato. Homer was his favourite author, and amid scenes and deeds similar to those described by the poet his thoughts would often unconsciously take that metric rhythm to which his ear was so well attuned.

From his early years his mind had been constantly possessed by

vast ambitions. But, with one exception, he had as yet made no attempt to realise his dreams. The glorious project which he undertook, had it been successful, might actually have placed him upon a throne. He conceived the design of freeing his country from the Turkish yoke, and succeeded in raising a large band of followers, whose numbers were being constantly increased. But the knowledge that there was treachery in his camp, and that a plot had been formed to deliver him up, for the sake of the great price that had long been placed upon his head, caused him to relinquish his plan without striking a blow. It was not the dread of death that dismayed him, for he knew no fear, nor was he baffled by his inability to cope with the traitors, for their plot had been laid bare to him, and their lives were in his hands. It was the fact that his identity had been divulged that thwarted his purpose, because even the throne of Greece would have seemed worthless to him if his enemies could have assailed him with contumely as the Bandit Alesandros.

Part II.

The Duke made no other attempt to change his mode of life, and was well advanced in middle age when at last circumstances occurred which impelled him to adopt a new career.

Though past forty, he had still a youthful appearance, as a life of unusual temperance had kept him mentally and physically young.

He had learnt that a party of English travellers were about to visit some historical ruins a considerable distance off, and, as there seemed to be a prospect of obtaining a large amount of plunder, an attack was arranged. Relying on their numbers, and being well armed, the travellers had dispensed with a military escort, so that a well-planned ambush left the party at the mercy of the freebooters. A fierce encounter ensued, when one after another the travellers were shot down by their assailants, who on their side suffered considerable loss. A tall athletic Englishman, who had gained the partial shelter of some rocks, made a heroic resistance, and, though called upon repeatedly to surrender, he continued to keep his assailants at bay. At last, however, a well-aimed bullet struck him, and he fell lifeless. At the same moment a girl rushed from behind him and with a piercing shriek threw herself upon the body. Then the man's unreasonable resistance was comprehended, for it was clear that this was a father who had been fighting in defence of his daughter's honour. But his fears had been groundless, because Alesandros took pride in observing the example of his august ancestor in his treatment of women. Leaving his followers to plunder, he now advanced, and

raising the senseless girl in his arms he bore her away. He had seen that she was wondrously fair. Placing her upon a mule, he brought her to a small farm a few miles away, where he knew she would be well cared for. Remaining in the neighbourhood, he visited the house frequently, and was received by her with gratitude as her deliverer. He knew enough of English to be able to console her for her loss. It has been said that Alesandros was handsome and youthful looking, so notwithstanding a disparity in age of twenty years it is not surprising that the friendless girl soon began to entertain for him feelings more intense than could have been roused by gratitude. Her passion was reciprocated by a man of affectionate temperament who had never been in love before. Of himself he told her only that he was of a noble Greek family and that he was rich. Satisfied with his love, she seemed to have no wish to inquire into his history. Her own simple story was easily told. Her father had been a clergyman in the English Church, and, like him, her mother was dead. She had in her own right a small income, that had belonged to her mother. She had no near relatives, and had no desire now ever to return to England. So, as there was no obstacle, she consented to become his wife, and they agreed that their marriage should take place soon. Then the Duke took his bride to Athens, and placed her with an English family. After their marriage they went to live at a small house in the outskirts of the town.

It was then that Alesandros definitely resolved to embark upon a new career. He had long been dissatisfied with his mode of life, chiefly because it afforded no scope for his great ambition. But he had now other motives for resolving upon a change. For the first time he began to understand the meaning of fear—fear lest his identity should be discovered, and that he should be separated from his loving wife by an ignominious death. To strengthen his resolve a child was born to him, upon whom he bestowed a doting love. He now rarely revisited his former haunts, and never without dread and aversion. He had for some time been deliberating upon a plan that would gain for him entire freedom from his irksome bonds, when fortune, in a very different way from that which he was meditating, brought about the very consummation which he desired.

After an absence of several weeks he was warily approaching the accustomed retreat of his men, when he was startled by hearing frequent discharges of musketry, which proceeded from the locality to which he was bound. Quickening his steps, he advanced by a secret path, and reached his destination in safety, when he found that the place was being assailed by a large body of Turkish troops. He knew that in his

absence the guard of the passes must have been relaxed, else it was impossible for the soldiers to have forced their way hither. But such reflections were vain now, for his band was almost annihilated, and the handful who remained, though fighting with desperate courage, must in a few minutes be cut down. The instinct of battle was strong in him, and he was about to join his men, when he was restrained by the old lieutenant Pietro, who was covered with blood. "Escape, ere it be too late," he panted. "All is over, but I have made the treasure secure." "Accompany me then," was the reply, and the two had just time to gain an exit known to themselves alone, when they heard the exultant yells of the soldiers, who had at last forced the inner barrier. They ransacked the building, but without finding anything of great value. The chief incentive for their attack, however, had been the price put upon the head of Alesandros, and, as they could find no one alive, it was naturally concluded that the chief was among the slain. So, singling out one of the bodies whose dress and appearance seemed to indicate distinction, the leader of the troops had it conveyed away in order to claim the promised reward. The soldiers were permitted to take as proofs of their victory whatever objects of value they could lay their hands on.

After several days spent among the mountains, Alesandros, accompanied by his lieutenant, reached Athens in safety. Soon, to his intense gratification, he learnt the tidings of his own death, and read in a newspaper that a portion of the reward offered for his body had been paid. Discovery now was almost impossible. Smoothly shaven and in his English dress, those who had known him best could not have recognised him; but he had been known to few except the members of his band, and, save one, all these were dead. He hoped some day to be able to pass for an Englishman. From his boyhood he had been able to read English fluently, and could talk it slightly, but with constant practice with his wife, and aided by great linguistic talent, he was attaining marvellous proficiency in conversation. Old Pietro had cut off his beard, and in an old suit of his master's English clothes he was unrecognisable. It is true that his face was somewhat scarred, but these mementos of a hundred fights did not betray him, as most of them had formerly been hidden beneath the thick hair which had almost covered his face. He did not give many the opportunity of seeing him, as he spent most of his time working in the garden. He also made himself useful in the house and groomed the pony. He was happier when permitted to amuse his master's lovely child, for whom he had made a little car, in which he would harness himself, and creeping on all fours would, doglike, drag her round the garden,

Medea loved Pietro to play with her, and because she saw it gave him pleasure she made a frequent use of her whip.

The Duke had no other children, nor did he desire them, as he was possessed by an absorbing love for his daughter. Ever since Medea's birth his wife's health had been feeble ; but, though an invalid, she often enjoyed a fair amount of strength, as Pietro, who was devoted to his mistress, had proved himself to be a skilled physician, and did her more good than any doctor, by an infusion of wild honey and certain herbs which he procured among the hills.

It was his passionate adoration of his child that at last made Alesandros resolve to put into operation some of the ambitious schemes which for so many years had enthralled him. He was too old now to place an inordinate value for himself upon either wealth or power, but when he saw that his idolised daughter was likely to grow up one of the loveliest women of her time he determined that she should have a station in life befitting her royal ancestry. He was maddened by the thought that many men with less exertions than his own had acquired vast fortunes. All his property, when realised, had amounted to about forty thousand pounds, and that sum was invested in sound English securities, which yielded him an ample income. But, though sufficient for all his needs, how trivial did his means appear when weighed by his ambition ! But he found some solace in the thought that he had sufficient money to enable him to enter without delay upon his new career. Of course it would be necessary for him to leave Athens, because, in order to acquire riches, he must mingle in their marts with men. Then came the dread of his identity being again discovered, and his plans being in this way thwarted for the second time. So far as he knew, Pietro was the only man who was cognisant of the truth. He was faithful, but the success of the issues soon to be at stake could be trusted to no man. It would be to the advantage of some one by-and-by to offer Pietro such a bribe as he might not be able to withstand. Absolute security would be impossible with this man in the way. Besides, Pietro himself might be recognised, and thus his own life would be wrecked. The result of these cogitations was that he determined to rid himself of his servant.

Bidding Pietro accompany him upon a journey one day, they rode away together early in the morning. The afternoon was well advanced when they alighted and entered a secluded ravine. At his master's bidding Pietro opened a wallet that was slung over his shoulders and produced a bottle of wine and some dried fruit. Then they sat down to a frugal meal. Pietro ate little, but watched his

master furtively, with an expression of doubt in his big doglike eyes. Alesandros had scarcely spoken a word since they started from home, but at last he rose, and, producing two pistols from the cloak he was wearing, he said:

"The time has at last come, Pietro, when it is necessary that we should part."

"Your will shall be done," was the reply, and as he spoke Pietro exhibited neither surprise nor fear.

"You have been very faithful, but I cannot trust the destinies of myself and my child to the power of any man; else there is no one I would have trusted rather than you." A grave but gratified smile passed over the servant's face. "I shall not kill you, therefore, like a dog, but shall give you the chance of defending yourself. Take that; and when you have made the tenth step, walking backwards, fire," and he held out one of the pistols.

But Pietro did not take the proffered weapon. "Bid me die in some other way," he said; "my hand is unsteady now, and you have never missed your aim."

"Do as you are bid," was the stern reply.

Pietro took the pistol. "Our little angel would not like her father to kill me," he said, "and so, for the first time, I disobey;" then placing the pistol to his temple he fired, and fell lifeless at his master's feet.

When the body had received a rude sepulture at his hands Alesandros returned home.

His preparations were almost completed for leaving Athens for Constantinople when a terrible retribution for Pietro's death befell him. His wife sank into a rapid decline and died. Whether she had learnt something of her husband's history, and the knowledge had preyed upon her, or whether her life had been only preserved through Pietro's skill in pharmacy, is uncertain, but some reason of this nature seems necessary to account for her sudden death.

Alesandros felt his wife's loss deeply, and for a short period he was disconsolate. Then he sought to drown his grief by throwing himself with greater eagerness than before into his new projects. He also found a solace in his increased devotion to his child.

After her mother's death he made his daughter talk Greek only, and would often converse with her in one of the classical dialects. He sought to instil into her a pride in her illustrious origin, and would sometimes bid her remember that the very words she spoke had fallen from the lips of her ancestors three thousand years before.

Soon after his wife's death he took up his residence at Constantinople. It was there that he first assumed his title and became known as the Duke of Macedon. During the first portion of his life he had been called, like his father, Captain, or sometimes Count Alesandros; while living at Athens, he had always taken his wife's English surname.

His ready command of a considerable amount of capital gave him at once a position in the financial world. Some services which he was able to render the Turkish Government gained for him influential favour. He met with success in several small undertakings, but his first big *coup* was secured by financing, as one of a small syndicate, a Turkish loan in Paris and London. His conduct of this operation proved him to be a financier of the first water. His splendid linguistic attainments now proved of immense service to him.

His continued success naturally brought him enemies, and dark rumours concerning his early life began to circulate. How these reports had originated he was never able to discover, but they resembled the truth too clearly for him to assign them to the invention of the envious. He resolved to ignore these tales with silent contempt, and he was right in conjecturing that few would credit them, for is not the whole world accustomed to the slanders and contumely with which success is ever assailed? He knew that he had no cause for alarm, for how was it possible to identify him with Alesandros, for whose dead body the authorities had paid a reward? Nor was there any fear that the Turkish Government would give heed to any scandal against him, seeing that he was now able to do them substantial service. As it turned out, the Duke had gauged the world well, for the rumours were laughed at by the wise and listened to seriously only by the credulous.

In appearance, abilities, attainments and means he was well fitted for the profession he had adopted, and had he been patient he must in time have attained his highest ambition with perfect honesty—using the word, of course, in a financial sense. But he was in haste to be wealthy, and began to be unscrupulous in his dealings, though he was careful to do nothing that would bring him within the grasp of the law. He was consulted by the Turkish Government before its default, and acting on his previous information he sold their bonds to such an extent in London and on the various continental Bourses that Constantinople became too hot for him, and he was forced to remove to Paris. By this operation his gains were enormous, as within a few days of the default Turkish scrip fell about thirty per

cent. Shifting his headquarters to Paris was no penalty, as he had for some time meditated the step, considering that his game in Asia and Eastern Europe had been played out.

Some years after his arrival in Paris he succeeded in defrauding one of the chief European States of a large portion of a loan which he had taken part in raising. Yet he was permitted to go unscathed, as his extradition and punishment would have involved the betrayal of important political secrets. His daughter grew up to be a girl of surpassing beauty, and many asserted that the Duke used her as a tool to further his projects. But this at least was a slander, as he would not have suffered his daughter to play a degrading part, even to further his most cherished ends. She saw his guests of course, and she was doubtless a source of attraction to many of the capitalists who frequented his house, but, even had no other motive influenced him, he revered his daughter too highly to employ her as a lure. And woe betide the man who had failed to treat Medea with due respect, for the Duke would have taken his life without compunction. But she ran no risk of being treated lightly, for few men who looked into the girl's pure eyes could doubt that she was as good as she was fair. Even those who thought that the Duke benefited by her charms did not believe that she was conscious of complicity.

For some time the Duke had been endeavouring to secure a brilliant alliance for his daughter, and at last he was successful. The dower which he was prepared to give on her marriage amounted to about a million in English money, and of course at his death she would succeed to the remainder of his wealth. This glittering bait had secured the heir to the throne of a petty state. This prince, who was little over age, had contrived to spend a more than common vicious youth on an allowance of little more than three hundred pounds a year. He was handsome ; and, owing to a distinguished presence and vivacious manners, he was a favourite guest at several European courts. He was very well satisfied with the marriage that had been arranged for him, as he could scarcely have found a richer or fairer bride ; and, as his father was still a comparatively young man, marriage was the only means he had of improving his fortunes. Part of his debts had already been paid by his future father-in-law, and it had been arranged that he should begin his married life entirely free from pecuniary embarrassment. He was naturally, therefore, eager for the match.

Medea had seen very little of her betrothed, so that her estimation of his worth was due almost entirely to her fancy, and she had endowed him with many manly and generous attributes which owed

their existence only to her own creation. From his eagerness to make her his wife she inferred that he loved her and in return she believed that she had given him her heart; but in both conclusions she was doubtless mistaken.

It was at this time, probably with a view to furnish a portion of his daughter's dowry, that the Duke of Macedon perpetrated that gigantic and well-known fraud, "The Gold Mines of Phrygia." It was destined to be the last operation of the successful financier. He had long been overstrained both mentally and physically, and his naturally robust system had gradually been lowered to a point when rest and ease were absolutely necessary to him. Neglecting his physician's warning, he caught a chill, and, after a brief illness, died.

It turned out that he had left no will; so that his daughter, who had just come of age, found herself—without trustees or guardians—one of the greatest heiresses in Europe.

Part III.

The Duke of Macedon had never looked so stately as when he was lying upon his bier, while his daughter mourned by his side in speechless grief. She had known him only as a devoted father, and of his true character she had been wholly unsuspecting. But her eyes were soon to be opened, at least partially, to the truth. It has been said that her father had left no trustees, so that his daughter had free access to all his letters and other documents. Soon after his burial, while examining his papers, the truth began to dawn upon her regarding the true nature of his transactions. She could read nearly all the various languages in which the letters were written, and any additional information she desired was supplied by her father's own papers, as he had kept an accurate account of all his principal operations. Conversation with her father had made her familiar with financial terms, so that she had little difficulty in comprehending what she saw.

Though her own high sense of honour made her disapprove of the means by which her father had acquired his wealth, she exonerated him from guilt, and did not dream of imputing to him any direct dishonesty. She knew that by right of descent of talent, he had grown to look upon all men as mere instruments towards his ends; and the numerous pathetic allusions to herself scattered among his papers taught her that his life had been spent with a view only to her ultimate advantage. The earliest of the papers now in her possession dated from her father's arrival in Constantinople, as he had long ago

carefully destroyed every trace of evidence relating to his early history.

But though Medea believed that her father's views exonerated him from actual dishonesty, she felt that she, who held a different sense of honour, would not be justified in benefiting by his gains. She had clearly a duty to perform. The more she thought of the matter, the stronger became her desire that right should be done; and soon she had formed the resolution to restore to those from whom it had been acquired the whole of her father's fortune. It was the decision of a girl who had little knowledge of the world, and who was without advisers.

She was able to find from her father's papers those who had the best claim to have their losses made up, and, as it was easy to realise the securities which her father had left, she had no difficulty in carrying out her intention. She was aided by an old amanuensis who had once been secretary to her father. He conducted for her the necessary correspondence; but she was resolved to perform the acts of restitution herself. She handed to the ambassador of a foreign Power the whole amount of the claim made by his Government against her father. She caused an advertisement to be put in the London papers informing those who held shares in "The Gold Mines of Phrygia" that they would be bought up at a price which represented their average value during the brief period of their fluctuation. Mr. Heriot Brooke was one of the first to take advantage of this generous offer. When, to his astonishment, he received a draft for a larger sum than he had lost, and learnt whence it came, he set out that night for Paris, though it was within a week of his marriage. He found Medea's address, and succeeded in obtaining an interview. In an impassioned address—for the man was terribly in earnest—he told his love. He acknowledged the doubts that had once possessed him, and asked forgiveness. Finally he avowed his willingness to incur the obloquy of breaking off his forthcoming marriage for her sake. Medea listened to him gravely. She did not trust herself to reply in her fragmentary English, but, taking a sheet of note-paper, she wrote this characteristic answer and handed it to him: "In the circumstances your doubts regarding me were perhaps natural, but, taken together with your readiness to break your engagement to another lady, they do not recommend you to me. To save you any more explanation, I shall tell you that I am already betrothed to the man I love. But, even had no other obstacle stood in the way, I would not have become your wife, for you are too old." Medea's ingenuousness was her chief trait. On reading this reply Mr. Brooke

understood that nothing was to be gained by pressing his suit further, so he took his leave.

Before Medea had satisfied all the claims which seemed to her just, not only had the whole of her father's fortune disappeared, but she had sold their houses and every article of value they had possessed, even her own jewels. She discovered, however, that she had no power to dispose of the money which had come to her through her mother, as it was in the hands of trustees; so that, although she would receive an annual sum, she could not touch the capital. The income from this source was not large, but, fortunately for the girl, it would be ample to secure her from ever experiencing absolute want, which would assuredly have been her fate had she been permitted to give away this last portion of her inheritance.

Medea had never considered the possibility of the disposal of her fortune proving any obstacle to her marriage. The thought of the man whom she loved permitting the question of money to come between their hearts would never have entered her mind unsuggested. At the time of her father's death she had received a kind letter from her betrothed, in which he tendered his sympathy and said that he was coming to see her as soon as possible.

On the Prince's arrival in Paris he was startled by the information which he received concerning Medea's unaccountable behaviour. He was in sore need of money himself, and was hoping both to receive assistance from Medea and to obtain her consent to their early marriage. He had scarcely credited the rumours he had just heard, and had no conception of the real state of affairs when he sought an interview with Medea. Then he listened in consternation to the truth. Considering his loss and terrible disappointment, his words of upbraiding were temperate, and probably not stronger than nine men out of ten would have used in the circumstances. But what he said was sufficient to open Medea's eyes to the true nature of the marriage compact into which she had entered. The letters of the Prince's father, which had been obscure to her when she read them among her father's correspondence, were intelligible now. While the young man spoke his words of reproof the idol which she had reared seemed to be vanishing slowly from her sight, and with it all that was left to her of life. She had risen from her seat, her face was as white as if it had been cut in marble, and there was a troubled, perplexed expression in her liquid eyes.

"Then," she said with an effort, "you no longer wish to marry me?"

"Marry you!" exclaimed the Prince bitterly; "how is it pos-

sible? You have effectually destroyed that best hope of my life. I have not one-tenth of the sum sufficient to support myself in bare comfort; how then is it possible that I could maintain an establishment? You have wrecked not only your own life but mine; marriage is out of the question."

"Then, good-bye," said Medea, holding out her hand to him in an almost listless fashion.

"No, no!" exclaimed the young man impetuously, as he gazed with emotion on the fairest face he had ever seen; "we shall not part like this. You are the only woman I have ever truly loved, and I cannot leave you to face the world poor, friendless, and unprotected. You must, therefore, accompany me back to my own country, that I may share with you what I have, and guard you." As he spoke he approached her, but she waved him back with an imperious gesture. Medea's lips trembled and her eyes were downcast as she said, in a low tone, almost as if she were speaking in soliloquy,

"I scarcely understand all that has taken place, and the change that is wrought. But something teaches me it is good for me that I was not destined to become your wife." Then, raising her head proudly, she said in a firmer voice, "But I am not so helpless and destitute as you suppose. I have still, in England, the money that belonged to my mother, and, if God aid me, I shall need pity or assistance from none." Then she quickly left the room. Had the scornful glance which Medea cast upon him as she passed him come from the Medusa the Prince could not have been more firmly rooted to the spot where he stood. He remained for a long time still, hoping she would return, and at last he sent a message to her; but she refused to come, so he was compelled to leave the house. During the next few days he made several attempts to obtain another interview, but in vain; so that he was forced to leave Paris without seeing her again.

Notwithstanding her self-reliance, in the first sense of her isolation Medea had many times called on Death to come to her; but the tide of youth and health was flowing too strongly in her veins for Death to be able to check it without better cause than her summons.

She had for some time resolved to leave the scenes which were most familiar to her, and at last she decided to go to Athens, which was endeared to her by memories of that happy childhood when she had known a mother's love.

But at Athens her weariness of life did not pass away, and the

many associations that constantly recalled those who had been most dear to her served only to intensify her loneliness and misery.

One day she had wandered far from the city, and as night began to fall she found that she had lost her way; but almost heedless of her mischance, she continued to walk aimlessly onwards. At length she sank exhausted upon a bed of heath. Fortunately the night was clement, and she slept till the morning without harm. At a lonely cot, where she procured some food, she made no inquiry respecting her way, but having rested a little continued her wanderings. She felt as though she had left the world behind her, and she had no desire to return to it. But she was impelled to go forward. She readily obtained what food and shelter she sought. No one attempted to molest her. To the few hinds who saw her she seemed an ethereal being, and, according as their superstition moved them, they were disposed to worship or to flee.

One evening, footsore, weary, and hungry, she entered a valley. She had walked all day without seeing a house, and she was now ready to faint from fatigue and famine. She was conscious that if she sank to the ground she would never rise again, for her strength seemed at last all spent: but life had suddenly grown precious to her, so she struggled on. It was some strange working of Fate, or of Providence, which had guided her steps thither. She had come to the place which from time immemorial her ancestors had kept with a strong hand, defying the world.

The girl's limbs trembled, and she was about to sink to the ground, when a sweet sound that fell upon her ears inspired her with fresh strength. It was the low tolling of a bell, which, in silvery rhythm, stole down the valley. She felt as though a voice were summoning her, and she strove with feeble steps to obey the call.

The ruined temple of Apollo which had served her father and his followers as a retreat had remained deserted for many years after it had been stormed by the Turkish troops. At length it had attracted the attention of a rich abbess who was seeking a spot of more than ordinary seclusion, and she had reared a building from the fallen masonry. It was the convent-bell which Medea had heard, and whose summons she was striving to obey. But ere she reached the gate she fell senseless upon the earth. Fortunately her approach had been noticed, and she was tenderly raised and borne within. The nuns, like their abbess, were mostly ladies of noble birth. As the wondering sisters gathered round the fair form they thought that an angel had come to visit them; and, indeed, it took all their skill

and care that night to keep Medea from the skies. But in the morning she began to revive, and when she learnt the refuge which she had found, she gladdened the hearts of those who surrounded her by saying that she wished never to leave that refuge again. Medea had found rest at last : a new life had dawned for her, and her marriage was at hand ; for ere the summer had passed she stood by the altar, a willing bride, veiled for her espousal.

UMBRELLAS.[1]

AS in so many other instances, we are indebted to the Lands of the Rising Sun for that useful invention which protects us from the burning heat rays and from the chilling showers of rain and snow. And we accept

> The Great Mogul Bombello,
> A paunchy fat little fellow,
> Who squatted all day, on an ottoman gay,
> Underneath a great umbrello,

as the type of those oriental potentates who, for countless centuries have enhanced their comfort and dignity by its use.

The great man into whose fertile brain the brilliant conception of such a machine first penetrated is shrouded in mystery. Like other inventors, he probably had in view his own immediate profit and convenience, and was far from appreciating the benefit he conferred upon his species, or from foreseeing the extent to which his discovery would be utilised by posterity. History knows not the universal benefactor. He resembles the discoverers of beer and tobacco, and remains, like Homer, a myth with no tangible or concrete personality. Yet he must have had an existence, and perhaps the happy suggestion came in quite a casual way as he plucked a broad leaf to serve as his shelter, subsequently developing the idea as he protected himself from the bursting rain-cloud beneath the wide fronds of a palm, or meditated under the shade of a sacred banyan, whilst all around the parched earth was baking and cracking in the fierce sunshine. The central lines of the one or the branches of the other might suggest the ribs, whilst the green leaf-stuff could easily be replaced by any readily accessible material. This is not so very far-fetched after all, for the Siamese monks are accustomed to improvise a sunshade out of a folded palm-leaf. Such leaves we learn from Pliny to have been used in the manufacture of umbrellas in classic times, and Captain Cook found them so employed when he visited the islands of the South Pacific. I prefer thus to picture the birth of the umbrella, for, if fantastic

[1] For the substance of much of the historic part of this article I am indebted to *Notes and Queries*.

minds have been pleased to discover a derivation for it in the toadstool, I regard it as one which it is an insult to the intelligence of the reader to present for serious consideration. At this day we must be content to let the matter rest as one of pure surmise; as one of those things, in fact, "which no fellar can ever find out." But, in whatever manner it had its inception, the contrivance dates from a period vastly remote. We find the sunshade (for the use of the umbrella as a specific protection from rain is a modern adaptation) on the monuments of a long-forgotten past, whether it be chiselled in the sculptures of Nineveh or represented on the tombs of Memphis and of Thebes. Eleven centuries before the Christian era, if their writings may be credited, the umbrella was used by the Chinese, whilst its employment in the great Indian peninsula dates from a period of which we have no record.

Here the dome-shaped umbrella, the ch'hatra or cháta, was used only by the reigning princes, or by a few favoured nobles to whom the privilege was accorded, the common herd having to content themselves with a flat circular disc called an "aftâb-gir." The cháta, indeed, was a possession not unattended with expense, as its weight necessitated considerable dexterity in its manipulation and a ch'hata-burdar was required to poise the ponderous canopy over the royal head. Only fancy the diadem knocked off the sacred cranium by a clumsy bearer—the subsequent proceedings are too dreadful even to contemplate. So much importance was attached to this outward and visible symbol of majesty that the Mahratta princes who ruled in Poonah and Sattara assumed the title of Ch'hatra-pati, or Lord of the Umbrella; and it is by no means impossible that the word σατράπης, used by Herodotus for Persian governors of Asiatic provinces, originated in this way. Examples of umbrellas have been found on the monuments of Egypt as well as on those of Persepolis; their construction differs little from those now in use, and they are almost invariably associated with persons of exalted rank. It is not too much to say that, throughout the East, the umbrella was everywhere regarded as the emblem of dominion and sovereignty. This was doubtless due to its close association with various solemn religious festivals and observances, notably those connected with the worship of Bacchus; and this connection points to a direct relationship with the mysteries of sun and nature worship. Hence was acquired the occult significance in which its high prestige lay. The allegory is not hard to read; whilst on the one hand the sun, as the source of the light and heat by which the earth is fecundated, was a worthy emblem of life, so on the other the object which obscured his rays and cast its dark shadow upon the ground was aptly indica-

tive of death. A bas-relief, in which Bacchus is shown holding an umbrella as he descends to Hades, confirms this view, and should serve as a timely warning to Professor Baldwin—*absit omen*! Borne over the head of the monarch, it typified his power to take life, and in this emblematic sense it has survived in the canopies which overshadow the throne of our sovereigns and the benches of our judges. In Greece and Rome the employment of the sunshade was less restricted. The σκιάδειον was borne by her bondswoman over the head of the Athenian belle, as was the umbraculum over that of her Roman sister. To carry an umbrella on his own behalf was to blazon forth his effeminate nature, but classic mashers who desired to rank themselves among the slaves of their mistresses considered it was as much a point of honour to hold up the sunshade of the beloved object as do their modern successors, and the offering of a costly parasol was a frequent means of ingratiating a suitor.

The Latin Church adopted the emblem of supremacy, and those cardinals who took their titles from basilican churches were attended by umbrella-bearers. Beatiano, an Italian herald, describes an umbrella upon a red shield as a symbol of dominion, and in this sense it was modified into the broad-brimmed scarlet hat, which, after all, but repeated the transition which had taken place amongst the Greeks when the σκιάδειον or sunshade was metamorphosed into the θολία or sun-hat. As an object of secular use the parasol became extinct, if we except its possible sporadic existence in Italy; and its general employment appears only to have revived when extended commerce brought eastern and western lands into closer communion. Under these circumstances, Venice is a place in which one might expect to find its resuscitation, and here, in the twelfth century, the Doge had his umbrella of state. In Italy the use of the sunshade was gradually revived, especially amongst horsemen, Florio speaking of it as "a round fan or shadowing that they vse to ride with in sommer." The fashion passed into Spain, and Cervantes records that Don Quixote encountered monks who rode upon mules and bore umbrellas. France adopted the novel mode of protection, which was in general use at the Court of Louis XIV., and in Paris the manufacture of the parasol rapidly reached a degree of considerable perfection, whilst insular prejudices barred its introduction into England. That it had been known in Anglo-Saxon times is shown in the Harleian MS. No. 603, which represents a noble over whose head a sunshade is held by a domestic; but, if this were anything more than an individual caprice, the custom became obsolete, and several centuries elapse before we again find a record of its home use. Cartmell Church, it is true, owns a

leathern umbrella said to be over three centuries old, but it was used for a shelter for the sacred elements, and we must come to later times to find instances of a secular employment. It was not a common object, or Coryat would not have called umbrellas "curiositys"; Blount would not have been at the pains to define "umbrello (Ital.: *ombrella*), a fashion of round and broad fans wherewith the Indians (and from them our great ones) preserve themselves from the heat of the sun or fire;" nor would Drayton, writing in 1620, have gone out of his way to explain that it was a thing to "sheeld you in all sorts of weathers." Quarles, ever ready to moralize, turned the new-fangled notion to account, as he says:

> The human nature
> Is made the umbrella to the Deity,
> To catch the sunbeams of thy just Creator.
> Beneath this covert thou may'st safely lie.

The adoption of the umbrella was slow, and it was at first only found hanging in the halls of the wealthy, where it was employed by footmen to shelter guests in gaining or leaving their chairs and coaches. As amongst the ancients, its use in the streets was primarily restricted to women, who, with their quicker wits, appear to have more readily appreciated the novel boon. In Swift's "City Shower," printed in the *Tatler* of 1710, we have

> The tucked-up semstress walks with hasty strides,
> While streams run down her oiled umbrella's sides.

and in his "Trivia" Gay declares that

> Britain in winter only knows its aid,
> To guard from chilly showers the walking maid.

There existed much the same feeling then at anyone but a woman carrying an umbrella as that of the present time, which restricts the use of the muff to the fair sex. Coffee-houses kept umbrellas, which were lent to customers on an emergency, if they chose to employ them, but to do so was to brave derision; and a sarcastic writer in the *Female Tatler* inserted an advertisement that "the young gentleman from the Custom-House who, in fear of rain, borrowed the umbrella from Wills' Coffee-House, shall the next time be welcome to the maid's pattens." Poor men! in those days you certainly could not brave public opinion with impunity, and the higher powers at times co-operated to restrict the use of the umbrella by the issue of surprising edicts. Thus, Governor Ryk van Tulbagh, of Cape Colony, enacted in 1752 "that no one less in rank than a junior merchant, or those among the citizens of equal rank, and the wives

and daughters only of those who are or have been members of any council, shall venture to use umbrellas, and that those who are less in rank than merchants shall not enter the castle in fine weather with an open umbrella." What heartburnings and *coups de soleil* there must have been in the colony! Apropos of sunstroke, the parasol was actually regarded as dangerous in this connection, and held in much the same suspicion as is bestowed by the yokel upon the lightning conductor! Fynes Moryson's "Itinerary" states that "in hot regions, to auoide the beames of the sunne, in some places (as in Italy) they carry vmbrels, or things like a little canopy, over their heads; but a learned Physician told me, that the use of them was dangerous, because they gather the heat into a pyramidall point, and thence cast it down perpendicularly vpon the head, except they know how to carry them for auoyding that danger." I should have imagined it more probable that the bearer would faint from exhaustion than suffer from the heat of the concentrated rays, as the vast machine weighed something under four pounds. The British article was characteristically solid, and was a cumbrous awning of oiled canvas extended by ribs of cane and subsequently of whalebone. It is to such a structure that Gay, doubtless with Swift's lines in his mind, alludes when he mentions that

> Good housewives,
> Defended by th' umbrella's oily shed,
> Safe through the wet on clinking pattens tread.

It was an implement of this class that was borne by the worthy traveller Jonas Hanway, who has commonly but erroneously been credited with the invention or introduction of the umbrella, unless indeed he was at the expense of procuring a silk shade from the Continent, where alone such luxurious articles were then manufactured The hackney coachmen were loud in their denunciations of a contrivance which afforded a shelter from inclement weather other than that which they offered for hire, but, after certain eccentric individuals had stuck to their point and braved the showers of ridicule which their appearance evoked, common humanity began to discover a convenience in the object of their former derision. Two medical men carried it to Edinburgh and Glasgow; its adoption gradually spread, and, early in the present century, the Duchess of Rutland did not consider it derogatory to her exalted position to contrive an improvement in the form of her sunshade.

Where aristocratic influence was unfelt the antiquated construction persisted, and specimens of vast proportions lingered on as survivals of an almost extinct species. A glorified structure of this nature, with

a diameter of five feet and an iron-shod handle of seven feet, is preserved in Bromley Church, where in days before the introduction of the mackintosh it served to shelter the priest as he officiated at the grave. The cost of such an article was considerable. In 1760 the churchwardens of Burnley paid £2 10*s.* for their umbrella, but by 1777 the price had fallen, and the Vestry of Sculcoates, Hull, acquired its specimen for 23*s.* It is difficult to picture, as a monopoly of the wealthy, objects which are now in universal employment, and which are sold by street-hawkers for a few pence whenever inclement weather promises a ready market. In the days of its restricted employment the umbrella sufficiently indicated the status of its possessor. Has it, in its more widely extended use, lost its suggestion of character? I think not, nor did the celebrated Count D'Orsay, who declared that, failing the best carriage, he would have the best umbrella. "Tot homines, quot umbracula." The subject is worth a moment's thought, for "if the proper study of mankind is man," and man is known by his umbrella, its investigation is an imperative duty. Hitherto you may, oblivious of your solemn responsibilities, have passed unheeded the unwritten book presented to your gaze, a book which he who runs may read; but bear with me for a minute longer, as I slip into the lantern a few typical slides, and, if you are the reader I take you for, you will do so no longer.

Look at that elegant construction with its delicate paragon frame; the covering of choice silk confined by a band of the same material, and not of the elastic trumpery which gives in the wear, becoming too large for a single turn whilst insufficiently long to encircle the umbrella twice! Look at the polished Malacca cane, its chased silver mounting inscribed with name and address—as plain as plain can be, but as good as possible—and tell me if *that* could be carried by anyone but a gentleman! If it were not sacrilege to parody the immortal bard one might paraphrase the injunction of Polonius, and give as our advice—

> Costly thy "brolly" as thy purse can buy,
> But not expressed in fancy.

Reflect for a moment upon the umbrellas carried by Leech's inimitable swells. What would have availed those exuberant trousers and redundant "Piccadilly-weepers" had they been unaccompanied by the umbrella "so very small, that it scarcely seemed an umbrella at all?" Nothing—you feel it at once, and so did the artist, who evidently appreciated the fact that the umbrella "maketh man," for when the rage for tiny toys had culminated he makes an individual, solicitous that his social status should not be misapprehended,

exclaim, as he exhibits a monstrosity of the genus gingham, "Aw—ewery snob, you know, hath a little umbwella now, you know, so I've just got this, you know, to show I'm not a snob, you know." But a snob he undoubtedly was, and equally indubitably the unappropriate umbrella betrayed the fact before he spoke. The same umbrella might be perfectly congruous in other hands, the bulbous cotton article being beloved of the lower middle-class matron, whose opulent charms have a mimic presentment in its ample contours, and of which the careless arrangement reflects the peculiarities of her own toilet. The "gamp" is as strong and sterling and homely as the heart of its worthy owner. Then there is the worn silk umbrella which has seen better days. The frame, originally good, has worked a bit loose and has been wrung out of shape, whilst the cuts at the folds of the cover have been painfully concealed by bands of ribbon. You may set down its bearer as a needy worker—some thrifty spinster, who keeps about her a few memories of the old home, when things were so different, and who now shelters herself under the tried friend as she sallies out to earn a scanty wage. God help you, poor thing! may the young man who so often eyes you at the corner find you a new resting-place, and may the faithful servant be re-covered. The umbrella of the married man, as such, has no typical characteristic, if we except a tendency to raspberry jam and treacle on the knob in certain well-defined specimens. The gradations are infinite, ranging from the elaborate excellence of the jeunesse-doré parachute to the hermaphrodite object which serves by turns as shelter and support, and which (always reputable if its owner retains any self-respect) has no place at the upper table, or, more correctly, stand, of its kith and kin.

Yes, there certainly are umbrellas which, unable to claim a place in the aristocracy of their race, are yet eminently respectable. And amongst these I, as an old playgoer, would rank the weapon of the habitual "pittite." It is not an object of beauty, but how serviceable! A mixture of silk and cotton—"union" I think they call it—for your patron of the drama is a refined and educated person with higher claims to gentility than to own the vulgar alpaca article. During how many hours of patient standing has it sheltered him as he awaited the rush when the doors were opened, and, hastily furled, how manfully did it battle in the surging crowd! The old cut-and-thrust sword was a joke to it. And when the auditorium was gained, and it rested betwixt the knees of its still-panting proprietor, how heartily did its worn brazen ferrule urge the rising of the tardy curtain or greet the appearance of the favourite "star"!

The umbrellas of the doctor and the parson command respect, if not admiration. True, they are still carried when their pristine elegance has departed, and when, sooth to say, they are the worse for wear, besides which they are more carelessly rolled than pleases a fastidious eye. But do not these very facts betray a devotion to duty, which leaves little leisure for a consideration of appearances, and indicate the haste with which a summons to the bed of the sick or dying has been answered? Should we be quite as satisfied with the fitness of things if the comforters of the afflicted in mind, body, or estate copied the airs of Bond Street and Pall Mall? I think not: there is a congruity in this negligence which satisfies our sense of right, and we would not have it otherwise.

Certain classes are less easily indicated. There is the bearer of the frayed cover, unsewn here and there from the ribs, and confined by a band as easy fitting as the cestus of Venus. The jagged edge of brass through which a splintered end of wood projects can scarce be dignified by the name of nozzle. The characteristics are clearly those of neglect and of the bearer's carelessness of the opinion of surrounding humanity. But the causes of this indifference may lie far apart, and point either to a natural slovenliness or the absorbing preoccupation of the student or politician. The proprietors of such fanciful gewgaws as folding umbrellas, umbrella walking-sticks, pocket-umbrellas, and the like are few and far between. They are either inventors seeking gratuitous advertisement for the offspring of their brains, or creatures who, without their wits, and with a superfluity of vanity, angle for a cheap notoriety in the exhibition of an eccentric appendage. And so we pass down by an easy transition from one form and quality to another, until we reach the tattered and dingy rags which, hanging from a few bent wires, make a poor attempt to shelter the ill-clad form of shivering humanity, forced to brave the downpour in the sloppy streets, and pass on to the dustheap, where rest the almost irrecognisable débris of the old servant, whose time has come, and whose unregarded age is in corners thrown. Once, perhaps, the adjunct of the affluent in luxurious surroundings, and now sunk to the lowest level of degradation, it is not an unapt type of some of our sisters, whose end of misery contrasts so grimly with the happy home of their childhood.

> Here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see't.

But one must not moralize, on pain of being tedious, and talking of morality brings me to another point. Mrs. Caudle, in one of those lectures which she delivered for marital edification, is recorded to have

observed, "He return an umbrella!—as if any one ever did return an umbrella!" And the cynical remark has been echoed *ad nauseam*. Whence arose the laxity of conscience in matters concerning this harmless article I have vainly endeavoured to discover. What is the hidden potency of ill that lurks within the combination of silk and steel? Does it possess some occult power of which, like hypnotism, we are as yet in profound ignorance, but which is one day to be revealed? Will some hierophant of the future furnish us with an exorcism which will enable our umbrellas to dwell at peace within our stands? Who can say?

The depravity is an existing fact, and the familiar friend who would regard with horror the appropriation of your purse will annex your umbrella without scruple. This you know as well as I, and act on your knowledge when you hang up your own umbrella under your overcoat at the club, instead of trusting it to the rack, or when you hand to your departing guest the nursery gingham instead of adventuring your "own particular." The casuistry with which the ungodly are wont on this point to salve their conscience is lamentable. For instance, I know of a man—I say "of" advisedly, for so immoral a person shall never be a friend of mine—who argues, as I am told, in this fashion: "As the average of people pay no more than a guinea for an umbrella, and I buy one annually at that price, I acquire a right to any umbrella for which I may exchange my own." Horrible, isn't it? But he has the courage of his abominable convictions, and acts down to them unblushingly. Other instances could be readily cited, were not the failings of our fellow-creatures an ugly subject upon which to descant, and so I leave it; but, before I close this paper, I propose that you shall put my views to the test, by a piece of practical analysis. I have said that a man is known by his umbrella, and it is perhaps only fair that I should give the reader the opportunity of divining my own character. So I propose to give you the portrait of the shelter which habitually accompanies me. "Here, Mary, run into the hall and bring my umbrella from the stand, that I may describe it accurately from nature. What! gone!! It's that rascal who called just this moment for a subscription to the Bargemen's Benevolent Co-operative Mission." Excuse me, reader—no more till I recover my property. I must pursue the abductor. "Stop thief!"

FRANK REDE FOWKE.

A PLEA FOR THE BIRDS.

ASK an American what it is that strikes him most on his arrival in England, he answers: "Your green hedgerows and your song-birds."

Ask an Italian, and he says: "Your woodland and your rooks." Talk to a Switzer, and he asserts that next to your absence of mountains the abundance of your thrushes most astonishes him. Speak to a German, and he tells you that what seems strange to him is the presence in our island home of so many of his own well-known and well-beloved feathered friends of the finch tribe. Ask a Frenchman, and he assures you that the number of birds in the gardens who, instead of being eaten, are allowed to eat and enjoy life, is a constant marvel to him.

They are none of them wrong in their observations. This "other Eden, demi-Paradise" of ours, notwithstanding ignorance of the real habits of many of our most beautiful birds, and consequent wanton destruction of them; notwithstanding also that wire-fencing is coming into fashion, and the good old thickset is going out—with the certain diminution of shelter for the farmer's friends, and as certain a retribution sooner or later—has still a quite remarkable variety of bird-life; its residents, summer visitors, and winter migrants from the north, keep up a wonderful interchange of feathered population.

Anyone who has had his eyes and ears open must have felt how the waves of this bird-life seem to break upon our island and pass from north to south and south to north almost to a day.

Anyone with his heart open will have realised the pain and sorrow that awaits the gentle band of unsuspecting wanderers who come each year to bring us beauty and music and added delight.

Those who have realised what deep pleasures the appearance of a well-beloved migrant gives, as, punctual to his hour, he makes himself heard or flashes into sight, will feel something of the pain in knowing that, unless we can be more enlightened in our entertain-

ment of these strangers, we shall each year entertain fewer angels unawares, and England will be immeasurably the poorer.

For is it not a fact that England, in its weariness and its city banishment from sunshine and sweet country sounds, is becoming each year, by means of an educational process, more fully sensible of such joy as these wild bird presences can yield?

The rich man may find his pleasure in foreign travel, the poor man must find his in his native fields.

The pleasure that habits of natural history observation give, the happiness of being able to use one's eyes, is a pleasure and happiness within the reach of the poorest of the poor, and we shall be wise in time if we take care that the joy that our bird-life, carefully studied, provides for the poorest of the people, is not sensibly or thoughtlessly diminished. An Edwards, a Dick, a Jonathan Otley may not be found in every village yet, but the time may come when no boy shall leave his village school without knowing something of the ministry of the fowls of the air and something of the seasons in which to look for the visitors from across the sea, and of the sounds that proclaim their arrival.

It is certain that the education of the future will insist more and more on accurate use of hand and eye; if the Sloyd system or the industrial art school bench and tool is to help towards the former, how better can the latter, viz., accuracy of eye, be attained, than by educating it to habits of careful, accurate, and systematic observation? and what better field for the practice of these habits is to be found for the average English boy or girl than the field of natural history?

It is then a matter of serious concern not only from the cheap pleasure side of the question, but from the practical education side also, that the field for the observation of natural history objects be not narrowed in the British Isles. The impetus given to habits of observation by our natural science books, our good elementary "school readers," and our excellent museums, of late has awakened a dormant appetite for the pleasure and the education derivable therefrom. Where one collector of plants and bird specimens existed ten years ago we have three to-day. Meanwhile the craze for possession of specimens outruns the discretion of observers, who are only beginning to learn the secrets of the naturalist.

In consequence of this revival of scientific interest we find plants and animals which were a real possession for the nation disappearing entirely from sight, and as real a national loss, beyond computation, is the result. It is asked what can be our remedy?

We answer, public opinion so enlightened as to make it impossible for a collector to root up wholesale the last small patch of "Scheuchzeria palustris" in the bog (of whose destruction, by-the-bye, the poor black-backed gulls in the Scotch marsh are, it seems, blameless) or to shoot the last bittern that may boom in the fens.

We answer, knowledge more wide-spread and accurate of the actual habits of our feathered friends. The time must come when the owl shall be looked upon as the Athenians looked upon it of old—a tutelary presence in the fields and vineyards. As one stands in the shadow of the Acropolis and hears the clear, bell-like voice of that bird of Minerva ringing through the air, one is bound to remember that it was perhaps not only for its flashing eyes but for its active help to the vine-dresser and the husbandman that this bird was sacred to the glaucopis Athene, and stared so many centuries from the silver drachma in the hands of the Athenian merchantmen.

Surely, too, the time will come when the kite will be looked upon as chiefly a devourer of rats and snakes, the honey-buzzard and the hobby will be seen to be feeders on wasps, beetles, and cockchafers, and not on young pheasant chicks or grouse eggs. We shall one day realise that the buzzard has made "mice and frogs and such small cheer" his simple food for many a year; that the kingfisher seeks as much for slugs and watersnails as he does for trout-spawn and minnows, and that that miracle of beauty, the wind-hover or kestrel, never stole a partridge's egg in its life, and cares more for a plump field mouse than for any other food the earth can give.

Of course, side by side with increased acquaintance with the habits and feeding of our aery visitors, slowly there will grow the interesting knowledge of the barometrical use, if one may coin a word, of having ever over England clouds of living birds to tell us which way the wind blows, and with utmost delicacy to respond to climatic changes. That wizard Mantuan, who walked the shore of Sicily and watched for the coming of the kingfisher, has told us in the first Georgic how, on the plains of Lombardy, the man who watched the flight of the cranes was always well forewarned against the weather.

> Numquam imprudentibus imber,
> Obfuit; aut illum surgentem vallibus imis
> Aeriæ fugere grues . . . .
> Aut arguta lacus circumvolitavit hirundo.

We who can now, thanks to telegraphy, know to a day the movements of the birds, need not be one whit less weatherwise than he. What better news have we who live in villages of how the open country or the seashore fares than by noting the presence or absence

of the birds in quest of food. The great flocks of winter migrants out in the open break up into serious village bands, and give up gipsying at the first real spell of hard weather.

Moreover, the interchange of field and garden bird life, so admirably described for us by the author of "A Year with the Birds" has much to tell us of the actual temperature and fruitage of the year. No agriculturist can neglect to use the message that the sensitive followers of the sun and seekers of their food bring with them from across the sea.

The mysterious appearance of rare visitors, such, for instance, as the recurrent flights of "crossbills," if only we could read their riddle, doubtless would do much for us; but here at home the regular migrations of our well-known birds from south to north, from north to south, have many a lesson for the farmer.

If the actual utilitarian side of this question of the use of wild birds should seem to be likely to accomplish something, as a motor to their protection, we say that charity will accomplish more.

We look far forth to the time when humanity and "the love of being kind to such as needed kindness" will put down the cruel use of unnecessary snares or the prowling gun.

As I write, news is brought me that a tawny owl, which had just begun to make his interesting to-whoo echo of nights in our vale, was shot—because it was an owl. A bittern, rarer visitor still, paid the penalty of appearing upon the margin of a neighbouring lake a few weeks since, and will never boom again.

We want more real love of the birds, more tender kindness and pity for these wonderful gifts from God to us, we want something of the sympathy that made Wordsworth write in his "Hartleap Well":

> One lesson, shepherd, let us two divide,
> Taught both by what she shows and what conceals,
> Never to blend our sorrow and our pride,
> With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.

We want something of the ever-present pitifulness that inspired Charles Tennyson Turner to write of the swallow he had thoughtlessly shot in early youth the following sonnet:

> I hoard a little spring of secret tears
> For thee, poor bird; thy deathblow was my crime:
> From the far past it has flowed on for years,
> It never dries; it brims at swallow time.
> No kindly voice within me took thy part,
> Till I stood o'er thy last faint flutterings;
> Since then, methinks, I have a gentler heart,
> And gaze with pity on all wounded wings.

Full oft the vision of thy fallen head
Twittering in highway dust appeals to me,
Thy helpless form as when I struck thee dead
Drops out from every swallow flight I see;
I would not have thine airy spirit laid,
I seem to love the little ghost I made.

Collected Sonnets, p. 365.

The pity that the elder Tennyson felt for "wounded wings" was a real and an abiding one. I once saw no secret tears but very real tears fill his fine eyes and roll down his gnarled face as he finished reading that sonnet to me. And when one thinks of the thousand ghosts each day that a thoughtless boy-England makes by foolish use of the gun, one is tempted to think the time is come for another Virgil to pourtray the gathering of the spirits, not of men, but of birds upon the banks of our channel, "when the winter of our cruelty puts them to flight and routs them over seas,"[1] praying old Charon for passage to a happier clime and warmer welcome in more blessed isles.

Those who have seen the havoc made by brutal sticks and cowardly sportsmen upon the weary-winged woodcock who have crossed far seas on the back of a nor'-easter, and are hoping for short shelter and rest upon the moonlit banks of Lincolnshire; those who have watched the gathering of the cuckoo, in sad, diminished, anxious, voiceless bands upon the shores of the "Wash," before they bid a land that loves them not adieu, will feel it needs small effort of imagination to conjure up a vision of inhospitality to the birds that add such beauty, and life, and wealth, and good to the land, which will make the most unthinking amongst us ask whether we deal fairly and honourably with our feathered friends.

Ubi aves, ibi angeli! It would not seem, looking at the ornithological records of the past few years, that we have thought so; and *ubi aves, ibi Angli*—with guns in their hands and their feet swift to shed innocent blood—would seem an honester reading. This the "Wild Birds' Protection Act" and "Gun Licences Bill" notwithstanding.

But the process of forming an enlightened public opinion is a gradual one. Knowledge of the habits and food of birds, and the power to distinguish friends from foes amongst them, spreads very slowly.

The tender loving-kindness of a poet's heart for the people of the air cannot be expected to be the common possession of the people of the earth.

[1] *Æneid*, vi., 369.

Yet there are signs not wanting that the hearts and the imagination of Englishwomen are being touched to pity our fair-winged friends. The fact that the beautiful little crane, "ardea gracilis," was becoming exterminated to provide the Parisian bonnet makers with egret-plumes a year or two ago did not much move the world of fashion ; but as soon as it came out that the lovely feather was only worn by the bird in the season of love making, and that every egret-plume obtained meant the probable starving of a callow brood of helpless "ardeas," the ladies of tender hearts and love in England felt compassion, and egret-plumes were less sought for.

Side by side with this growth of pity for the birds, has grown a quite remarkable wish to have them as neighbours in our big towns, and though no doubt while Manchester is gravely discussing what kind of plane tree has a bark that can best be washed, and so can best be able to breathe and have its being in the sooty squares, it is not much use for Manchester to hope to hear "the earliest chant of half-awakened birds," or such exultant echoes of the thrush as the streets, and lanes, and quadrangles of Oxford are made glad by—it is nevertheless being gravely discussed how best to plant the London Parks to suit the songsters, and we are promised that a good nut grove by the Long Water will bring us back the wished for nightingale.

Do we want more? If Great Britain is so beginning to care for its own, is there really any fear of our bird-heritage passing away, or any danger of losing for our children the wide fields of observation and interest that our British bird-life has up to the present supplied?

Yes. The three hundred and eighty species that are now our pride are likely to lose very precious members of its rich variety.

Let us take one instance only.

In 1887, the great Skua gull, whose breeding place is in the Shetland Isles, had been reduced in number to twenty pairs. I quote from the report of a well-known member of the Physical Society of Edinburgh, Harold Raeburn. Unless very strong measures are taken, what is to prevent the extinction of this beautiful coaster, within the next two years? Look at the chough, again. In White of Selborne's day he was plentiful at Beachy Head. One may wander over those cliffs many a day without a sight of his red bill now. I could not see a single specimen of this bird of old Arthurian legend, during a ten days' observation of the birds on the Cornish bluffs.

Where is the kingfisher? In Scotland nearly extinct, in England rarer every year. Faber's sonnet will remain, but only once in five years was the flashing emerald that inspired that sonnet seen at his task

upon the Brathay shore. Ten years ago five pairs were known of in the Derwentwater district: only one pair is known of now. In the English Lake District we are blessed with quite a remarkable number of rarer winter visitors—but the red-wing and tufted duck were not likely to be counted amongst them until the past few years. Of summer visitors, the dotterel, whose flocks made glad Skiddaw and Helvellyn, and the red-backed shrike, were once common enough, but they are looked upon as scarce birds now.

Of our Lake District native residents it is curious to observe that the linnet is scarcer grown—this is said to be owing to the burning or the doing away with the furze or whin-bushes. The goldfinch, that prince of livery-men, is hardly ever seen, but then, says my friend, the local naturalist, the thistles are hardly ever seen either. Where are the skylarks that used to be abundant? One seldom even hears their song now.

The owls, beyond the raise, are still fairly plentiful; Wansfell is well beloved of them, and they may be heard on the Furness Fells pretty frequently, but round Derwentwater the tawny owl is infrequent, and the white owl positively rare; only one pair is known of in the Crosthwaite Valley.

If we pass to the Raptores we find that the king of birds, who of old gave his name to so many Ern or Iron crags throughout the district, disappeared close on a century ago. My friend, the local naturalist, tells me that the last was trapped at Buttermere in 1790, but Dr. Heysham, giving a list of Cumberland birds to Hutchinson the historian in 1794, speaks of the common or white-tailed eagle as breeding annually in the neighbourhood of Keswick, and mentions that within a few years of that date the osprey built annually on Ullswater. The white-tailed eagle was certainly frequent enough in the last century hereabout, for Gray, the poet, when he visited Borrodale in 1769, tells us in his diary, under date October 3, that his farmer friend at Grange, who entertained him with milk and oaten cakes and ale, was the man "himself that last year plundered the eagle eyrie. . . . He was let down from the cliff in ropes, and brought off the eaglet (for there is rarely more than one) and an addle egg." Gray adds, "Seldom a year passes but they take the brood or eggs, and sometimes they shoot one, sometimes the other parent."

The common eagle has given way in Great Britain to the rarer golden eagle, and he, in turn, is growing scarce in his far northern nesting grounds. One does not wish to have a plague of lamb stealers back again on our Cumbrian Fells, but the sight of the bird

of Zeus, if only once in a lifetime, between him and the sun on Glaramara, or the lonely Kidstey Pikes, would be a liberal education for many a wanderer among our northern hills. The yelp on Helvellyn of the wolf-hound of the air, as he has been called, or the stoop to his prey of this monarch among birds, from the Wasdale Screes, would well repay a Londoner, who has only seen the eagle at the Zoo, for his three hundred miles' pilgrimage.

The kite has ceased to exist with us also. The last bird in the Keswick Vale was shot in Lord William Gordon's wood near Derwentwater by a man named John Pearson in 1832. One pair of Peregrine falcons are all that remain. Six years ago five pairs nested within a radius of twenty miles of Keswick. Ravens are not much scarcer than they were. Sparrow-hawks are seldom or never seen. The fierce little merlins, common within the memory of man, are never seen on Lonscale or Bleaberry now, and the innocent buzzards may be looked for only in certain places and are almost countable. Six nests, to use a colloquial term, "got flown" in the neighbourhood last season.

The kestrel alone enjoys his mouse-hunt in increasing numbers, but the gamekeeper's eye is always on him.

Yet we in the Lake District have to be thankful to providence for an increase in some varieties of birds; the golden-crested wren, the pied flycatcher, and the redstart have of late multiplied, and whether we are to attribute that to some special increase of food in England, or decrease of it elsewhere, we cannot tell. The provisions of the "Wild Birds' Protection Act" is probably in part the reason.

It is generally believed that the increase of that large section of our British birds, the coast-fowl, is attributable directly to the beneficent working of that Act, but when ornithologists are pressed, they generally only point to the eider duck as being very largely on the increase among the sea birds that frequent our northern British shores, and they all speak as if the common skua needed protection still.

Doubtless, an island home of fishermen as we are, we shall be wise in time if we see to it that the fisherman's friends do not diminish. If the owl and the kestrel are needed by the harvestmen of the land, the gulls are needed as much by the harvesters of the sea.

They are not only the safest finders of the herring "schools," but they are the surest scavengers in our fishery ports also. Anyone who has watched the gulls at work after the herring boats have come in at Whitby, or at low tide, has seen what excellent public service they do by the Bristol quays, will realise that the "ocean at her task of

pure ablution" round our "English" shores has, in the sea-gulls, a very competent and assiduous band of helpers.

But has the "Wild Birds' Protection Act" failed? We answer, not entirely. Mr. Dillwyn, M.P., has directly benefited our national life by his carefully considered Bill of 1880. That Bill gave protection to all wild birds during the breeding season from the 1st of March to the 1st of August, and though it left in the hand of the owner and occupier power to destroy them on his own land, it scheduled certain rarer land birds and some sea-fowl as exceptions, and prevents even the owner or occupier destroying these during the close season.

But there was this flaw in the Bill: it did not touch the question of protecting the birds' eggs. And the bird-nester is to-day as free as ever to rob and destroy.

The hardship of this is seen when one considers that there are certain birds who make the British Isles their one and only nesting ground. Professor Newton tells us that during the breeding season the area of our lesser British redpoll is confined to the British Isles. Unless we protect its eggs, we in reality do a harm to other lands beside our own.

There are not wanting those who assert that Sir William Harcourt's Act, passed in 1881, practically rendered useless the Act of 1880. If we cannot get that Act repealed, at any rate why not attempt to get a longer closing time for our wild birds than at present exists? February is a month when birds are in fullest beauty of plumage and seem in their lovemakings most easily to forget the gun of the destroyer.

Why should wild birds that are early breeders not have the protection accorded to game birds? September sees many second broods still callow, but the poor wild birds have no ægis of the law thrown over them in September, and many sea-fowl perish piteously, starved in their nests by reason of the murder of their parents.

The inhabitants of the Isle of Dominica have set us a good example in this matter; they have passed an Act in fear of the extinction of many species of their wild birds. That Act gives protection from February to October inclusive, and completely preserves not only the birds but their nests and eggs from harm. One does not overlook the fact that, if the law as we have it were enforced, many a robber of nests would be brought in guilty for that he has taken the young, yet one has to remember that of some varieties of wild birds the egg is so much more prizeable than the young, seeing it saves the trouble and difficulty in the rearing of the nestling—and therefore it is the egg that will be most sought out. The egg-robbing will

steadily go forward until it is penal to take eggs during the breeding season. One can hardly wonder that such birds as falcons, and buzzards, and ravens disappear, when we hear that a single nest of young falcons in this district brought in to the lucky robber of its nest no less a sum than £12 12*s.* last year, that every raven's egg is worth 5*s.* and every falcon's one guinea.

The egg-robber must be dealt with, and that vigorously.

Let us extend the protection of that Wild Birds' Act to the eggs of certain of our feathered friends for a period of years. Let us take a leaf out of the book of the islanders of Dominica, of our neighbours, the Manxmen, or, to come nearer home, out of our Statute Book of last Session, and provide a temporary but strict protection for such varieties of our British birds and their eggs as competent naturalists shall advise us are in sore need of such provision.

The Tynwald Court of Keys in 1867 passed a stringent Sea-gull Act for the Isle of Man. They passed the Bill on the plea of the necessity of preserving from the plumage hunters the wild birds of their coast; they urged in the preamble the need of preservation on the grounds that from evidence they considered the gulls "of great importance" to the herring fishermen as indicators of the localities of fish, "of much use for sanitary purposes by reason that they remove the offal of fish from the harbours and shores."

The Bill was passed, and no one in the Isle of Man can now take and wilfully destroy a gull's egg or nest, or have in his possession any dead gull or any undressed plumage having the appearance of being recently stripped from any gull, under the penalty on conviction of £5 for each offence.

We spoke just now of our neighbours, the Manxmen. The Manxmen did what Englishmen had done in the old hawking times of Henry VII. (2 H. 7. c. 17) and Queen Elizabeth (5 El. c. 21, 8. 3.) with this difference—the Manxmen thought of the poor and how the wild fowl could help them to find food; the advisers of Henry and Elizabeth thought of the wealthy and what birds could help them to find sport. We can never forget that these same advisers of good Queen Bess in the eighth year of her reign (8 El. c. 15) classed the kingfisher and bullfinch with the jay and pye and put a penny on their heads. The wonder is the fair halcyon still remains with us. If the unemployed could obtain a day's wage for killing a kingfisher or a bullfinch, we should despair of seeing again two of the loveliest of English birds.

We might go further back in history if we chose to find precedents for such preservation. Aristotle in his "Mirabilia"—as quoted by Mr Fowler in the "Year with the Birds," p. 120—tells us that the

Thessalians of his day preserved the stork by law, for purposes of snake prevention. But we have no need to go so far back for precedent of law enactment to preserve entirely wild birds.

Last Session an Act under date December 22, 1888, was passe entitled "An Act for the better protection of the sand grouse in th United Kingdom." Under that Act every person who for the space of the next three years, from February 1889 to January 1892 shall knowingly kill, wound, or take any sand grouse, or shall expose or offer for sale any such bird, killed or taken in the United Kingdom, shall on conviction be fined any sum not exceeding one pound, with the costs of conviction before the justices. The preamble of the Bill tells us "that it is expedient to provide for the sand grouse's protection in order that it may if possible become acclimatised in the United Kingdom."

It is surely only common justice to extend the protection to other birds, though they may not chance to be game birds, that are known to seek acclimatisation with us, or that are and have been for long acclimatised.

The Selborne Society evidently is of this mind, and at their last Council meeting determined to ascertain reliable facts and statistics necessary to the drafting of such a Bill.

Whether such an Act for the preservation of our rarer birds will become law is not in our province to forecast. All the naturalists I have yet spoken with are warmly in its favour, and they say that not only the rarer birds, but the rarer birds' eggs as well, need this temporary protection.

As I write, there lies before me a list, compiled by one of our ablest ornithologists in the north, of rare birds that he would wish so protected—birds that each year endeavour to breed in Britain.

I will not give it in detail, or they will all be shot off in view of possible legislation, but the list contains twenty-nine varieties and he sends me a supplementary schedule of eighteen others.

The list is a striking one; it does not take into account such wanderers as the waxwings, or such come-and-go visitors as the crossbills, it does not provide for such rare birds as can take care of themselves, but if it be simple truth that there are forty-seven varieties of wild birds sorely needing the succour that a short Act of Parliament would accord to them, the sooner a Rare Birds' Preservation Act for the United Kingdom is passed the better.

Of course the promoters of such a Bill must run the gauntlet of criticism. It will be urged by some that an Act of Parliament that bids men and boys keep hands off with an iron voice does little to

educate the hearts of the people to a lively sense of the duty owed to these birds that so enrich our country with their presence. But the birds do not now appeal to any religious or social sense in our land. The ibis found sanctuary in the temples of Egypt, as the stork finds sanctuary in the temples of India to-day. It is otherwise elsewhere. Petronius, in his Satyricon, might curse "the herald of the warm season with the long, thin legs and clattering bill for having made his nest in his boiler"; but the Hollander and North German of to-day gives him a very warm welcome on his boiler chimney top, and has invested the stork with as much sanctity as the dwellers in "Dai Nippon" have accorded to that Japanese emblem of longevity, the crane.

We might begin to believe that other birds than martins or swallows are "God's own fellows." We cannot, it is true, throw our churches open to them, as once the unglazed windows of our house of prayer were open, though as much now as in the days of the Psalmist, the swallow loves the comparative quiet of our houses of prayer, and seeks thereto where she may lay her young. One does not suggest that the owl should be allowed to "warm his five wits" in every bell-chamber or belfry of the land. My old sexton, Joe, who, speaking of the church fabric, says, "it isn't to tell what a dirt t' ald church mak's," would certainly object to the additional dirt it would make if helped that way by owls and swallows, though they were God's fellows; but I have often thought that once a year, as we hold our flower services, and give God thanks for their beauty, we might have had a children's service, in which the birds of the air might be considered—we have a Great Teacher's authority to the effect that they will repay consideration—and at which our thanks might be given to the one Father who feeds them and ourselves.

If this should seem fanciful, could not our graveyards, with a little care, be more carefully planted for the service of the birds? I always rejoice to think that yew-berries exist for the more daring of our winter thrushes in most of our northern churchyards. But when one visits the cemeteries of large towns, one is struck by the absence of varieties of trees that are likely to tempt the song-birds there to sing. One does not advise the clergyman to feed birds upon his parishioners' graves, because, in days of too easy suspicion of change, such an act as the throwing of crumbs to the robins after the early morning service may be misconstrued. A neighbour of mine was seen bending down over a grave, strewing it with fragments for the birds after such a service, and, before he reached his study, news had flown round the village that "t' new priest hed straange waayses,

and, like eneuf, he wad be bringin' in some new-fangled Roaman sarvice for t' dead ; leastways, he was seen efter t' Holy Communion upon his knees on a gràave offering incense or what not."

Still, if one leaves the flowers to die upon the graveyard mound, there would seem to be something in the bringing of the blossoms of the air to live and sing upon it. When Southey was buried in the Crosthwaite churchyard, the whole sadness of the funeral was forgotten in the songs of two of the birds sacred to the patron saint of the church, the great St. Kentigern. The churchyard robins, who broke into song as the procession passed from church to grave on that wild March morning in 1843, made so deep an impression that their presence and their praise have not yet been forgotten.

If, however, we will not use our churchyards as "the haunts of happy lovers," and bring thither ministrants of song and hope, let us use our art in their service.

The monks of old seem to have done this ; not only in the carvings of their buildings, but in the making of their seals. Look at the seals of the older cartularies of Fountains Abbey, more than a third in number seem to have chosen some bird as central device.

Why should not the designers of our county seals which are about to be engraved for the various County Councils pick out some bird, most notably the wild bird of the county, and give its form a place upon the seal? The men in Hampshire might take the woodpecker ; the Councillors in Oxfordshire might choose the nightingale ; the men of Cumberland might take the dotterel ; the men of Westmoreland the buzzard or the raven ; Cornwall men might engrave the chough ; the Salisbury Council might claim the bustard—he was seen in England in 1870—and so forth.

As one looks upon the poor coinage of our realm, how much better it would have seemed if we had followed the patterns of old Greece and Rome? Take one instance in the way in which natural history might have been handed down to us from the centuries if only we had been so led.

When the people who dwelt by the river Hypsas drained their marshes and planted their parsley beds, they struck a coin, and the citizens of Salinus have handed down to us the fact that the bird they dispossessed by their drainage work was the crane.

The river Hypsas is personified and is seen in attitude of sacrifice or libation to the gods upon that coin ; by his side stands the crane, and over his head is seen a bunch of parsley.

If one turns to the old eleventh century "Book of Ely," one reads

that there were then in the marshes "anseres innumerabiles, fiscedulæ, &c." The geese we should have expected, but if fiscedulæ means, as it may mean, "becaficos," it would have been a gain to natural history had those old dwellers in the fens had on any of their coins or seals given us an engraving of the bird's head.

Readers of Miller's "Fenland Past and Present" will find interesting lists of birds that were plentiful in the Norfolk fens in the sixteenth century.

A young lady, daughter of a Mr. Moor, of Losely, receives in 1567 from Mr. Balam, out of the Mershland of Norfolk, a wedding present, on her bridal morn, of wild birds, and amongst them, as we read p. 363, we find enumerated "nine cranes, nine swans, sixteen bytters."

If the burghers of Norwich had done as the men of Clazomenæ did of olden time, we should have found perhaps a swan upon their city seal, or a bittern mayhap; and should have known, independently of Miss Moor and Mr. Balam, what wild birds were Norfolk bred in 1567.

I confess that I never gaze upon the coin of Himera and Sophytes with its cock, on the coins of Elis, Agrigentum, Croton, and Abydos, with their eagles exquisitely pourtrayed, or on any of the owl-headed Athenian drachmæ, without a pathetic wish that our English Mint had cared for the bird-life that helped to make England what it is, and had handed down to us something of the reverence for our feathered folk which doubtless had impressed itself upon the ancient mind at a time when the birds of the air were held to be councillors as well as friends.

One wonders what effect it would have upon the national mind of to-day in the direction we have hinted at, if all the people who handle pennies next week could find that, instead of the impudence of a brazen-faced Britannia sitting with her trident and shield upon a shore, her back turned against saving light, her eyes looking vacantly into space and suggesting nothing to ennoble us as a nation—there was now seen the head and wing of the Great Skua Gull, to bid them remember that England was sea-born, and that Englishmen had wrestled, and must wrestle still, with storm and wind and ever-foaming wave, while the motto round the bird's fine head ran thus—"Britons guard your own."

H. D. RAWNSLEY.

THE "REJECTED ADDRESSES."

FOR that amusing parody, the "Rejected Addresses," we are indebted to a disastrous conflagration which, in 1809, destroyed the Drury Lane Theatre, and consummated its luckless manager's ruin. A new company was formed, mainly owing to the exertions of Mr Whitbread, and by the end of the year 1812 the present fine theatre, built from the designs of Wyatt, was ready for opening. The enterprise was directed by a sort of committee of taste, which included some foolish and frivolous persons, whose government was later to prove as disastrous as had been that of the careless and wasteful Sheridan. Byron, at a later period, when he was one of the party, has given a humorous account of their fantastic proceedings.

It might have been expected that in so trivial a matter as the choice of a Prologue the ordinary course would have been followed: but, to the surprise of ordinary, sensible persons, on August 14 there appeared this pedantic advertisement in most of the daily papers: "The Committee are desirous of promoting free and fair competition for an address to be spoken upon the opening of the theatre, which will take place on October 10 next. They have therefore thought fit to announce to the public that they will be glad to receive any such compositions, addressed to their Secretary at the Treasury Office in Drury Lane, on or before September 10, sealed up: with a distinguishing word, number, or motto on the cover, corresponding with the inscription on a separate sealed paper containing the name of the author, which will not be opened unless containing the name of a successful candidate."

It will be seen that no premium was offered, but Lord Byron, it was said, received the modest sum of £20. A deluge of over one hundred prologues were sent in, nearly all of bad quality; among them was one of Whitbread's, the actual head of the Committee! In nearly all there was allusion to the well-worn "Phœnix," which was served with every kind of dressing; and Sheridan amused a dinner table by describing his friend Whitbread's treatment of the bird, who "made more of it than any of them; he entered into

particulars, described its having wings, beak, tail, &c.—in short, it was a *poulterer's description.*" This was witty enough. In their despair, the Committee in very cavalier fashion put aside their contract with the candidates, and proposed to Lord Byron, even before they had come to a decision on the competition, that he should supply them with an article. He made an attempt, sketched out some lines, but was so dissatisfied with the result that he burnt them. Pressed more eagerly, he at last undertook the matter seriously. Lord Holland had an uneasy time of it, being harassed by the noble poet's perpetual alterations and emendations, continued up to the last moment. As in the instance of one couplet, shaped and re-shaped again—

> Dear are the days that made our annals bright,
> When Garrick died and Brinsley ceased to write—

which was changed to

> Such are the names that here your plaudits sought,
> When Garrick acted and when Brinsley wrote.

It stood finally :

> Dear are the days that made our annals bright,
> Ere Garrick fled, or Brinsley ceased to write.

There was a sarcastic allusion to the horses and other animals introduced on the stage at Covent Garden, but which Mr. Whitbread cut out at the last moment. In short, it was wonderful how the sorely-harassed Elliston, who had to recite it, contrived to retain anything but fragments in his memory. When it became known that the "job" was given to Lord Byron there was a perfect storm ; the candidates filled the air with their cries, the Committee was accused of partiality, and Lord Byron of having competed with the knowledge of the Committee. He was very indignant at these attacks, and in a letter, said to have been written by him, was this sneering suggestion : "These disappointed writers have it, however, still in their power to adopt the generous example of Dr. Milbourne, recently sanctioned by Dr. Busby's imitation, and to publish their own compositions. Such an appeal to the public may possibly reconcile the most fastidious to the Address which was spoken, and till it has been made all censure on the Committee, for their condemnation of the works submitted to them, must be founded on conjecture only."

On September 29 he wrote this significant passage to Lord Holland : "Murray tells me there are myriads of ironical addresses ready, some in imitation of what are called my style. If they are as

good as the Probationary Odes, or Hawkins' 'Pipe of Tobacco,' it will not be bad for the initiated." At that moment two lively young fellows had been with a rude, gouty publisher, and had offered him just such a little work as he described. He returned it to them after a humorous interview, during which they nearly got round him. After many rebuffs and difficulties they persuaded a more obscure bibliopole, named Miller, to undertake it. It appeared in the second week in October, and was brought out in rather inferior style, making a mean, and even "scrubby," little volume.

These young men were the sons of a solicitor, and their names were Horace and James Smith. They were little over twenty years of age, but the Parody, which was their joint work, was a masterpiece in its line. It was Ward, a relation of Sheridan's, then secretary to the new theatre, who suggested to the brothers the idea of this lively squib. He had no doubt seen and laughed over the accumulated absurdities that were submitted to him. It was completed, written, and printed within a few weeks. The authors took it to Mr. Murray, who declined it in summary fashion, though it was offered for £20 only. Not long after he was glad to buy the copyright for £131. They made other attempts, equally vain, and at last were glad to find one willing to undertake it on the terms of running the whole risk and sharing the profits. Almost as soon as it appeared it was successful, and passed through several editions. Miller offered them £1,000 for another work, and for their share in the Addresses. Byron's admiration for the little volume was unbounded, and his warmth showed how genuine and unaffected was the poet, for the point of the Satire was really directed against his own unfortunate "Address." Byron was always eager to appreciate in the heartiest way the efforts of others. "The author," he added, "must be a man of very lively wit, and less scurrilous than wits often are."

A selection from these candidates' productions was later published under the title of "The Genuine Rejected Addresses presented to the Committee of Management for Drury Lane Theatre, preceded by that written by Lord Byron and adopted by the Committee." It is amusing enough for its absurdities. Mr. Raymond furnished some droll specimens which he was privileged to see, and which we believe were unpublished :

> Once more we meet you—meet you once again,
> Patrons and good old friends, in Drury Lane ;
> Once more, in spite of all the Fates can do,
> Welcome a British audience—you—you—you !

But oh! my thoughts are driven to recall
That fearful night, when you remember all,
When furious flames assail'd these hallow'd beams,
And set their fury in ten thousand streams;
When you, good citizens, with aspect dire,
Shouted through London, "Drury is on fire!"
And pallid consternation held the town,
From the mechanic upwards to the Crown.

And again another specimen:

A new theatre in quite a modern style,
Beautifully finish'd—a stupendous pile,
In a short time uprears its lofty crest,
Just like a burnt-out Phœnix from its nest;
Where loyalty once more shall raise its voice,
All that can make a British heart rejoice.
Here the proud Corsican shall quickly know
The fortune which shall humble England's foe;
Here shall he find the battles all recast—
Blenheim to Salamanca—July last.
To Whitbread thanks, and noble Holland too,
For bringing all this beauteous scene to view;
Rising a temple where but yesterday
All was a mass of smoking stones and clay,
Showing so much of industry and skill,
And what the English can do if they will.

Byron compared the new satire with old-established models in this sort of persiflage, such as Hawkins Browne's "Pipe of Tobacco" and the "Rolliad"; but the former alone can be put beside the "Rejected Addresses." Browne's trifle is conceived in the same spirit, and, considering its shortness, must be pronounced excellent, and quite as good. Pope himself might have written these lines:

Blest leaf! whose aromatic gales dispense
To Templars modesty, to parsons sense.
Poison that cures, a vapour that affords
Content more solid than the smile of lords;
Rest to the weary, to the hungry food,
The last kind refuge of the wise and good.
Inspired by thee, dull cits adjust the scale
Of Europe's peace, when other statesmen fail;
By thee protected, and thy sister, beer,
Poets rejoice, nor think the bailiff near.

Almost better is the imitation of Thomson, with its lofty nebuous epithets:

O Thou, matur'd by glad Hesperian suns,
Tobacco, fountain pure of limpid truth,
That stirs the very soul: whence pouring through
Swarms all the mind. . . .

Behold an engine wrought from tawny mines
Of ductile clay, with plastic virtue formed
And glazed magnific o'er, I grasp, I fill,
Itself one Tortoise all, whose shrines imbibe
Earth's parent ray.

What is the secret of this kind of humour it might be difficult to define. The skill of the successful artist seems to be founded on his power to enter into the mind and the conception of his subject. The commoner mimic merely copies and exaggerates all that is before him, tricks of expression and manner, tones of voice; he mimics, in short. Lord Jeffrey, in his critique of this piece, had admirably expounded this distinction; and indeed nothing could illustrate it better than the imitation of Crabbe, which has been admired as the most effective and successful of the collection. Its merit will be best shown by putting the two pieces side by side, when it will be seen that the copy in form scarcely resembles the original, though when read with the aid of the distinction just laid down the resemblance becomes apparent. This is true art. Thus in the "Borough":

But toiling sav'd, and, saving, never ceased
Till he had box'd up twelve score pounds at least.
He knew not money's power, but judged it best
Safe in his trunk to let his treasure rest:
Yet to a friend complained, "Sad charge to keep
So many pounds, and then I cannot sleep."
"Then put it out," replied the friend. "What, give
My money up? why then I could not live."
"Nay, but for interest place it in his hands
Who'll give you mortgage on his house or lands."
. . . . . "Indeed,"
Said he with gladd'ning eye, "will money breed?
Five pounds for every hundred will he give?
And then the hundred? I begin to live."
So he began, and other means he found
As he went on, to multiply a pound.
Though blind so long to interest, all allow
That no man better understands it now!
Him in our body corporate we chose,
And, once among us, he above us rose;
Stepping from post to post, he reached the chair,
And there he now reposes—that's the Mayor.

Few would suppose that this homely incident was parodied in the delightfully humorous description of the loss of "Pat Jennings' Hat," with its happy and ingenious recovery:

Pat Jennings in the upper gallery sat,
But, leaning forward, Jennings lost his hat.

Down from the gallery the beaver flew,
And spurn'd the one to settle in the two.
How shall he act? Pay at the gallery door
Two shillings for what cost, when new, but four?
Still half price, to save his shilling, wait
And gain his hat again, at half-past eight.
Now, while his fears anticipate a thief,
John Mullens whispers, "Take my handkerchief."
"Thank you!" he cried, "but one won't make a line."
"Take mine," cried Wilson, and cried Stubs, "Take mine."
Up soars the prize! The youth with joy unfeigned
Regained the felt, and felt what he regained.

The similarity is that of mental emotion and embarrassment; not of the circumstances. In the one case a simple rustic nature is relieved by the suggestion of a resource which never occurred to him, namely, the laying out his money at interest; in the other the hat is recovered by an equally ingenious and suggested device. The satire lies in the fact that the latter, though having a grotesque air, is as worthy of serious treatment as Crabbe's solemn episode.

The cleverest and most versatile member of the firm was James. This will be seen by comparing their respective shares in the work. James wrote the Wordsworth, Cobbett, Coleridge, Southey, and Crabbe; with some small pieces. On the other hand, Horace's imitation of "Marmion" shows a larger and more masterly touching of the chords, and may be considered the cleverest, because the most difficult, of the performances. There is some inferior work, however, in the little volume, added, no doubt, to fill out its lean measure. The introduction of Dr. Johnson is quite out of harmony with the rest, and adds a pedantic tone: so are some of the trifling parodies of George Barnwell, etc. Colman and Theodore Hook were jesters like themselves, without any marked style. The selection of the Editor of the *Morning Post* was also ill-judged.

The absurdities of the "Lake" School, displayed in Wordsworth's "Alice Fell" and other effusions on the infantine innocence of children, reached the *reductio ad absurdum* of simplicity in Coleridge's lines, "To a Young Ass: its mother being tethered near it."

Poor little foal of an oppressèd race!
I love the languid patience of thy face,
And oft with gentle hand I give thee bread
And clap thy ragged coat and pat thy head.
But what thy dullèd spirits hath dismayed
That never thou dost sport along the glade?
I had thee broken—spite of the fool's scorn,
And fain would take thee with me in the dell
Of peace and mild equality to dwell.

This was a challenge to the witty brethren:

My pensive public, wherefore look you sad?
I had a grandmother, she kept a donkey
To carry to the mart her crockery ware;
And when the donkey looked me in the face
His face was sad! And you are sad, my public.

In the parody of Wordsworth there was the same artistic treatment, as it was founded on the general spirit of his work, though scarcely any individual lines were travestied.

ALICE FELL.

"My child, in Durham do you dwell?"
She checked herself in her distress,
And said, "My name is Alice Fell:
I'm fatherless and motherless,
And I to Durham, Sir, belong."
Again, as if the thought would choke
Her very heart, her grief grew strong;
And all was for her tattered cloak.

Up to the tavern door we post:
Of Alice and her grief I told,
And I gave money to the host
To buy a new cloak for her old.

How happily is this strain ridiculed in "The Baby's Début, spoken in the character of Nancy Lake, a girl eight years of age, who is drawn upon the stage by Samuel Hughes, her uncle's porter."

My brother Jack was nine in May,
And I was eight on New Year's Day.
So in Kate Wilson's shop
Papa (he's my papa and Jack's)
Bought me last week a doll of wax,
And brother Jack a top.
. . . . . .
Well, after many a sad reproach
They got into a hackney coach
And trotted down the street.
I saw them go, one horse was blind,
The tails of both hung down behind,
Their shoes were on their feet.

Southey's tremendous epic, "The Curse of Kehama," with its irregular lines and stanzas, and outlandish names, had appeared, as was the fashion, in a spreading quarto, a "huge armful." It thus opened:

Midnight, and yet no eye
Through all the Imperial city closed in sleep.
Behold her streets ablaze
With light that seems to kindle the red sky,
Her myriads swarming through the crowded ways!

Master and slave, old age and infancy
All, all, abroad to gaze ;
House top and balcony
Clustered with women, who throw back their veil
With unimpeded and insatiate sight.
Arvalan ! Arvalan !
Arvalan ! Arvalan !
Ten times ten thousand voices in one shout
Call Arvalan ! The overpowering sound,
From house to house repeated, rings about,
From tower to tower rolls round.

Now compare—

I am a blessed Glendoveer,
'Tis mine to speak and yours to hear—
Midnight, yet not a nose
From Tower Hill to Piccadilly sneezed.
Midnight, yet not a nose
From Indra drew the essence of repose.
See with what crimson fury,
By Indra fann'd, the god of fire ascends
The walls of Drury !

Tops of houses, blue with lead,
Bend beneath the landlords' tread.

Master and 'prentice, serving-man and lord,
Nailer and tailor,
Grazier and brazier,
Through streets and alleys pour'd,
All, all, abroad to gaze
And wonder at the blaze.
Drury Lane ! Drury Lane !
Drury Lane ! Drury Lane !
They shout and they bellow again and again—
All, all in vain !
Water turns steam,
Each blazing beam
Hisses defiance to the eddying spout.

The imitation of Tom Moore's tripping lines, clinking and jingling like the ornaments and chains of a lady's chatelaine, is admirable, as are the rapturous praises of the fair sex, which the poet introduced generally *à propos des bottes.*

O ! why should our dull retrospective addresses
Fall damp as wet blankets in Drury Lane fire ?
Away with blue devils, away with distresses,
And give the gay spirits to sparkling desire !

Let artists decide on the beauties of Drury,
The richest to me is when woman is there.
The question of houses I leave to the jury,
The fairest to me is the Home of the Fair.

The parody of Scott, Horace's work, is perhaps best of all, from the elaborate fashion in which the favourite moods and mannerisms of the poet are reproduced. The heroic key is maintained in spite of familiar and even vulgar names and incidents. It is the Bard himself describing the fire, instead of Marmion's last battle. Everyone knows the lines :

> Where's Harry Blunt? FitzEustace where?
> Linger you here, ye hearts of hare.
> Redeem my person—charge again,
> Cry Marmion to the rescue! Vain! . . .
>
> Let Stanley charge—with spur of foot
> Will Chester charge, and Lanarkshire?
> Must I bid twice? Hence varlets, fly!
> Leave Marmion here alone to die.

And again :

> The war that for a space did fail
> Now trebly thundering swell'd the gale,
> And Stanley was the cry.
> With dying hand, above his head,
> He shook the fragments of his blade
> And shouted "Victory!"
> "Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!"
> Were the last words of Marmion.

In Higginbotham's grotesque *finale* the spirit of all this is reproduced, and with such genuine enthusiasm that, for the moment, we almost lose the sense of burlesque. Yet there is no copying of particular lines or phrases, save at the close :

> Did none attempt, before he fell,
> To succour one they loved so well?
> Yes, Higginbotham did aspire,
> His fireman's soul was all on fire
> His brother chief to save.
> But ah! his reckless, generous ire
> Served but to share his grave.
>
> Still o'er his head, while fate he braved,
> His whirring water-pipe he waved.
> "Whitford and Mitford, ply your pumps,
> You Clutterbucks come, stir your stumps.
> Why are you in such doleful dumps—
> A fireman and afraid of bumps?
> What are they 'feard on—'od rot 'em!"
> Were the last words of Higginbotham.

Our favourite passage is the marshalling of the engines, which is

perfect; and we never pass the insurance office in Pall Mall without recalling the solemn line, "The Eagle, where the new."

> The Hand-in-Hand the race begun,
> Then came the Phœnix and the Sun,
> Th' Exchange where old usurers run,
> The Eagle where the new.

And another, absolutely delicious for its solemnity, is—

> And Richardson's Hotel——

So, too, the grave enumeration of the reasons which made the firemen hold their hand:

> And blazing rafters downward go,
> And never halloo "heads below!"
> Nor notice give at all.
> The firemen, terrified, are slow
> To bid the pumping torrent flow,
> For fear the roof should fall.

But there is yet another view of this entertaining production, which furnishes an additional, though accidental, entertainment.

In every community, in the wake of the recognised geniuses, there are sure to be found certain fussy beings, feverishly eager for attention, even at the price of being ridiculous. These persons are tolerated for the sake of the occasional hearty laugh their fantastic performances excite. In view of these secondary performers a new kind of interest attaches to this amusing satire, and we should all be naturally curious to know something more of the eccentric persons who "figure in this gallery," obscure as they are. Of these, Mr. W. T. Fitzgerald, Dr. Busby, and one or two more, offer an entertainment as being eccentric types of life and manners. Mr. Fitzgerald began by taking part in amateur theatricals, to which he also contributed prologues and "occasional" verses. Being on one occasion, by some happy chance, a guest at the Literary Fund dinner, he recited some *à-propos* lines prepared for the occasion. From that hour, and for the long period of thirty-two anniversaries, he never failed to appear, coming always provided with a "copy of verses." These were invariably written in a key of unintended bathos, and were full of a high loyalty and tearful devotion to his sovereign and to all the royal family. He was particularly severe on "Bonaparty" or "the Corsican upstart," to whom he gave no quarter. As when he asked:

> Did he not tear,
> From neutral Baden, Conde's princely heir?

In spite of this insensibility to ridicule, and this *penchant* for in-

flicting patriotic verses on the public, Mr. Fitzgerald was much esteemed as a good-hearted, well-meaning, and amusing fellow. He was affectionate in his family, and much liked at the oddly named "Keep the Line" Club. Even his theatricals in Seymour Street, where he played Horatio in the "Fair Penitent," were bearable, though there was "a sententiousness" that caused a smile. But the poems, collected and published in a volume, were more of a trial. Here were to be read the oft repeated "Addresses to the Literary Fund" (so he literally set it out) at the Freemasons' Tavern, when, after "the usual loyal toast," "Fitz" was called upon, and with some display of coyness or modesty, would stand up and recite the "little thing of his own"—it might be such lines as these :

> But, should a native take the invader's part,
> Eternal curses blast the traitor's heart !
> Expose it bare to everlasting shame,
> And deathless infamy record his name !
> Wherever tide can waft or wind can blow
> Our gallant navy triumphs o'er the foe ;
> His ports blocked up, his fleet in ruin hurled,
> Prove Britain mistress of the watery world.

Or it might be a convivial burst, as in the year 1799 :

> The slave who once imbibes the English air,
> Freed from his fetters, owns the goddess there,
> Where Heaven these words in voice of thunder spoke :
> "The tree of freedom is the British oak."
> Excuse the warmth with which the Muse expressed
> The subject nearest, dearest, to my breast.

We also relish hugely the following chorus on the King's providential escape from assassination :

> Let ev'ry loyal Briton raise
> His grateful voice in songs of praise,
> While Treason in his gloomy cell,
> Ere yet he seeks his native hell,
> Shall hear with anguish Britons sing :
> Great God ! preserve our patriot king.

It would be difficult not to laugh heartily at these effusions ; their perfect sincerity contributes to the enjoyment. On what true and admirable principles the inimitable parody was contrived will be seen by comparing the lines just quoted with those of the satirists, where neither the phrases nor the form are reproduced, but simply the absurd spirit and feeling. Yet we would imagine some of his most appreciative friends must have recognised them, and, had he

written on the same topics, his diction would have some such shape. There is little exaggeration in these verses of the Brethren :

> Who burnt (confound his soul !) the houses twain
> Of Covent Garden and of Drury Lane,
> Who, while the British squadron lay off Cork
> (God bless the Regent, and the Duke of York !),
> Who makes the quartern loaf and Luddites rise,
> Who fills the butchers' shops with large blue flies.
> Bless every man possessed of aught to give.
> Long may Long Tilney Wellesley Long Pole live !

In this last line there is real fun, as the person named excited much attention from his eccentric course and violent proceedings, and also from his changed and added names.

His friends were also pleased to record of him that the Earl of Dudley was one of the few who found genuine enjoyment in his productions, and relished "Fitz's" patriotic spirit. After many years of intimacy it was found, on the Earl's demise, that he was not "named in his testament," for which he was comforted by the liberality of the new Lord, who presented him with £5,000 and a house. Mr. John Taylor, the editor of *The Sun*, speaks of him with affectionate warmth. "I venerate his memory," he says, "for a more honourable man I never knew." The more to be regretted is the hard fate which forced him on the notice of those wicked wits, Lord Byron and James Smith, otherwise he might have in tranquillity and obscurity floated "down the gutter of time." It was his name, unluckily, that the former chose to open his angry satire on "English Bards" with —

> Let hoarse Fitzgerald bawl
> His creaking couplets in a tavern hall.

"Fitz" must have been good-humoured enough, for one of the offenders describes how they met long after at the "Fund" dinner. "The lampooner," he says, "out of delicacy kept aloof from the poet. The latter, however, made up to him.

"Fitzgerald, with great good-humour : 'Mr. ——, I mean to recite after dinner.'

"Mr. —— : 'Do you?'

"Fitzgerald : 'Yes, you'll have more of "God bless the Regent and the Duke of York."'

The penitent joker declared at the time that "the whole appeared too sarcastic and personal," but the next moment could not resist quoting two genuine lines of Fitz's :

> The troubled shade of Garrick, hovering near,
> Dropt on the burning pile a pitying tear.

"What a pity it did not blot out the fire for ever!"

The name of Dr. Busby will present no distinct idea to the readers of this generation; indeed, the elevation of this obscurity to the dignity of formal ridicule was one of the blemishes of the little volume—a blemish for which Horace Smith was responsible. Horace was indeed the weak partner of the firm. The Doctor was a diligent composer, mainly employed in supplying dramatic music for melodramas, such as "Monk" Lewis's "Rugantino, or the Bravo of Venice." He had also sung at Vauxhall. He had a precocious son, who could play the organ at eleven years old. These were claims neither to praise nor ridicule. To the astonishment of his friends and pupils, this music-master, composer, and song-writer issued in this very year of the "Addresses" a translation of Lucretius in very ponderous verse, abounding in sexipedal words. This unexpected appearance, and the contrast with his regular calling, no doubt seemed grotesque and acted as a challenge. Oddly enough, as in the instance of the bard of the Literary Fund, it was Lord Byron who was first attracted by his absurdities. The Doctor had been a candidate for the Prologueship, and his composition was published, beginning—

> When energising objects men pursue
> What are the prodigies they cannot do?
> A magic edifice you here survey
> Shot from the ruins of the other day.

This in its way is as good as anything of Mr. Fitzgerald's. Indeed, this whole Prologue business was enriched with absurdity, from whatever side it was looked at. The piquant flavour of the "Rejected Addresses" suggested something of the same kind to the noble bard, and he threw off a sort of parody of the Doctor's verses, amusing of its kind, but lacking the fine, polished ridicule of the brethren.

It was entitled "Parenthetical Address by Dr. Plagiary. Half stolen, with Acknowledgments to be spoken in an inarticulate voice by Master P. at the opening of the new Theatre. Stolen parts marked with the inverted commas of quotation; thus: '———'

> "'When energising objects men pursue'
> Then Lord knows what is writ by Lord knows who.
> 'A modest monologue you here survey'
> Hissed from the theatre 'the other day,'
> As if Sir Trelfar wrote 'the slumberous' verse
> And gave his son 'the rubbish' to rehearse.
> 'Yet at the thing you'd never be amazed,'
> Knew you the rumpus which the author raised,
> 'For even here your smiles would be repress,'
> Knew you these lines—the badness of the best.

Flame! Fire! and flame!! words borrowed from Lucretius,
'Dread metaphors which open wounds, like issues!
'And sleeping pangs awake—and—! but, away!'
Confound me if I know what next to say.
So Hope, reviving, re-expands her wings," &c.

This seems needlessly rough, though the provocation was almost irresistible. The Doctor had seriously suggested that it should be spoken by himself and his precocious son—one in the boxes, the other on the stage! Lord Byron was eager to have his piece copied into all the papers, and seemed to take a malicious enjoyment in its success. The poor badgered Doctor had, it seems, published "An Apologetical Letter and Postscript;" on which the poet showed compunction for what he had done, and declared that he would have recalled his lines had he known of it.

It was curious, too, that in the "Addresses" the "Architectural Atoms, translated by Dr. B." is set down as being recited "by the translator's son." This suggestion from two such authorities no doubt prompted the execution of his next foolish step. A few nights after the opening of the theatre the astonished audience saw the Doctor's son climb from the box to the stage and begin to read his father's lines, "When energising objects men pursue," actors and audience listening. The stage manager promptly appeared, attended by a constable, and led off the youth.

In Harrow Church we may read this inscription, so flattering to the Hon. William Spencer:

Once a distinguished poet, a profound scholar,
A brilliant wit, and a most accomplished gentleman,
Now, alas! removed from the sight of men,
Is interred where he passed the happiest days of his life—

with more in the usual strain of lapidary encomium.

The four epithets in the first two lines are to be tolerated as sepulchral panegyric. The fourth might pass; "accomplished" might best describe him. He was an amiable, popular, well-read man, one of those Englishmen who had almost a craze for Italian skies and antiquities, and for German legendary lore. His translation of Bürger's "Leonore" made a sensation. His versicles were found in "Poet's Corner." Elia, in a waggish mood, thus rallied him. "I was conversing," he says in his pleasant essay on "The Ambiguities arising from Proper Names," "a few years since with a gay friend upon the subject of poetry, and particularly that species of it which is known by the name of the Epithalamium. I ventured to assert that the most perfect specimen of it in our lan-

guage was the 'Epithalamium of Spenser upon his own Marriage.' My gay gentleman, who has a smattering of taste, and would not willingly be thought ignorant of anything remotely connected with the *belles lettres*, expressed a degree of surprise, mixed with mortification, that he should never have heard of this poem; Spenser being an author with whose writings he thought himself peculiarly conversant. I offered to show him the poem in the fine folio copy of the poet's works which I have at home. But presently, after assuming a grave look, he compassionately murmured to himself, 'Poor Spencer!' There was something in the tone with which he spoke those words that struck me not a little. It was more like the accent with which a man bemoans some recent calamity that has happened to a friend than that tone of sober grief with which we lament the sorrows of a person, however excellent, and however grievous his afflictions may have been, who has been dead more than two centuries. I had the curiosity to enquire into the reasons of so uncommon an ejaculation. My young gentleman, with a more solemn tone of pathos than before, repeated, 'Poor Spencer!' and added, 'He has lost his wife!'

"Upon further explanation it appeared that the word 'Spenser,' which to you and me, reader, in a conversation upon Poetry too, would naturally have called up the idea of an old poet in a ruff—one Edmund Spenser—that flourished in the days of Queen Elizabeth, did in the mind of my young friend excite a very different and quite modern idea, namely, that of the Honourable William Spencer, one of the living ornaments, if I am not misinformed, of this present poetical era, A.D. 1821."

PERCY FITZGERALD.

BUSH LIFE IN NEW ZEALAND.

SOME few years ago now, I found myself at Auckland, in the Northern Island of New Zealand, and uncertain what way to go. Illness—the result (primarily) of an accident at the Hot Lakes—overtook me, and for many months I was kept indoors, having the pleasant company of a young Irishman of my own age. He had lately left the navy, and was now, like myself, drifting about the world in quest of home and hearth. He had tried various parts of Australia—I, Canada and Natal—and now we agreed to chum together and try New Zealand.

So, in the middle of July, when I was able to get about again, we went up to the Crown Lands Office, purchased a piece of bush land about fifty miles away to the north, and sent a man down, with the map in his pocket, to find the place and put us up a hut. On his return, after the job was done, we asked eagerly after our future home. Was it pretty? Should we have agreeable neighbours? Did pheasants and pigeons abound? Were there roads? Above all, what was the quality of the land?

"Much of a muchness," said the man, with a grin, adding: "I think it may do for you." He was quite right. The land *was* much of a muchness," most of it under water; and it nearly *did* for us, as he had prophesied it would. However, we knew nothing of his hidden meaning, and went to work with a will, laying in what provisions, and pots and pans, seemed absolutely necessary. In making our purchases, we were forced to take note of the fact that we ourselves, like beasts of burthen, should have to be the carriers of all we bought, from the landing-place to the place of our destination, nine miles off. Therefore weight and size were two things we protested against as far as might be.

We laid in a stock of salt-pork, flour, coffee, tea, mustard, rice, sugar, butter, tobacco, and matches, and after dark one mid-winter night committed our goods and ourselves to the care of a drunken little Nova Scotian skipper called Kenneth Mackenzie. An hour later we set sail in his cutter for Pakiri. The hands, with the

exception of the cabin-boy, caroused all night. Luckily the weather was fine and clear, and the breeze light and fair, so the mad rum-drinking of our little captain and his crew was productive of no disaster worse than headache. And even from this tolerable sort of evil our skipper was free. Quite early in the morning I saw him on deck, fresh as a lark, sipping his coffee, and smoking his short clay cutty. It was ridiculous to hear him, after conning his craft over from stem to stern and whistling for wind, say softly to himself: "Hoots awa, lassie! pit your best foot for'ard! Hoots, lassie, hoots!" After breakfast we were off Pakiri, about three miles from shore. The breeze, which since dawn had been gradually failing us, now died completely away, so that we could not come to the land. The men therefore took their dingy and rowed us ashore, landing us just inside the bar, which luckily happened to be in a placid and tranquil humour. Pakiri, which to our imagination had appeared a flourishing town where we might dispose of the produce of our farm, consisted of a saw mill, a shanty for lumber men, and a ferry house. That was all. All day we walked, as fast as our packs would allow, along the sandy beach, enjoying the cool sea-breeze and magnificent views of the Little Barrier, the Hen and Chickens, the Poor Knights, and many another needle-shaped rock and craggy islet. When day was nearly over we came to a wooded knoll about 150 feet high, rising all alone in a hummock from amidst the broad expanse of shifting sand dunes. Seeing a convenient pool of water at the base of this little knoll, we decided to camp by it, and, unpacking our bundles, collected sticks, lighted a fire, had tea, and lay down to rest—the stars overhead, and below the reflection of our camp fire in the little pool. There was solemnity in the silence and stillness around, and the remoteness from mankind was not without a certain charm. Though now the depth of winter, we felt no inconvenience from cold. During the night, or early next morning, a sad change came over the spirit of the weather, and that unaccommodating St. Swithun spent the whole of his fête-day in emptying the vials of his wrath on our faithless heads in perfect bucketsful, to the sad detriment of temper, food, and clothes. The paper bags that contained our provisions became soaked, and, bursting asunder, coffee, tea, butter, sugar, rice, and mustard rolled themselves into a conglomerate mass at the bottom of the sack. Butter had been the ringleader in this piece of nonsense, acting as a sort of kernel or loadstone. Round the butter was a coating of tea-leaves and coffee-grounds; coloured saffron with mustard, and stuck over with sugar that had once been lump. Salt pork was the only thing that had declined to join in such folly, but even it had a speckled,

measly look from its contact with all the other damp horrors of the bag. The confusion of substance was irremediable, and, though on many a fine day afterwards we bestirred ourselves in trying to separate the ingredients of these composite balls, picking off corns of rice with the point of a penknife, or swabbing up mustard with a sponge, our efforts were not blessed with any great amount of success, and many a fit of indigestion did we have, brought on by the strange compounds that formed our daily diet. Happily, most of our flour and some portion of our other things we had left behind us at the ferry-house of Pakiri. But to return from our sacks to ourselves. This day's journey, though short in distance, was long in time, being in great part through an atrocious quagmire. We tramped slowly and warily along, for the treacherous earth was so shaky and unstable, and we so heavily freighted, that we never knew how far, at each step, we should sink in the mire, and our course was a series of stumbles and extrications. When we were got through this swamp, which is made by the running down of one lake into another—and here I would observe that it is a common and curious feature of the lakes in this part of the island that they have no regular and direct watercourses by which to intercommunicate, but are in the habit, rather, of demitting their superfluous waters to lower grounds by means of marshy slopes and plains—when we were got through this swamp (I say) we went up the face of a hill whose sides were covered with the charred stems of burnt Ti-tree, and came, still in the dreariness and discomfort of cold mid-winter rain, to the sloppy place where our man, for some reason best known to himself, had chosen to erect our hut. It was a small affair, hurriedly put up, and constructed of native grass, lined and thatched with leaves of the palm-tree (Areca sapida). Its furniture (besides the necessary bed) consisted of two chairs and a rough table. I may say at once that, on finally leaving this pleasant spot, we wrote a civil letter and offered our two chairs and our rough table as a present to the Government of the day. The Government of the day, with singular lack of courtesy, vouchsafed no answer to our civil letter, and thus deprived itself and its museum of three very remarkable specimens of colonial workmanship. When the weather cleared up we went out to stroll about our farm and see its capabilities. It had none. Most of the land we had bought, and which had looked so enticing, in its gaudy coat of paint, on the office map, lay submerged in the shallows of a reedy lagoon, with just one end jutting out on to dry land, like the nose of a crocodile basking in the mud. On this "nose," or "ness," or "nez," we lived and throve and had our innings, playing the played-out game of landlordism. The idea, no doubt, was pretty and poetical, but the

practice (and the situation) preposterous in the extreme. I hope the New Zealand Government will not try to turn an honest penny, in these dull times, by prosecuting me for libel if I venture to hint that land at the bottom of a lake, however profitable its sale may be to the colonial exchequer, is scarcely suitable for the purposes of farming. I don't suppose this part of the country will ever raise itself to affluence by the efforts of farmers, because of the sterility of the soil. Yet, bad—detestably bad—as the land undoubtedly is—

Quamvis lapis omnia nudus
Limosoque palus obducat pascua junco—

although everywhere are the cinders and scoriæ from the extinct volcanoes, or swamps of New Zealand flax and thickets of tree-Veronica, yet, all this notwithstanding, I know no colony in which it would be pleasanter to settle for life. The climate is salubrious and truly insular, though a little too damp at times to be perfection. The seasons glide imperceptibly one into the other, and the annual range of the thermometer is little more than thirty degrees. It does not often fall below 40° or rise above 70° Fahr. The forest is equally green, summer and winter: all the trees indigenous to the island, with the exception of the fuchsia, being evergreen. I am quite sure this island might have a great and glorious future of prosperity before it. One thing alone is wanting. In colonies and republics the mob is rampant and almighty. Why not take things into its own hands? Why not play its Government the same trick that Nero tried to serve his mother? Why not sink the whole lot in the profoundest depths of Cook's Straits? Then, and not till then, may these "isles of the blest," these "Fortunate Isles" (in all but government), look for peace, plenty, and prosperity. After splashing and plunging about our farm, and satisfying ourselves that we need be in no violent hurry with our spring crops, we took the first fine opportunity to go and fetch those things of which we had lightened our loads at the knoll where we slept some days back. We found them all right, untouched by man or pig. Getting them well in hand, and equally divided into convenient packs of about 25 lbs. apiece, we started homewards again, and again storm and tempest, with great thunder and lightning, fell on our devoted heads. I suppose saints are pretty much the same all the world over, but here, where we are all so busy, St. Swithun might really be content with an octave instead of exacting his full forty days. We found ourselves heavily weighted in crossing the dismal swamp that lay between us and our home. Floundering on through it, we clung tenaciously to the stems of the tall, burnt, Ti-tree scrub which were standing dead in the swamp. But they, at those

moments when we most required their support, when our feet were sunk deepest in the slough, made a particular point of giving way under our weight and, with a vile crack, a smart snap, precipitating us into the bog below. Woe to these hateful trees! It was of them (and none other) the prophet spake, saying, "When they took hold of thee by the hand, thou didst break, and rend all their shoulder; and when they leaned upon thee, thou breakest, and madest all their loins to be at a stand." Struggling miserably along, black, bloody, and soaked, we regained our den at nightfall. It was extremely galling, thus again and so soon to have all our provisions destroyed by wet. In their "cache" at the knoll they had done well enough and kept dry, but now there was nothing for us but to fall to again at the old work of disintegration. This time we tried what heat would do, melting our butter over the fire, and skimming it with spoons of the various things that rose to the surface.

The first fine Sunday we devoted to visiting our next-door neighbours, who lived only three miles off: four brothers—their name was Crapp—living together in a very passable watertight shanty of their own construction. Their father, an old soldier, had run through everything, and ended his days at Rouen, where these lads were educated. Finding themselves cast adrift in the world, they had drifted out to New Zealand quite at haphazard, and were now, like ourselves, engaged in contest with old mother earth. "Beatus ille!" said the elder, throwing up his eyes, but wagging his head. "Were we only blest with 'bobus!'" cried a younger, whose name was Bob. "But we really have plenty of honey, you know," said the youngest, who took cheerful views. So they prattled on, truly French and vivacious. We saw a good deal of them during our stay in their neighbourhood, and liked what we saw. We got the elder one, Albert, to come over to our place one day, as a sort of land-valuer, and see what he thought our farm was really worth; and also to see what he could make out of our hut, with an eye to our future comfort and better way of living. He was too polite to say much in disparagement, till we pressed for his candid opinion, and then he was forced to confess it was altogether a disheartening sort of place, and the ground scarcely worth cultivating.

When he found we did not take things too seriously he was glad and joked, suggesting to us a crop of eels as best suited to our land. Forthwith we christened our estate "The Snare," by which name, I understand, it is known to this day.

After that, on fine days, which, however, were few and far between, the Crapps came frequently over to see us, and we made a point of

returning their visits with quick civility, often passing the night at their shanty, singing French chansons and vaudevilles.

One fine morning, as we sat on logs outside our hut, mending clothes and baking a "damper" on the glowing embers of a wood fire, the brothers swooped down on us with loud whoops and holloas from the dense bush above. They were accompanied by dogs, and armed with knives and bill-hooks, intent on a pig-sticking expedition. After satisfying, as far as in us lay, their huge appetites, we loaded revolvers and joined the cavalcade. First we went through the orest for three miles to Te Arai point. The glories of this sublime forest will ever be fresh in my memory: steep hill-sides clothed with gigantic trees, and in the trees themselves perfect gardens of epiphytes and air-plants. From a vast height overhead the roots or branches of creepers hung like ropes to the ground, and even on these very ropes many strange ferns and flowering parasites had found sustenance for themselves. All the trees, from the noble kauri downwards, were evergreens; but they were far from being characterised by that sombre hue which throws gloom over the foliage of a thicket of evergreens in England. Amongst the more noticeable trees were many glossy laurels of different sorts: the lofty, moss-like Rimu, the Puriri, with flowers like snap-dragon, and the lance-wood tree with its tall, bare stem, twenty or thirty feet high, crowned by a scanty tuft of lanceolate barbed leaves about eighteen inches long; and to a not unsightly little shrub with a long name I was led by that despised organ—the nose! Its scent was stronger than stephanotis, and made the spot where it grew sweet as a greenhouse of hyacinths. Unfortunately for the world at large, the genus to which it belongs confines itself strictly to the northern island of New Zealand, and the particular species we met with to only a very small portion of that somewhat limited area. It seems quite ridiculous to go into ecstasies over a little plant with such a break-jaw name as Alseuosmia linariifolia. But what could one do? The sweet flowers out there have no common names of endearment—no tender diminutives—as they have here with us in England. And indeed, if they had, we should probably be not much the wiser. I daresay a botanically inclined Chinaman, coming to England and finding a simple daisy by the wayside, would label it in his memory as "Bellis perennis." What meaning could the word "daisy" possibly have for him? What picture of child-like faith and trust would it call up in the hard heart of the "heathen Chinee"? Or, again, what English botanist collecting in China would be much impressed when, on finding some fair lily of the field, he heard its name was Hi-ping or Chow-chow?

So we must just take our little honeysuckle as we find it named in the book, and pass on.

At Te Arai we sat on rocks by the heavy surf and picked up multitudes of shells: amongst others, mutton-shells and ear-shells, of which the wild boars are said to be fond, coming down at low tide and tearing them off with their tusks. Striking through the sandhills, we entered those swamps of which I have spoken, and which lie between the sandhills and the high wooded lands, further back. Here the wild pigs have their lairs, wallowing in the marsh, and sleeping in the matted and almost impervious jungle of Tui-grass. We moved but slowly on through this difficult bit of ground, having continually to throw ourselves on the grass to flatten it down, and so make a way *over* it where we could not force a passage *through* it. Much of it was as high as, or higher than, ourselves. In places we cleared a track with our bill-hooks, floundering on in Indian file, till we reached the far end of the swamp. On the border of the forest beyond we lighted our pipes, and, being thirsty, felled a palm-tree and regaled ourselves on the deliciously juicy substance, well known to settlers, which grows inside, and which is, in fact, the unexpanded crown of stem and unfolded leaf. Coming, presently, to the rootings and fresh tracks of pigs, we laid our dogs on the scent, and, after a time, heard them give tongue. Off we went after them, as hard as we could tear. Obstacles, insurmountable before, were easily surmounted now. We did not now complain of the gashes we received from the barbed, spear-like grass, which gave a cut as clean as any sharp knife. To get first to the front was now our only care; and so simultaneously did we all arrive on the scene of action that we fell pell-mell upon the savage boar as he stood at bay before the dogs, "brailed-up" against a great tree, which he had artfully chosen as a rear guard. Allingham, with a notable briskness which won him much applause, seized a propitious moment, and, stepping in, cut the boar's throat with his bowie-knife. It was a dangerous job, well and quickly performed, and with little regard for the furious beast's tusks, which are formidable, and occasionally fatal, weapons. With much trouble we choked our dogs off the dying beast, and, having dressed him in a butcherly fashion, hung him up by a cross-pole betwixt the two trees where he fell. Covered with the blood of the pig, and with blood issuing from the scratches we had received, we looked a horrid crew as we stood to take breath and sheath our reeking knives after the excitement was over. But there was no time, happily, for sentiment. The dogs were again giving tongue loudly ahead, and off we went on the trail, and, half-an-hour later, had the satisfaction of des-

patching a second boar. By the time we had got him trimmed and hung up, it was pitch-dark ; and it was with much fatigue and difficulty that we groped our way out of the forest and at length arrived at the Crapps' cottage, thoroughly spent and ravenously hungry, but all in high good-humour, and satisfied with our day's exploit. By the light of blazing kauri-gum we devoured the liver of one of our pigs, and then smoked till we fell asleep. This day may serve as a sample of many others passed in like manner, with variations of eel-fishing and pigeon-shooting. Our farm was the last thing that engaged our attention, and, of good sooth, there was nothing engaging about it. We did, indeed, set a few potatoes, and sow carrots and turnips, but they (very wisely) refused to come up. Our time was spent in fighting against the cold and almost incessant rains, and in endeavouring to exist on the rotten, rat-eaten remnant of our soaked provisions, which, ever since we came down, had been left without protection to the fury of the elements. There was no room for both them and us in the hut. Perhaps it had been better to have given them the "pas" and remained outside ourselves. At the end of six weeks we were reduced to tea which, from mould, was greener than green tea. Our sugar was done, having melted itself away. All our other things were in a like bad way, with the exception of the salt pork, which, having behaved well from the first, remained cheerful to the last, and came up smiling to the scratch, in spite of much ill-usage, frizzling and frying in its pan to our daily solace and contentment. Nevertheless, we began to think our *rôle* of landed proprietors was pretty nearly played out. The man's words that our land was "much of a muchness, and would probably do for us" rang ever in our ears. At the end of three days of steady pelting rain, in our seventh week, Allingham, on a sudden impulse, took himself off, swearing that no consideration on earth should induce him again to enter our dilapidated hut. He had reason on his side ; also he had friends at Kaipara and Akara, twenty miles off—Irish people, who had often asked him to pay them a visit—and he thought this a good opportunity. I lingered behind for a few dull days, and then, packing up what was left me, started afoot for "Mooney's," the little public-house at Mangawai, eight miles off, and our nearest village.

Allingham had appointed this as our place of rendezvous on the termination of his visits. It was without the faintest shadow of regret that I left "The Snare"—"a thing that" (like the village stocks in one of Lord Lytton's novels) "in its best day had small pretensions to beauty, and was not elevated into the picturesque even by neglect

and decay." When I got to the Mangawai river I had to wait an hour or so before the state of the tide would admit of my crossing. I employed the time satisfactorily amongst the tree oysters: but it was unpleasant work, afterwards, wading barefooted amongst the muddy mangroves, on whose tangled and protruding roots whole colonies of these bivalves had found homes for themselves. Oysters are grateful to the palate, no doubt; but far from grateful is an external application of their spiky shells to the naked feet. It was just sunset when, on getting to Mooney's, I found Allingham at the door to greet me, having just arrived from his visit to Kaipara, where he had found his friends, the Blakes, very comfortably domiciled in a noble forest. To sit on a soft chair; to eat off a table with four sound legs; to have food clean, wholesome, and prepared by other hands than mine; above all, to sleep in a proper, decent bed—these things, from long disuse, seemed odd, but very enjoyable. Our first day at Mooney's was one of heavy gale and pelting rain. We sat delightfully snug and comfortable in our cozy parlour, over the blazing fire of logs on the hearth. All warm and dry, we looked with contempt on the rain, which had so lately been our continual dread and abhorrence. We had brought a few books with us, so that we did not find time hang heavily on our hands. Our library was an odd little jumble, as ever found its way to a Bush inn: The Letters of Junius, Horace, Essays of Elia, Greek Testament, Sophocles, The Diversions of Purley, Thomas-à-Kempis, The Garden of the Soul, Spiritual Quixote, and a rather risky French novel we had borrowed of the Crapps. We had made our selection with strict regard not so much to worth as to weight, preferring the worst duodecimo to the best octavo. After waiting eleven days for the cutter, which lay at anchor in the stream before our windows unable to cross the bar, we heard at last there was a chance of her sailing, and immediately went on board; but, when we had drifted cautiously down to the bar, we found it still too rough to cross, so anchored again and amused ourselves as best we could. Next day we had better luck, and after a spanking run of fourteen hours came to our berth in Auckland harbour, and were not sorry to find ourselves back in our comfortable cottage after two months' "roughing it in the Bush."

J. LAWSON.

MUSIC, LOVE, AND MARRIAGE.

WHETHER marriage is, or is not, a failure is by no means a settled question. It probably never would be if the discussion were to remain open till doomsday, because the subject is one surrounded with a peculiar atmosphere of contingency which affects no two natures alike. The individual who could settle the point would deserve well of his country, if only for the relief it would afford to feel that so vexatious a question could never come up again. How would such an one proceed? He would probably speculate upon the several professions and avocations, get out the Divorce Court results, and see which walk of life possessed the merit of making fewest appeals to those gentlemen who adjudicate upon these matters for us. This section of the marrying world he would hold up as an example for all who meddle with wedlock to follow. His mind—the present reader's mind—perhaps might prejudge somewhat this analytical process, and be inclined to award a terrible record for, say, the musical and dramatic professions. The popular voice seems to dictate that so far as music bears upon the matrimonial question it is certainly a failure! Many really excellent and otherwise sensible people are to be found to avow readily, that if the point of the failure or success of marriage turned for settlement upon the statistics met with in the field of life and work which indulges in fugues and quavers—to say nothing of the dramatic profession—the advantageous aspects of wedlock would receive a startling blow. Fiddlestrings! The nuptial side of musical life is as clean as that of any other profession. Crotchets are known quantities, of course, in the musician's married state just as in that of other men, and sharps and flats of the profession indulge in unwise matrimonial conceits, neither more nor less than, say, do the clergy —discovering, when it is too late, that the air and *formulæ* of Sir James Hannen's Court constitute the only remedy for their real or imaginary grievances; but it is a mistake to suppose, as some people do, that the divorce laws, and the court in which they are administered, maintain their existence mainly for the convenience of the

theatrical and musical professions. Oh, no. When Q Flat leads Miss P Sharp to the altar he is doing no more than any other man under similar circumstances, only he is watched by a not too generous public, always ready to predict all sorts of calamitous terminations to a "professional" marriage. This was the case when Lady Harriet Herbert set scandal afloat by her adventures with John Beard, the English tenor who created many of the parts in Handel's oratorios, and a genial descendant of whom still administers an excellent glass of port to musical folk at his house in Argyll Street, W.; where, by the way, the famous tenor's portrait can be seen. This match made an unconscionable sensation. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, writing to Lady Pomfret, says: "I was one of the first informed of her adventure by Lady Gage, who was told that morning by a priest that she had desired him to marry her next day to Beard, who sings in the farces at Drury Lane. He refused her that good office, and immediately told Lady Gage, who was frightened at this affair, and asked my advice. I told her honestly that since the lady was capable of such *amours* I did not doubt, if this was broke off, she would bestow her person and fortune on some hackney coachman or chairman; and that I really saw no method of saving her from ruin and her family from dishonour but by poisoning her, and offered to be at the expense of the arsenic, and even to administer it with my own hands if she would invite her to drink tea with her that evening. But on her non-approving that method she sent to Lady Montacute, Mrs. Dunch, and all the relations within the reach of messengers. They carried Lady Harriet to Twickenham, though I told them it was a bad air for girls. She is since returned to London, and some people believe her to be married; others, that she is too much intimidated by Mr. Waldegrave's threats to dare to go through this ceremony, but the secret is now public, and in what manner it will conclude I know not. Her relations have certainly no reason to be amazed at her constitution, but are violently surprised at the mixture of devotion that forces her to have recourse to the Church in her necessity—which has not been the road taken by the matrons of her family." Noise enough this! Nevertheless the union was far from being an unhappy one. Beard was a man of excellent conduct, liberal attainments, good principles, and with a pleasant disposition. His musical *forte* was not so much his voice as his good taste and dramatic power. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's description of him as a singer in the farces at Drury Lane, and her delicate comparison of him to a hackney coachman, were mere spiteful libels—which women will at times indulge in—upon a man of estimable character. Epitaph grubbers may recognise the

inscription which the tenor placed on his partner's tomb in St. Pancras Churchyard: "On the 8th of January, 1739, she became the wife of Mr. John Beard, who during a happy union of fourteen years, tenderly loved her person and admired her virtues, who sincerely feels and laments her loss: and must for ever revere her memory, to which he consecrates this monument."

Here, then, was at least one happy "professional" marriage, and, not to sink into a region of unknown celebrities, another instance which occurs to me is that of our countryman Field—the composer of many beautiful nocturnes—whose wedded life was all sunshine. He married his wife upon very peculiar grounds. She had been a pupil of the clever composer and pianist, but Field could never get payment for his lessons, so he joined hands with the delinquent, and wherever he went made no secret of the fact that, as his pupil, it had been exceedingly difficult for him to get his fee, and that he had only married her to get rid of giving her lessons for which she never paid, nor, he felt sure, ever would. Quite an original reason for matrimony this! Many more instances of happy wedded life among musicians—even of the present day—could be cited, but let us turn to the other side of the picture—just to balance matters. The history of opera could record many instances where the presence of husband and wife on the same stage has been forced upon an *impresario* to enable him to secure one of the pair. As a rule, however, it invariably transpires that the famous *prima donna* is weighted with an incompetent husband, or *vice versâ*, and as the pair, like a two-headed nightingale, cannot be separated, the manager endures and pays both for the sake of one. Such couples are so affectionate that they cannot bear to see a stranger step in and play a temporary Romeo to the opposite Juliet—a state of things which is satisfactory enough, I suppose, to all but the subscribers to the theatre, and the manager's takings. Ansari, a tenor of the Opera House in 1780, and his wife affected such a partnership, but he was such a vile temper, and in marrying Signora Maccherini he had claimed so desperate a virago, that the pair upset the usual order of things—they could scarcely be trusted to meet on the same stage. So fearfully jealous were they of each other, that if one happened to be applauded more than the other these amiable beings resorted to the lively occupation of employing persons to hiss one another off the stage. This was from all accounts a very unhappy union.

In interesting marriages—and putting aside for the moment all question of their success or failure, together with that parcel of nonsense made up of the prudish whim and false moral—the musical profession abounds. Lavinia Fenton is a case in point. She—the original

Polly in Gay's "Beggar's Opera"—became the idol of the town when it beheld her in this character. Her portrait was engraved and sold everywhere; her life was written; books of letters and verses to her found publishers; collections were made of her *bon-mots* and witticisms; and before her career ended she rose from the position of a duke's mistress, and became Duchess of Bolton. Her beauty at eighteen rendered her the recipient of repeated amorous addresses from men in the highest rank of society. One young libertine was gentleman enough to offer to abandon the pleasures of the town for Lavinia's sake, and to retire with her into the country, on any terms short of marriage which she might dictate—a proposal which she did not entertain. She withstood many more alluring offers, until at last, yielding to the advances of the Duke of Bolton, she became his mistress, and, twenty-three years afterwards, his wife. This was in 1751, but she enjoyed her wedded life only nine years. Then "Polly Peachum"—whom, says Swift, "the Duke of Bolton ran away with, having settled four hundred a year on her during pleasure, and upon disagreement two hundred more—died. Something of a similar experience attended another famous English songstress, Anastasia Robinson. She married well—not wisely. Amiable and beloved by all who met her, Lord Peterborough solicited her hand and constancy, and subsequently married her privately—though his haughty spirit would not permit him to make a declaration of it. One day, being seized with illness with serious symptoms, he begged her to attend him at Mount Bevis, near Southampton. This she firmly refused to do except upon the condition that, though still forbidden to take his name, she might be allowed to wear her wedding-ring—to which, finding her inexorable, he at length consented. She nursed him lovingly—so devoted, indeed, was her care and attention that it nearly cost this good woman her life. Mrs. Crouch was another who in her day figured in a great many love affairs. Before she married the gallant naval gentleman who gave her a second name, she had a lover who was heir to a title and large fortune. The two planned an elopement—as lovers are prone to do—and this was only discovered in time to save her from being a party to a contract which might have brought the gentleman within the toils of the bigamy laws. Another romantic experience attended her in Ireland, in 1784. A young gentleman whose passion for her amounted to actual madness sought to terrify her into a regard for him—not being able to gain her affections in any other way. This was his mode: he wrote her a letter informing her that if she persisted in refusing him, he would place himself in the pit of the theatre when she was on the stage. "Love's

blind they say"—so runs the song, and no doubt this ardent youth, like many other boys, young and old of to-day, was blind to a possible existence without the companionship of his particular ideal—a frame of mind which might have led him to carry his threat into practice. Indeed, he actually did give such effect to his words that on the next night when she was to perform, the would-be lover had stationed himself near the stage and assumed a somewhat agitated attitude. When Miss Philips—this was her maiden name—heard this she flatly refused to "go on," so that at last the manager was compelled to call in constables to take the gentleman away by force. Legal and medical wiseheads doomed for ever the love prospects of this impetuous youth; they placed him under restraint, and took him out of the country, away from his loadstar, and pretty Miss Philips went on wooing.

An aspect of our subject, however, before matters reach their marrying stage, is the effect of music upon the emotions, especially love, or *vice versâ*, and the stimulus it gives to affairs of the heart generally. I have seen it stated somewhere that there are more marriages among the class of people who dabble in quavers and harmonics, and who come under that very pliable term "musical," than any other. If this be true, it ought to be possible to account for it. Why is it? It is hard to see, especially as the financial outlook for the average musician is certainly not, so far as my experience goes, such as to warrant women seeking husbands in this walk of life; and money, I believe, constitutes an important factor in the matrimonial question, whichever side be viewing it. Most people, probably, will be prepared to say that the opportunities for flirting are greater, and perhaps the solution of the problem may as well be found in this explanation as in any other. However the matter be solved, musical annals certainly furnish a considerable roll of flirtations—sufficient, indeed, to tempt many to think that after all the class of whom I am writing play no inconsiderable part in keeping the divorce laws in existence. There is no end to the tales. Even that strait-laced gentleman Haydn, whose pious habit of inscribing his scores with bits of reverent Latin, will go down to posterity, and who, if this failed, would always be held sacred for his oratorio "The Creation"—even he fell in love with Mdlle. Boselli, despite his wife and his piety. He had her portrait painted, and satisfied all her little whims and fancies, which, like those of all *prime donne*, were not, of course, inexpensive ones. Good old, but inconstant Haydn! Remembering the predilection his wife—Keller the barber's daughter—had for priests and monks, he cannot

well be blamed for seeking consolation in the society of one of his most charming singers. It is to be hoped he stopped here, though, from quite a famous compliment which he paid Mrs. Billington, it is to be feared he possessed the knack of ingratiating himself into the favour of the fair sex generally. Reynolds had painted the songstress as Cecilia listening to celestial music. "Yes," said Haydn, upon being asked for his opinion, "it is indeed a beautiful picture—just like her; but—what a mistake." "Where?" inquired the painter. "Why, you have painted her listening to the angels, when you ought to have represented the angels listening to her."

By way of extenuation for Haydn, it must be admitted that all the master musicians have been frail in the matter of love and beauty. Beethoven's love-letters constitute quite a study in passionate endurance, and are much more creditable to him than the story of his erasing the young English musician Bridgetower's name from the dedication of the famous sonata in A, and substituting that of Kreutzer, a man whom he had never seen, because he had had some quarrel with Bridgetower about a girl—a version of the story, by the way, which is not Beethoven's. Chopin, we know, pined away for George Sand; Dussek was carried off by a Polish princess; Stradella lost his life through becoming enamoured of Hortensia, a strikingly beautiful Roman lady; Marcello became the victim of a hopeless passion for Leonora Manfrotti; Mark Smeaton, an English musician of the sixteenth century, paid the block penalty on Tower Hill for an indiscreet lingering after Anne Boleyn; Bellini expired of a broken heart for a sweetheart whose father would not let her have him; Leonardo da Vinci died at the hand of his mistress; and there are endless other instances not less tragic—others happier in every way—arising out of this apparently inseparable union of love and music. Poor Leonardo da Vinci's love experience is worth telling, since it constitutes quite the basis for an opera, and it affords an excellent instance of one of the many seemingly unreal and overstrained situations and incidents to which we are treated in Italian operas, and which may often strike us northerners as being just a little strained. We must not forget, however, that they appear very different to Italian eyes. Tragic incidents which we should term melodramatic occur over and over again in the life and existence of southern peoples, and the fiery passion which appears to us so stagey and exaggerated is really seldom overdrawn. Da Vinci was at Rome in the height of his success when he made the acquaintance of a distinguished and beautiful lady who returned his passion. Unfortunately, he was unwise enough to boast about the lady's favours.

Upon hearing of this she revenged herself by presenting him with a cup of poisoned chocolate, which having drunk he fell dead! Slightly operatic this—and, fortunately for ardent British youths, a method not very often resorted to in this country.

The stories of love, marriage, and romance, as they bear upon the subject of music might, it would seem, be extended indefinitely. Take some of the indirect compliments and pretty things said by the wisest of heads to thoughtless girls and pretty singers—such as the clerical criticisms and affectionate solicitations dealt by a cardinal to Mdlle. Brambilla. She was a beauty, and a charming mezzo-soprano singer besides. "She has the finest eye I ever saw," said the cleric regretfully, "and with her sweet voice and disposition, if she owns any other merit, the safety of the Catholic Church will require her excommunication." Something of a parallel criticism is recorded of Mrs. Cibber. At the first performance of "The Messiah" in Dublin, Mrs. Cibber delivered that beautiful air "He was despised." Her rendering was so touching and pathetic that a reverend gentleman in the pit so far forgot himself—and for the matter of that, everybody else save Mrs. Cibber—as to exclaim after she had finished the air: "Woman, for this be all thy sins forgiven"—a sample of critical acumen from a quarter which does credit to our spiritual advisers generally, whether of the Anglican or Roman persuasion, and shows them to be possessed of as keen a taste for stage talent and beauty as other men; and why shouldn't they? The truth is, a man may be ever so wise, and have the biggest head in Christendom, and yet go awfully one-sided over the merest ballet-girl. For right down infatuation men are a thousand times more foolish than women. See Maréchal Saxe more concerned about the elopement of a little actress than if he had lost a battle. He had his own theatrical company, at the head of which he placed Favart, a prolific writer of *opéras à ariettes*, or ballad operas. Favart, however, would seem to have loved first and fiddled afterwards; for his heart softened towards the little dancer, who again in this case preferred Apollo to Mars. Anticipating their powerful master's designs, she and Favart planned a runaway match, and the opportunity was afforded them during the siege of Maestricht. It was a dark, stormy night: the bridges connecting the marshal's two armies were carried away, and thus the army on either side of the river was dangerously split up. In the midst of the excitement caused by this disaster Favart and Mdlle. Chantilly eloped. The next morning one of the marshal's officers found him sitting on the bed in a state of wildest grief and excitement. Comfort was out of the question. "Ah! my dear sir,"

exclaimed Save. "It cannot be repaired—I am lost!" The officer continued to point out the smallness of the disaster, and that all could be put right in a few hours. "What!" cried the marshal, "is it the bridges you are referring to—D——! That is nothing—but—Chantilly. Oh! Chantilly—I have lost her—she has deserted me!" The great soldier had passed the whole night in absolute despair because the little actress had jilted him.

The French stage is the direction *par excellence* for romance, love, and music. There the singing birds, if they do not exactly aspire to the distinction of being married at a Westminster Abbey or Chapel Royal, or even of securing the decided honour of a titled match, as many have done in England,—there they contrive to contract many most remarkable alliances, raise a whirlwind of scandal, and endure quite a storm of excitement. Modern France is not what it was in this kind of thing, but if one goes back to the days of Sophie Arnould it is to meet one of the rarest of beauties and wickedest of women even of her brilliant time! She—originally a poor hotel-keeper's daughter—awoke one morning to find herself surrounded by the cream of Parisian society. Her wit, beauty, grace, singing, intelligence, *abandon*, startled even that glittering age. She was hardly out of childhood, when, being implored to appear at the Opera, she replied: "To go to the Opera is to go to the devil." Whither she speedily went musically and morally, if one can believe the chroniclers. Voltaire himself fell a victim to her beauty; and a conversation between the siren and the philosopher shows the pert and impudent woman, later on in life, without a shadow of remorse. "Ah! Mademoiselle," said Voltaire one day, "I am eighty-four years old, and I have committed eighty-four follies." "A mere trifle," responded the impertinent and impenitent Sophie. "I am not yet forty, and I have committed more than a thousand." The same Sophie was admired by Count de Lauragais, who, judging by his presents, loved her desperately. This lasted four years, when the witty woman found cause for a split, and forthwith despatched their carriage piled full with lace, ornaments, jewellery, and two children. The lawful countess met all this. She accepted the children, and returned all the rest to Sophie. But let these stories end. The impudence and thoughtlessness and the wasteful notions of these over-adulated and admired women find outrageous whims—well represented in one anecdote told of Cuzzoni—Handel's notable *prima donna*. An English gentleman became so enslaved by her beauty and singing that, among other penalties in the shape of costly presents, he promised her a complete costume in point lace. This

failed to meet with her ladyship's approval, and angrily uttering something about "meanness," she hurled the whole suit on to the fire! Tesi, a vocalist of two centuries back, set an example to a series of solicitations and encouragements which it were well did all actresses and pretty singers adopt—for the sake, say, of those admiring gentlemen who have wives. Tesi went through the formula of marriage with a journeyman baker in order to say "no" to a count of high distinction who sought her.

After all has been said, however, this kind of thing is not peculiar to one phase of life, or to any particular profession. It is human nature all over, from the judge down to the policeman, the dignitary to the curate; and when Tommy Atkins sits on the park seat with his arm round his Eliza he is only emulating his—for this sort of thing—much more favourably situated captain or colonel. It were good if all courtships, love matches, flirtings, and the like turned out well and happily—but while the world lasts this will not be. Nor will any good accrue in seeking to fix the chief sinners as of any particular walk of life—quite an unsought and undeserved distinction so far as the musical profession is concerned. The nuptial side of musical life is not its worst side, although much could be said and written towards showing that wedlock among musicians has not proved too felicitous. Harmony and concord may have been a prevailing component in many a son or daughter of Orpheus, yet somehow when this has come to have a matrimonial application, such harmony has changed to discord, and sometimes to something worse. But may not the same thing be charged to lawyers, parsons, and legislators? I repeat it is human nature, and while trees grow there will be some unhappy marriages among fiddlers and nightingales, just as there are between archbishops and termagants. I do not apprehend, however, any very serious inconstancy, and consequent infelicity, as likely to distinguish and characterise one profession more than another. Musicians will go on courting and marrying with much the same average of matrimonial success; and while fifty per cent. of married humanity live in mortal despair of never losing their wives, the variety, circumstance, and restlessness of his professional life will enable the musician to add his quota towards balancing matters by appreciating his home the more when he can be in it. The strong-tongued woman will, no doubt, continue to distrust the late hours, long absences, tavern temptations, tours, the paying of compliments and delicate attentions—all peculiar to the musician's life, as being quite inconsistent with connubial constancy and happiness. But let not such reasoners stand too long aloof! Other

daughters will certainly come by, be married, and soon experience that the apparently insurmountable objections whispered into the ear before marriage with a "professional" have resolved themselves into trifles, only to disappear amid the serious struggle of real life. It is this struggle—keener, perhaps, in the closely-competed musical profession than in any other—which women have most to fear. A sensible girl knows, or should know, that in marrying a musical mind she takes the man of her choice with the advantages and disadvantages of his profession. The former are, I think, few; the latter—well, let us admit, are many. They have all been hinted at, and might well be taken to heart by those contemplating professional marriages, and afflicted with the mania and fear of never being happy unless they are hanging to their lovers' coat-tails.

FREDERICK J. CROWEST.

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY COLLOQUIALISMS.

A WRITER in a literary monthly lately announced, with an air of surprise, his discovery of the word "flam" used in its present colloquial sense in a work dated 1682. The surprise was natural, for probably few but professed students of our older literature know what a large number of present day words and phrases, modern and new-fangled as they appear, are but survivals, sometimes with slightly changed meaning, from bygone times. In addition to a considerable number of such words, the seventeenth century vocabulary was also rich in colloquial words and phrases, which, owing to changed conditions of life, and to the gradual and latterly rapid growth of the language, have either slowly died out of use, or have been elbowed out of favour and existence by more modern popular coinages. That will suit me "down to the ground" says the modern dealer in slang; two centuries and more ago it would have suited him "up and down." John Day in his curious play, the "Isle of Gulls," 1606, says: "a thinge once wel done is twice done: and I am in her mind for that, up and downe." "Friday-face" is a term still occasionally applied to a sour-visaged person; it was formerly in very common use. In the old comedy of "Wily Beguiled," 1606, we find: "What a friday-fac'd slave it is! I think in my conscience his face never keeps holiday." The phrase is doubtless derived from Friday being, ecclesiastically, the banyan-day of the week.

Many old colloquialisms have reference to food and drink. "Prog," which Dr. Johnson severely styles "a low word," occurs in Fuller, in company with many other racy and vigorous expressions, which would nowadays be condemned as hopelessly vulgar. In his "Church History," the quaint old writer beloved of Lamb, describing monastic discipline, says: "The Abbot also every Saturday was to visit their beds, to see if they had not shuffled in some softer matter or purloyned some progge for themselves." Another slang word for food in general, which did not, however, outlast the seventeenth century, was

"peckage." It is to be found in the list of cant terms printed in works like Samuel Rowlands's "Martin Mark-all," 1610, and Richard Head's "English Rogue," 1663. Ben Jonson uses it with many similar words and phrases in his masque of "The Gipsies Metamorphosed." In the shortened form of "peck" it is still in colloquial use, with its derivatives "pecker" and "peckish." "Belly-timber," another expressive phrase, is now almost out of date, even as a colloquialism, although it is still to be heard in several provincial dialects. It occurs in Massinger and other old Dramatists, where it is evidently used in all seriousness. Towards the end of the seventeenth century it began to be employed in a ludicrous and vulgar sense. Butler uses it thus, and in Charles Cotton's "Scarronides" the hero, we are told,

> Lay thinking now his guts grew limber,
> How they might get more belly-timber.

In connection with drink, colloquialisms are, as might be expected, abundant. The number of euphemistic expressions for drink and drinkers, and especially for drunkenness, is very large, and every year adds to the list new and ingenious devices for hiding the plain and ugly fact under allusive or fancifully descriptive disguises. Some of these expressions date from the seventeenth century and earlier. "Except when he's elevated," says Mr. Ben Allen of his friend Mr. Robert Sawyer, "Bob's the quietest creature breathing." This was no new doctrine. In Etherege's comedy, the "Comical Revenge," some one, speaking of an ancestor of Mr. Sawyer's, says: "The wine makes the rogue witty . . . I will keep him thus elevated 'till he has married Grace." To be "overtaken," meaning to be slightly fuddled, is an expression now seldom heard but from Hibernian lips. Formerly it was in general use among English writers. Massinger, Congreve, and Steele, all employ it in the sense mentioned. "Disguised" is another gentle but expressive euphemism of respectable age. Dryden has it in the first act of the "Wild Gallant," 1663: "*Vail.* Will not ale serve the turn, Will? *Bal.* I had too much of that last night. I was a little disguised as they say." Earlier examples can be found in Massinger and Ben Jonson. "Fou," a favourite word with Burns, is generally classed as a Scotch term for a rather advanced stage of intoxication, but it was in use by a thoroughly English writer a century before Tam O'Shanter sat

> Bousing at the nappy
> An' getting fou and unco happy.

Vanbrugh, in the "Provoked Wife," has:

> Then sit ye awhile, and tipple a bit,
> For we's not very fow, but we're gayly yet.

Familiar bibulous phrases, such as "in one's cups," and "to wet one's whistle," are common in the literature of the seventeenth century. A few other like expressions to be found in the writers of that period died an early death, and are hardly found beyond the time of the Stuarts. Sir Thomas Urquhart, in his very idiomatic translation of Rabelais, has "whittle," to intoxicate: "They should whittle him up soundly, like a sophister, with good drink." "Foxed" was a commoner term used by Middleton, Shadwell, and other writers. There is a good example of its use in the fourth act of Ludowick Barry's comedy, "Ram-Alley":

> They will bib hard; they will be fine sunburnt,
> Sufficient fox'd or columber'd, now and then.

The appearance in this connection of the word "sunburnt" may remind the reader of Mr. Richard Swiveller's explanation that the sun had been very strong in his eyes! The appropriateness of "foxed" is not very obvious, but perhaps the reference is to what that free-hitting pamphleteer Nashe calls the eighth kind of drunkenness which, he says, is "Fox drunke, when he is craftie drunke, as manie of the Dutchmen bee, that will never bargaine but when they are drunke."

A famous homœopathic remedy for the effects of intoxication is contained in the phrase "a hair of the dog that bit you." This is borrowed from folk-lore. There are few superstitions older or more widespread than the belief that like cures like, that the bite of a serpent, for instance, can be cured by the application of a stone to be found in the head of the same creature. Robert Greene, the Elizabethan novelist, in his "Mamillia," tells how "the elephant, being envenomed with the viper, eateth him up, and is healed." A common country remedy, at the present day, for a viper bite is to kill the viper and apply its fat to the wound; and, for the bite of a dog, rustic wisdom in some places prescribes a slice of the liver of the dog that bit you to be boiled and eaten, while in others some of the hair of the offending animal laid to the bite is considered a sovereign remedy. From this practice we get the toper's prescription of "a hair of the dog." In Ben Jonson's "Bartholomew Fair," this appears as a hair of the wolf, perhaps to betoken a greater degree of intoxication than usual: "'Twas a hot night with some of us, last night, John: shall we pluck a hair of the same wolf to-day, proctor John?" The phrase appears in Heywood's "Proverbs," published in 1546. Rabelais, of course, has it in his all-embracing collection of vulgarisms, and it is to be found, with modifications,

in various French sixteenth century books of proverbs. The earliest example, perhaps, is that in Bovilli's collection of 1531 :

> Du poil de la beste qui te mordis,
> Ou de son sanc seras guéris.

A common expression which dates from the seventeenth century is "to mind one's *p's* and *q's*." Samuel Rowlands, one of the most graphic and vigorous of the manners-painting writers of the Jacobean time, has, in his "Knave of Hearts," the lines :

> Boy, y'are a villaine ; didst thou fill this sacke?
> 'Tis flat, you rascall, thou hast plaid the Jacke.
> Bring in a quart of Maligo, right true :
> And looke, you rogue, that it be *Pee* and *Kew*.

The origin of the phrase has given rise to much speculation. It has been suggested that it is derived from an alleged custom of marking P or Q, for pint or quart, against the name of each customer on the score behind the alehouse door. The necessity for carefully distinguishing the letters would be brought home to the pocket of the customer on the day of payment. A far-fetched explanation is that the saying was originally "Mind your *toupees* and your *queues*," the former being the artificial locks of hair on the head, and the latter the pigtail of bygone fashion. The most probable solution is that the phrase originated in the printing office in consequence of the great difficulty of distinguishing between the types of the two letters. Children, as teachers well know, are also very liable to confuse these very similar symbols.

The common vulgarism "to go to pot" appears in one of Dryden's prologues :

> Then all you heathen wits shall go to pot
> For disbelieving of a Popish plot.

The familiar injunction "go to Jericho" has been derived, somewhat problematically, from Henry the Eighth's custom of retiring to a pleasure house he had at Jerico, in Essex. The following lines from "Mercurius Aulicus," 1648, contain an early instance of the phrase, and seem to have been written by as good a hater of the Houses of Palaver as the Sage of Chelsea himself :

> If the Upper House and the Lower House
> Were in a ship together,
> And all the base Committees, they were in another,
> And both the ships were botomlesse,
> And sayling on the Mayne ;
> Let them all goe to Jericho,
> And ne'er be seen againe.

To "pick up one's crumbs" is not so modern a phrase as it looks. The landlady of Oliver Wendell Holmes's "Breakfast Table," who sagely remarked that "some of them young folks is very artful, and there is them that would marry Lazarus, if he'd only picked up crumbs enough," was probably not aware of the antiquity of her graphic expression. Massinger, in "The Picture," Act III., sc. ii. has:

> Dear madam, sign my pardon,
> That I may feed again, and pick up my crumbs;
> I have had a long fast of it.

Nashe, writing at the end of the sixteenth century, describes how swindling conjurors "hauing pickt up theyr crummes thus pretely well in the Countrey" draw gradually nearer to London. Such expressions as to pay "on the nail," to "drive a trade" or "a bargain," to "feather one's nest," "dead as a door-nail," were as common in the seventeenth century as they are to-day. The last named is found in Piers Plowman.

"Jack Ketch" was the real name of a public executioner in the time of Charles II. who died in 1686. One of the earliest allusions to him is to be found in the epilogue to Dryden's "Duke of Guise," 1682:

> "Jack Ketch," says I, "'s an excellent physician."

The gallows was called then as later the "triple tree." Earlier writers allude to it as the "three trees"; Harman, in his "Caveat," 1573, says "repentaunce is never thought upon until they clyme three trees with a ladder." Rowlands, in the work previously quoted, flippantly speaks of the fatal noose as "Tyburn tiffany." A very common expression in seventeenth century literature, but not used since, is "hangman's wages," which represented the sum of thirteenpence halfpenny.

> To find us pillories and cart's-tails,
> Or hangman's wages,

says Butler in "Hudibras." "Why should I eate hempeseed at the hangman's thirteenepence halfepenny ordinary?" is a very allusive and idiomatically expressed question in one of Dekker's plays. The old Scotch merk or mark was worth a trifle over thirteenpence halfpenny, and, on the accession of James I. to the English crown, it was by proclamation made current in England at that value exactly. If the hangman had previously been paid one shilling a day—and this was then a common wage for officials of many kinds—he would slightly gain if paid in the new coin, and hence may have arisen the expression.

A few other colloquialisms peculiar to this century and the end of the sixteenth may here be noted. Pickpockets and petty thieves were

known as "foists," "good fellows," or "lifts." To be put in prison was to be made to "kiss the Clink" or "the Counter." Money was often referred to as "shells"—a word which seems to suggest a possible origin for the modern "shell out"—or as "oil of Angels." "Oil of holly" appears in Dekker and other writers as a synonym for a beating. The hands were "golls"; "make them hold up their spread golls," says Ben Jonson in the "Poetaster." Noblemen at the universities, since known as "tufts" because of the gold tuft or tassel to their cap, were then known as "gold hat-bands," doubtless for some similar sumptuary reason. Earle, in his "Microcosmographie," describing a young gentleman of the University, says: "His companion is ordinarily some stale fellow that has been notorious for an ingle to gold hat-bands, whom hee admires at first, afterwards scornes." A "horse with ten toes" was the then equivalent for "shanks's mare." Fuller, in his "Worthies," tells us how Coryat undertook "to travail into the East Indies by land, mounted on an horse with ten toes." To "make buttons" meant and means, for some occult reason, to look sad. The pawnshop was unknown in those days, but the vintners or tavern keepers were in the habit of receiving pledges. Things in pawn were in "tribulation" according to Dryden in the "Wild Gallant": "Boy, fetch my suit with the gold lace at sleeves from tribulation," or in "limbo," as in Congreve's "Old Batchelor": "I let him have all my ready money to redeem his great sword from limbo."

Towards the end of the century a person easily gulled, or "bubbled," was known as a "caravan," but earlier the term "rook," which is now restricted to a cheat or sharper, appears to have been applied to the person cheated. There is a good illustration of this in Chapman's "May-day," Act III.: "An arrant rook, by this light, a capable cheating stock; a man may carry him up and down by the ears like a pipkin." A "rook" of this kind, good for nothing but to lounge about and be cheated, is described by Nashe as going from fair to fair to "buy gape-seede, hauing no business else."

Besides the words and phrases already mentioned very many others that are still current colloquial coin were used in much the same way two hundred years and more ago. The good wife then sometimes "wore the breeches"; the dusk was "blindman's holiday"; thirteen was the "baker's dozen"; and people were as rosy about the "gills" as Charles Lamb's noble race of borrowers. A man did not "get the sack," but "gave the bag," or received "the canvas," as Shirley has it; he "outran the constable," beat his "rib," looked after the "main-chance," was sometimes "flush" of "dust," and at others "under a cloud"; went "snacks," with his friend, or had his enemy "on the

hip," just as in these latter days. Further enumeration would be tedious.

The antiquity of many of these popular expressions may well suggest caution to hasty guessers at derivations. "Abigail," a lady's maid, was long considered sufficiently accounted for when it had been referred to the name of Mrs. Masham (Abigail Hill), lady-in-waiting to Queen Anne; but the name appears as the equivalent for a waiting gentlewoman a hundred years earlier in the "dramatis personæ" of Beaumont and Fletcher's comedy of the "Scornful Lady." Appearances, moreover, are not to be trusted. Even the "gent," modern as his name may seem, had made his bow to the public so early as 1635, in Glapthorne's lately recovered play "The Lady Mother."

Etymology is largely a matter of evidence. The earlier an example of the use of a word can be found the more valuable is it as evidence to the etymologist. Hence the value and the interest of word-hunting. And no more fruitful field for his research can a word-hunter desire than the colloquialisms of both past and present times, including those terms that are dead, those that have risen into literary use, and those that still remain racy of the soil.

G. L. APPERSON.

THE DELIGHTS OF HEDGEROWS.

HOW beautiful and how rich a subject of investigation is the smallest bit of hedgerow! To my delight, at the bottom of my garden, separating it from the nearest wheat-field, is a beech hedge, instead of any more effective enclosure in the shape of fence or wall. I really would miss much in the interest I have in this corner of mine were there a high wall here in place of this hedge. The hedge, however thick, is still but an airy screen or veil which half hides and half reveals the life without and stimulates curiosity. It is all living, breathing, constantly changing, if you look well, and sounds like a wind-harp to the wind. It refines the view beyond, and does not really interrupt or close it; and you can feel the pulse of life, as it were, stirring in it. Birds pass through it almost as free as the wind, weave their nests in it, and near-by sit and discourse the sweetest music, morning, noon, and eve. It does not shut off but kindly encloses; giving free let to all the sweeter winds, even refining and scenting them, while it tames down and breaks the force of the fiercer and colder winds, and takes the sting from the frosts of winter.

A volume might be written on hedgerows cultivated and uncultivated; beech, privet, blackthorn, redthorn, ivy, sycamore, holly, laurel, and the rest, for each has not only its own characteristics from a practical or agricultural point of view, but its specific interest from a picturesque or natural history point of view. As for an evergreen hedge, what better symbol of homely protection could you have? As it grows and grows it weaves, as it were, an outer nest round a dwelling, close, kindly, familiar, and compact as a wall, with a whole world of breathing consciousness about it. What were England without its hedgerows that give an individuality and distinctive countenance to every field, which they at once beautify and shelter from the frosty winds of winter, and from the fierce burning heats of summer? They present to the careful observer, in a kind of epitome, the life of the district in which he may be. He cannot be far out for study if he is near a bit of hedgerow. They are natural trellises for wonderful

climbers and creepers as beautiful as the vines of Italian climes, and they gather the fairest of our wild flowers to shelter under them. As for the former, think of the convolvulus, white and pink, and of the honeysuckle, and of the sweetbriar or eglantine! How the May in its season spreads its blooming clusters, as, has been said, like a bride's train, and how the redthorn blushes! How the bryony creeps and peeps, and, as other beauties fade and pass, still wreathes its festoons and puts out its brilliant berries! How the elder spreads its creamy flowers and shows its dark berries, and the wild-hop hangs its clusters to the wind!

Then for the wild flowers—what an array in constant succession! In the spring—a grand advance wing—come the violet, the primrose, the speedwell, the celandine, herb-robert, and the sweet anemone, drooping bashfully its white head, or nodding to its neighbours, the blue and white hyacinths not far off; later on, follow the campions and harebells, the forget-me-nots, the stately foxglove, with its pyramids of purply-pink bells; and the succession is quite as full, and their array of flowers is quite as large all through the summer and autumn.

> By ashen roots the violets blow

sings the laureate, but the violet loves other than ashen roots; it is very fond also of hazel and birch—a fact which Sir Walter Scott was clear on when he wrote:

> The violet in her green-wood bower,
> Where birchen boughs and hazels mingle.

Hedgerows have thus managed to assert the characteristic element of English landscape and life, and are rich in associations. Did not Mr. Robert Browning miss the hedgerows of his native land amid the glorious sunshine of Italy; and has he not recorded this feeling as with a lightning-flash of inspiration? And no wonder, when my small morsel is of such importance to me! He sings his song under the title, "Home Thoughts from Abroad":

I.

Oh, to be in England
  Now that April's there;
And whoever wakes in England
  Sees some morning unaware
That the lowest boughs and the brush-wood sheaf
Round the elm-tree boles are in tiny leaf,
  While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
    In England—now.

II.

And after April when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds and all the swallows:
Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
  Leans to the field, and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent-spray's edge—
  That's the wise thrush: he sings each song twice over,
  Lest you should think he never could recapture
  That first fine careless rapture.
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew,
  The buttercups the little children dower,
  Far brighter than this gaudy melon flower!

And with what exquisite grace the trees in the hedgerow do sometimes lean from them and dip, and look over into the meadow or field beyond!

Within my vision, too, I can catch a glimpse of something leaning to the field, in the words of Browning, whereby hangs a tale or a curious fact or two. At the extreme corner there of my hedge is a holly-tree of some height, which has been for long years left to itself—unclipped, untrimmed—and hangs at one side right over into the field. Even that unwieldy holly seems to stoop down to meet the grass and clover and buttercups beneath; and there is one other still more peculiar circumstance to note. At a certain height it ceases to have spines on the leaves, and preserves them more highly by a foot or two on the side that is towards the field than on the other towards the house. Can the plant really know (from experience of years) the side on which it is most exposed to cattle, and so guards itself most resolutely at the right point? Certainly it is an economist and a soldier in its own way—a combination, after all, not so common. It reserves all its points of defence for the parts where they are really needed, and does not waste its powers. I learn that Southey alone among poets has noticed this fact, and set it in rhyme:

Below a circling fence of leaves is seen,
  Wrinkled and keen,
No grazing cattle through their prickly round
  Can reach to wound,
But as they grow where nothing is to fear
Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear.

Hedgerow-timber, how much the landscape owes to it! How gracefully the oaks and beeches rise from the deepened ridge where the road dips, their roots sometimes showing bare, in gnarled, twisted clusters towards the roadway, such as Doré often represents

and Millais magnifies! I have in my mind an avenue, where in summer, even in the hottest sun, there is from this cause always coolness and a kind of soothing repose, like that which is found in a southern cathedral in July, when the light—the dim religious light—comes through coloured glass, old and mellow. How often have I, because of my admiration of the place and the effect, lowered myself in the eyes of the peasants, who declaim against those trees as "a-shuttin' in the place so as 'tis never rightly light, and but seldom dry, and allus as 'twere a-droppin o' suthin' or other—damp leaves, or rain, or dew, or what not—such as is a'most terrifyin' to delicat' females as 'as to be a-passin' of it, partickler in the dark?"

Notwithstanding all such disadvantages, I would not have my favourite hedgerow trees cut down. In some places with which I am familiar, elms and sycamores assert their own dignity, and occasionally a lime tree glimmers in its lighter green. And in the more enclosed and remote parts you will be sure to find due share of nuts—especially the wild hazel—deliciously sweet, and all the better for the rough cuttings they receive at the hedger's hands. Hollies are, as I have already hinted, beyond praise, not so much the clipped and trimmed specimens in the carefully-attended-to shrubbery, but the holly of the common hedgerow. How delightful in its permanency, preserving, like the truly heroic nature, its chief charms for the period of trial, when all else is stripped and bare, its red berries shining in the dull light of winter, or throwing a faint rosy tinge on the snow that feathers all the twigs around, the little birds, in finding their dainty but frugal breakfast, having with their sweet breasts cleared the snow from the bunches of fruit, from which they have picked their morning supply.

Then we must not forget the elder, with its creamy flowers in summer, and its bright berries in later autumn; nor the sloe, with its clustering flowers and its fruit, with that unapproachably delicate purply bloom in autumn.

And this suggests another delightful centre of associations—the harvest of the hedgerows. Did you ever, dear reader, go a-blackberrying in the sweet days of autumn, when the clouds are high, and there is a delicious clearness in the air, and a sense as of wider horizons, and soft expansiveness and ripeness and warmth around, as if, to atone for the shortening days and the more abundant joy of summer, nature had resolved to concentrate all mildness and sweetness and variety of tint into one sweet hour or two of light and beauty? Idyllic simplicity, the sense of close communion with nature, is easily realised then; and even into the bucolic mind,

little touched by sentimental or æsthetic influences, a sense of poetry will often steal, while, at the same time, a good practical end is served; for nothing could be more wholesome than the blackberry, which is indeed in many forms often recommended to invalids, for which purpose it sells at something like fourpence a quart. It makes delightful puddings, still more delightful jam, and has the true wild flavour eaten fresh from the hedgerow.

Some people are apt to speak of the rustic as utterly without imagination or fancy; but, if this is unqualifiedly so, how about the folk-lore and legends which are so common, which touch more or less closely almost everything, and certainly have been as busy with the natives of the hedgerow as with anything else? For example, in some places it is believed that when the blackberries begin to hang limp and shrunken the devil spit upon them in his Michaelmas travels.

Then there is the barberry, not to be neglected, though sometimes it is held suspect as a propagator of mildew; and the elderberry, from which good wine is made; and the sloe, from which is drawn more delicious wine still. After a long dusty journey even those who are in some things fastidious might enjoy a glass of well-kept sloe wine, such as is to be found in many a peasant's cottage. And then we must not forget the wild strawberry nestling among the grass, and peeping forth with its delicious miniature berries. At the proper season old and young turn out in force for the work of picking, and no more pleasant pictures of rustic life are to be seen than then. Even the babies toddle about, and, with lips purple from the juice of stray berries handed to them, laugh and chuckle and dance and are glad, as it befits childhood to be. The farmers are in nothing more liberal than in their willingness to let those who are known to them thus enjoy the harvest of the hedgerow; but, naturally, they have a strong objection to tramps and strangers, who are apt to make such liberty an occasion to pick up unconsidered trifles, and, if not so bad as that, to leave gates open behind them and make inconvenient gaps in fences, which sometimes leads to awkward results in cattle or horses going astray.

And then the nutting; for nutting cannot well be dissociated from the hedgerows, though the nut trees scatter themselves about, like capricious beauties, through strips of plantation and coppice; but they, too, love the hedgerow and flourish there, and you cannot go a-nutting and fail to linger by the hedgerows. Wordsworth knew that, too, and has characteristically noted it.

And then no student of natural history can afford to neglect the

hedgerow. He will never become familiar with some of the most attractive and at the same time most beautiful and fascinating aspects of animal life. I do not here refer to the birds, though the hedge sparrow, and the hedge warbler, and the yellowhammer, and the larger tits are *habitués*—not to speak of thrushes and blackbirds, and the starlings and jays, who go flashing over and over with a purply gleam wholly indescribable on their black back and wings. But in the hedgerow the hedgehog has his haunt, the delightful little shrews find quarters there, and also the field voles in the bottoms of the dry ditches at their sides. They burrow, and love the proximity of bush roots, though they will also make their nest in the field.

Then the birds' nests, hidden in the most artistic manner sometimes, or so protected by similarity of colour to the surrounding foliage or bark. The wren is one of the most delightful builders. Anyone might find in its nest a subject of study and admiration for weeks.

Wild and unkempt as the ordinary hedgerow of road and field may appear, they demand at proper times a good deal of attention from the farmer and the hedger under him. How a farmer keeps his hedges and his ditches is an almost invariable mark of how he keeps the rest. If the hedges are allowed to grow after their own sweet will for years and years they will certainly at length spread into and close up the ditches, and the farmer's fields and meadows and roads in places will be flooded, to his loss as well as to the landlord's. There is no more frequent subject of quarrel among farmers and country residents than hedges and ditches being left unattended to beyond the proper period ; for, of course, in cases of flooding the surface water is sure to flow on to some other one's land than that of the man who is to blame for it. This, however, is not the most idyllic aspect of the subject, and we shall leave it ; but not till we have said a word or two for the hedger, who certainly deserves more credit than he gets. If you fancy there is no skill in his craft, and that only strong muscle and thews and sinews are needed, I would recommend you the next time you go to the country to have a try at it, and see how you succeed. In hedging the trained accuracy of eye, which is noticed in the rustic, is especially seen. However careful you might be you would find that you would leave the hedge in such breaks and notches as would surprise you, and probably make you feel ashamed of your conceit. But the hedger, without any doubt or hesitation, stroke by stroke and without cessation, shaves off as many feet as leaves in exact line along a whole length of field as level as a wall, and without knobs or notches anywhere.

If there are a few fancy trees or elevations in the hedge he will, if you give him due encouragement, cut them into the oddest and most *outré* shapes.

Hedges cannot really be thought of without ditches; just as light is invariably accompanied by shadow, so the ditch may be called the shadow of the hedge. In old days, before scientific drainage of land was carried to such an extent as now, naturally more importance was attached to the keeping of them; and so well were they, in many cases, kept that large reaches were, save in exceptional circumstances, dry; and these dry ditches were very much favoured by tramps and paupers as places of repose before the passing of that most philanthropic, if somewhat repressive, measure (over which the inoffensive Thomas de Quincey mourned), making it an offence to sleep in the open air. "To die in a ditch" may not therefore quite carry all the degrading associations apt to be conjured up by the phrase, however much it may indicate that the person was unfortunate, and fell from the high estate of the respectable citizen and tax-paying householder. In favourable circumstances a dry ditch would not make the worst of beds. Thousands, in large cities, every night sleep on a far worse and unhealthier one; the more that for curtain there is the interwoven twigs or lightly-rustling greenery of the hedge above, and the sky and the stars to weave a pattern in it.

The boy that has made himself thoroughly familiar with a ditch and hedgerow is on the way to become a fair naturalist; he has laid the foundations of an education on which, as one may say, it is possible to build almost any superstructure.

As we are about to conclude and look round, pen in hand, our eye lights once again on our own little hedgerow at the bottom of the garden. This suggests a practical paragraph to end with.

Mr. James Long, than whom we have not perhaps a more practical director for anyone who possesses a small plot of ground, recommends that all gaps in hedges on a small farm or garden should be mended up with gooseberry bushes, where they will grow admirably. The hint might be made to yield no end of variety to the eye and profit to the pocket. They can be trimmed down into the needful uniformity season by season, and be only improved by it. Then, recently, we saw that some enterprising nursery firm were willing to supply at a cheap rate plants of a very fine kind of blackberry, of American origin if we remember rightly, which might be used in the same way, producing in its season the most luscious fruit. Here, even within the smallest demesne, the occupier may with little outlay, and with very slight labour, intermarry the wild and the cultivated

in the most delightful style—have a tiny but wholly unique garden in his hedgerow, with vari-coloured blossom and flower in their season, and reap the ripe results in the most delicious and refreshing of fruits. Thoreau spoke of the delicate wines stored up in the wild fruits by the wayside, and certainly this plan would have the result at once of giving the trim, clipped hedgerow a new beauty, and of bringing a *taste* of the sweet wilderness near to the doors of the house without any, or at any rate many, countervailing disadvantages.

ALEX. H. JAPP.

SCENERY AND SCENIC ARTISTS.

BRITISH prejudices in matters of art are seldom very rational. Not a few of them appear to have been conceived originally on the "I do not like thee, Dr. Fell" principle. And, what is still stranger, the more irrational the prejudice, the stronger its vitality.

Common-sense, however, has been waging war with many of these absurd dislikes latterly to excellent purpose. Signs are not wanting, for instance, to show that the few remaining traces of the old odour of disreputability which became associated with the art of scene-painting some fifty years ago will soon be scattered to the winds. Indeed, to effectually disabuse the public mind it only needs to lay bare the origin of this ridiculous prejudice.

It must still linger in the memory of many that when Stanfield and Roberts were made the recipients of full Academic honours there were those qualified to speak who did not hesitate to epithetise scene-painting as "daubing," "white-washing," and "paper-hanging." They knew perfectly well that painting in distemper was one of the most ancient among pictorial arts, and had been extensively practised throughout Italy long before the introduction of oil-colours. And they could not have been ignorant of the fact that men of the stamp of Andrea Del Sarto, Salvator Rosa, Canaletto, Watteau, and De Loutherbourg had been prominently associated from time to time with the theatrical paint frame. But to serve a certain uncharitable purpose they overlooked all this, and sought to bespatter the art itself by drawing undue attention to the vagaries of many of its professors. For it must be remembered that until William Beverley arose England had seen no native scene-painter of any eminence who knew how to preserve the dignity of his calling. Either they chose to ally themselves with the Dick Tintos of their time, and with the Tintos were ranked, or, if more ambitious, looked upon scene-painting as a mere fugitive vocation, only useful to eke out an existence while waiting for better things. Perhaps, as an average specimen of the former class, the name of Jack Laguerre, Hogarth's quondam assistant, falls readiest from the pen. At one time painting ceilings

with Verrio at Windsor Castle ; posing anon as the popular engraver of cheap theatrical prints ; and finally cropping up as scene-painter and opera singer at Covent Garden Theatre, Laguerre was a talented, thriftless wight, much sought after by tavern loungers for his gifts as humorist and mimic. He died in abject poverty (they all do) in 1748. Out of the picturesque annals of English scene-painting many another Laguerre could be adduced.

It is not without grave consideration that William Beverley has here been awarded the honour of being the first great scenic artist who knew how to uphold the dignity of his profession. Stanfield, Roberts, Leitch, and Joseph Allen undoubtedly thought they were making a bold bid for fame, and perhaps immortality, when they abandoned the paint frame for the easel. But it is questionable whether William Beverley's fifty years of memorable work will not survive as long in the glowing records of theatrical art as the wider reputation of any of the quaternion.

However, owing to this old-time habit of viewing scene-painting merely as a means to an end, the names of many who became celebrated in other walks are now indissolubly associated with its annals. Ben Jonson, one of the finest actors of his time—and that was the time of Colley Cibber, of Wilks, and Barton Booth—would never perhaps have trodden the boards had he not become fascinated with histrionism while serving an apprenticeship under a scene painter in the theatre. By the way, although Jonson completely abandoned the one art for the other, several instances are on record of the one individual practising both. Mr. Shaldus, scenic artist at the Marylebone Theatre some thirty odd years ago, was also known to patrons of that house as a capital comedian. When "As You Like It" was revived there in October 1854 he not only painted all the fine scenery, but likewise gave a very satisfactory impersonation of Touchstone. His rich dry humour was admirably adapted to this kind of parts. Mr. Charles Fenton, who died in 1879, had filled a similar dual capacity in his time at the Strand Theatre ; and, to conclude this digression, there is at present in America a gentleman of the name of Edwin Varney who can write a play, paint the necessary scenery, act a part in it capably, and stage-manage its entire production.

Returning to those who embraced scene-painting as a temporary expedient, the mind naturally reverts to J. W. Allen—barely remembered nowadays in theatrical circles as a joint labourer with Clarkson Stanfield and that eccentric genius Charles Tomkins of the Adelphi. Allen painted for Madame Vestris at the Lyceum

during her tenure of 1836–39. Having no great love, however, for size and whitewash (to which indeed he was only attracted by the dazzling success of Stanfield and Roberts), he left the scene-loft for good about the year 1842. Subsequently Allen was instrumental in establishing "The Society of British Artists," in whose galleries he frequently exhibited those homely landscapes with beautiful "distances" to which the preservation of his name from oblivion is mainly owing.

"Scenery by George Cruikshank." That would be a startling announcement to come across nowadays on an old play-bill. It is a curious coincidence that Cruikshank, like Dickens, should have entertained a notion of going on the stage before experiencing that flood tide which was to bear him impetuously on its waves to fame and fortune. Fired by the praises of unthinking friends who had seen proofs of his histrionic versatility at several private theatres, Cruikshank played his cards so well that he very soon found himself engaged by Raymond as assistant scenic artist at Old Drury. As the drudgery of a provincial novitiate was too formidable an idea to be entertained for long, the caricaturist in embryo was only too glad to accept a position which he fondly hoped might prove a stepping-stone to the stage. But it was not to be, as pressure of circumstances soon bore him away from the atmosphere of the theatre. And yet, notwithstanding all this "rough-hewing," the destiny which was to shape George Cruikshank's "ends" betrayed its hand even in his scene-painting days. It was at that period (in or about the year 1810) that Cruikshank first found himself plagued in Blake fashion with the portly presence and rubicund visage of Sir William Curtis, the famous gastronomic alderman. Mr. Dick's troubles with King Charles's head were as nothing compared with those occasioned by the vision perpetually conjured up by the collodion in the young scene-painter's eye. One result of this was that Cruikshank was irresistibly compelled, at the risk of dismissal, to shadow forth the well-known figure of Sir William leaning over a bridge in a pretty rural scene which he was painting to be used as an act-drop. So absurd was the combination that the audience went into fits of laughter when the curtain was first submitted to their notice. Mr. Sala, too, long before he lost his way to Bohemia, had, on his own confession, become practically initiated into the mysteries of size and whitewash, and in his salad days, was no mean wielder of the double tie brush and the "lining tool."

Generally speaking, however, Chaucer's line—

> The lyfe so short, the craft so long to lerne,

has its direct applicability to scene-painting as to most of the other arts. Thus it is that some of the most noted among English scenic artists have been members of scene-painting families, and so habituated to the scene-loft from their youth upward. In many noteworthy instances the skill displayed appears to have been more or less hereditary. Prominent among scene-painting families may be mentioned the Greenwoods, the Grieves, the Stanfields, the Callcotts, the Dansons, the Fentons, the Gordons, and the Telbins. It comes somewhat as a reversal of the usual order of things to find a son beating his father at his own game, and completely effacing his identity by dint of superior genius. Very few people nowadays seem to have any knowledge of the fact that Clarkson Stanfield's father was not only a capital scenic artist, but a man with some pretensions to literary fame. From his fluent pen came the popular Freemason's song "Friendship and Love." A great traveller in his day, the elder Stanfield's love of the sea descended to his son, and undoubtedly contributed largely to the success of Clarkson's pictorial and scenic work.

John Henderson Grieve (father of the brothers Grieve) had, in or about the year 1810, revolutionised ordinary methods of scene painting by the introduction of a glaze, which rival artists referred to contemptuously as the "Scotch wash." It appears that previous to that time only solid colours had been employed. Viewing these attacks with the utmost equanimity, Grieve very clearly demonstrated the extreme gratefulness of his wash in painting landscape scenery; and to such purpose that by the year 1850 the system of glazing had been accepted by most scenic artists. To John Henderson Grieve's son William fell the somewhat dubious honour of being the first scene painter in England to whom the public paid tribute by a "call" before the curtain. This happened on the *première* of "Robert le Diable" at the Italian Opera House in 1832.

Not only are English scene painters, at the present day, unrivalled in the several departments of their art, but instances are not wanting to show that they have improved the technique and carried their reformation into other countries. Take the case of James Gates, an artist who had been for some time associated with the Princess's Theatre. About thirty years ago (he died in 1868) Gates journeyed to Paris with the idea of studying his art, but found to his astonishment that, while the French painters were admirable producers of ornate "interiors," the best of them were inferior to himself in the manufacture of picturesque "exteriors." Indeed, in work of this particular nature, and in spectacular trick scenery, the

French have learnt much from our theatres, although they affect to despise our artists and their art. That there is little or no love lost between us in this respect an amusing anecdote will go to show. Many old playgoers doubtless still remember that when Fechter reconstructed the Lyceum stage he at once resorted to the foreign system of elaborately built-up scenery, almost unknown then in England. The beauty of it was that a whole host of shoulder-shrugging stage-carpenters were imported from Paris to initiate the cockney scene-shifters into the mysteries of the new departure. Every Frenchman was provided, so to speak, with an English pupil. It chanced, on one occasion, that as the imported stage-hand concluded his task of showing the native brother-at-arms the working of a certain piece of scenery he grunted emphatically, "Comme ça." Next night positions were reversed—John Bull doing the work while Johnny Crapaud superintended. Repeating all the movements with commendable accuracy, the English scene-shifter gave the canvas-frame a look of unutterable disgust, mumbled "comme ça" with all the solemnity due to a cabalistic formula, and then added in a comical aside, "You can't get on with this d—d scenery unless you speak French to it!"

Although the Italians have long lost their position as the first scene painters in Europe, and cannot compete with the French and English artists in the comparatively new system of built-up scenery, they still retain their old-time supremacy in ordinary "flat" painting. Without calling in the aid of the stage-carpenter they can stimulate the imagination in this way to a very high degree. Some characteristic work by Signor Magnani, of Milan, was seen at Her Majesty's Theatre in various operas produced there from 1877 to 1880. It is a remarkable fact that the scenery for Marchetti's "Ruy Blas," as performed during the winter season of 1877–78, had all been executed in Italy, on paper, by this artist, and remained unmounted until it reached the metropolis. If a line can be taken through Signor Magnani's work, Italian scene painting would appear to be quite as rich and pleasing as our own, while totally devoid of that undue warmth of colour which an ever-increasing abuse of light renders necessary on our stage. *À propos* of this, the work of an Italian scenic artist, named Robecchi (who has now for many years resided in Paris), is in such repute that those great American spectacle-mongers, the Kiralfys, frequently commission him to paint many of the principal scenes for their various attractions. This may be reckoned an extraordinary compliment to M. Robecchi, as America boasts, in the possession of William and Arthur Voegtlin, John

Thompson, Gaspard Maeder, Philip Goatcher, Sydney Chidley, Henry E. Hoyt, Philip Marston, Hawley, Mohr, Dayton, *cum multis aliis*, a galaxy of scene-painters worthy of comparison with the most formidable list that France or Italy could produce. Apart from this, the large American theatres are so well equipped in regard to stage mechanism and other appointments that it will not be surprising to find the New World exercising, before long, a salutary influence on the material features of the European theatres. As an example of the perfection of scenic illusion in America take that ingenious perspective effect seen in a drama, racy of the soil, called "From Sire to Son," which has been recently touring the States. Some clever mechanism used in the first act of this play imparts to the spectator the impression of the old Redwood coach rounding a distant mountain peak, descending a steep incline, and finally entering the Californian mining camp as arranged close to the audience.

Paradoxically enough, America enjoys at once the somewhat equivocal honour of having elevated scene painting to the highest pitch of artistic excellence on the one hand, and degraded it to the lowest level of mechanical production on the other. While the leading scenic artists, attached or otherwise, have improved the technique by a judicious blend of the various European systems, commercial enterprise and the universal custom of touring have occasioned the upraising of several scenic depôts where orders from the innumerable small theatres which abound in the States are completed "with promptitude and despatch." Under existing circumstances it is conceivable that the lessee of every miserable little "opera-house" (Americanese for lecture-hall) in Southern America cannot afford to keep a scenic artist on the premises. To meet the demands for the new stocks of scenery which are generally laid in when the little theatre is first erected, several scenic firms have sprung up in St. Louis, Chicago, Kansas, and elsewhere, which employ artists of marked inferiority and turn out work which bears as much resemblance to the genuine article as a chromo does to an oil-painting. Produced almost entirely by mechanical means, no wonder it has been facetiously dubbed "patent medicine scenery." In this way the firm of Sosman and Landis of Chicago, which employs about twenty-five "artists," has in the course of nine years supplied upwards of a thousand places of entertainment with complete stocks of scenery. That such work falls short of the domain of art is clearly proven by the fact that it is not unusual for these firms to receive an order by telegraph in the morning for a scene, say thirty feet square, which

will be completed, dried, and sent on its way to the purchaser before nightfall. So far as the scenic depôt is concerned the days of glazing and second painting are gone for ever. What matters it that the adoption of the broadest system of treatment possible—working slap-dash fashion in full body colours—makes the painting crude and garish? All the more merit: for the average provincial American gives his vote for gaudiness and plenty of it.

W. J. LAWRENCE.

AN ISLAND PICNIC.

SEVEN o'clock, and a glorious morning! The sun is shining brightly on the coral-clustered rowan-tree outside, and the sky already is a dazzling blue. A gentle air, too, just stirs the muslin curtain of the window left open overnight. With it comes in the scent of honey and the hum of bees at work in the garden below. No morning is this for laziness and a late breakfast. The impulse to be abroad is born of the sunshine; and a few minutes serve, after a hurried toilet, to snatch a towel, bound down-stairs, and go tramping across the heather to the well-known pool.

A magnificent day indeed it promises to be. The wreathing night-mists have already risen from the Bens, and the loch below gleams like melted sapphire round sylvan island and far-set promontory. Everywhere the mountains are clad in purple, and from the moor-bloom spreading its springy carpet underfoot rises a fragrance that fills air and heart alike with delight. And the river pool—never was there found more delightful bathing-place. Hidden deep between overhanging banks of heather in flower, with a clean brown ledge of rock to dive from, the depth of dark, clear water, like amber wine, sparkles with foambells, and the waterfall tosses from the rock above great showers of silver spray. No more invigorating plunge could be had. The bather feels for a moment, as he breasts the brown depths, something of the salmon's exultant pride; and a dip like that sets one off high-hearted for the day.

Breakfast is a delight after such an appetiser; and fresh eggs and thick white scones, oatcakes, creamy porridge, and all the wealth of Highland fare, disappear with startling despatch. There is no time to be wasted, either, for Archie was to have the boat ready at half-past nine, and there is a Highland half-mile of road between the house and the loch. Archie would by no means scruple about expressing his candid, and perhaps not very complimentary, opinion if the party chanced to be late; and there is a kind of unwritten law in the house that the old servant is to be humoured as far as possible. So already the ladies are concerning themselves with the making and

packing of sandwiches, the due stowage of cold provender, jellies, fruit, milk, &c., and the apportioning to each his load. For the luncheon is to be, *bonâ fide*, a true Robinson Crusoe affair, no servants interfering; and each man must make himself useful.

"'Deed, and ye're no that late, after all!" is Archie's magnanimous reply to a deprecating remark of his mistress on reaching the lochside. The sunshine has evidently thawed his usual crustiness. "Aye, mem," he replies further, "it'll be a fine morning, a very fine morning. The hills is quite clear." After which deliverance he holds the boat steady alongside the little wooden landing-place, while provisions, kettles, &c. are stowed away in the bow; and his grey eyes twinkle with pleased humour under their shaggy brows when the heir of the house whispers some bit of sly badinage in his ear. "Aye, he iss a fine lad that, a fine lad!" the old fellow will be saying to himself when the boat has been pushed off, and he watches from the pier the stalwart object of his remark bestirring himself to haul up the sail.

There is just enough breeze to curl the water gently; and when the snowy sheet is hoisted the boat bends away gracefully before it, leaving a swirling track of foam and eddies in her wake. When the morning is so fine as this there is little fear of danger; but on these Highland lochs one never can foretell the moment when a sudden gust may come down from some hillside corrie; and cool nerves and a steady hand are needed to control sheet and tiller. The man who loses his wits on an emergency, who cannot slacken out sail or bring the boat's head up to the wind when a squall strikes her, is no fit pilot for these waters, and many a fair freight has gone to the bottom from such a one holding the helm. A strong and ready hand is in charge to-day, however, and "black care" is a thing impossible on board, as the little craft goes bounding out upon the bosom of the loch.

And fair as a romance is the scene—the clear lake winding away among the mountains, its surface broken only by bosky islets that float in their own reflections, while the sunny air is full of the awe and silence of the Bens.

The only spot in all the scene where silence reigns not is on board the little boat herself; and a continuous ripple of merry chat and joyous laughter floats away astern with her foam. From wild little islets passed by the way come breaths of pinewood and of heather in bloom, faint and delicious as the gales which drifted leeward of old from home-bound spice-argosies of the East. But the bright eyes on board are an inspiration themselves, without the sunshine and

the pure and scented air; and the gladness of youth has broken forth —the contagion of happy and hopeful hearts. A sweet strain of melody floats once and again from the bow, where the singing throats are :

Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing!

—the Skye Boat Song, a farewell to Prince Charlie, that old-time idol of the Highland hearts. A sad melody it is amid its sweetness, as are all the old Jacobite songs, with their breathing of hopes that were never to be fulfilled; and somehow, strains like that come to the ear with more real tenderness when sung as to-day by clear young voices among their native mountains.

Too soon, almost, the boat's keel grates upon the island beach—the strip of silver shingle under the green-fringing trees. One would fain have prolonged especially the last part of the voyage, through the straits between the islands—straits like the miniature narrows of fairy land, between whose near and bosky shores the fragile shallop of Oberon and Titania might almost be expected to appear, flying a web of the woodland gossamers for its sail. But other attractions enough lie within the island greenwood. There are delicate groups of birches to be sketched by those who have brought block and colours. In the rivulet dells some of the young ladies have been promised the discovery of the much-sought hart's-tongue fern. And for those who wish to recall to fancy the place's romance of the past, there are the remains of a ruined monastery to explore. But the merriest party of all, perhaps, is that retained for the preparation of luncheon; and it is wonderful in how short a time those dainty-fingered damsels have the tasteful display of linen and crystal and silver spread on a grassy plot, the clumsy-handed males being retained, after the fashion of the knights-errant of old, for the opening of baskets and boxes, and the seeking of leaves wherewith to decorate fruit salvers, napkins, and the tablecloth's centre.

A merry meal it is, too, which follows, *al fresco*—"all in the greenwood free"—with the contortions of carvers on their knees, the popping of corks, and continual little explosions of mysterious laughter from the various groups perched on cloaks and rugs wherever a seat-hold offers round the roots of some gnarled oak or ash. Never more gallant do young men appear than when attending the wants of their fair comrades amid such a scene; and thrice happy is he who has such an opportunity of laying siege to the heart that he desires.

Then away again over the island they go, in parties of two and three; and the flutter of a light dress is to be seen and the joyous ripple of merry laughter to be heard in many a nook and dell hitherto

invaded only by the antlered and timid deer. Many a pleasant word is spoken, and many a heart mayhap lightened of its care, on such an afternoon; for the anxieties of civilised life come not to a sylvan retreat like this, and it is impossible to be aught but joyous-spirited when the surroundings are all of gladness.

But hark! they have caught a piper on the mainland, and have brought him over, and there is to be a dance on the grass. Yonder he goes, under the edge of the trees, pouring forth "hurricanes of Highland reels." A brave sound that, setting the blood on fire and making it impossible to sit still. And merrily go the twinkling feet on the greensward—"figures of eight," and Reel o' Tulloch, Highland Schottische and Highland Fling. Wilder and faster grows the music, as the piper catches the spirit of the scene, and faster and faster the dancers foot it, with swirling tartans and flying skirts, till, at a final blast of the screaming chanter, the last partners throw themselves panting on the grass. Then a cup of tea makes a kindly refreshment and prevents heated throats from catching cold, and the boat has to be got ready, and the furniture of the feast stowed away. Afterwards, as the clear young moon begins to sparkle in the sky, the sail is once more set and the prow pointed for home. And if the wind fails, and some rowing has to be done, the exercise is good for keeping off the chill; and with song after song floating out across the water under the stars, a fitting end is made of a day without regrets.

GEO. EYRE-TODD.

TABLE TALK.

Mr. Foster's "Alumni Oxonienses."[1]

GENEALOGY is taking an increasingly prominent place among literary pursuits, and with its kindred pursuit, heraldry, can no longer be pooh-poohed. Of all literary employments it is, however, the most arduous and apparently the most unremunerative. It is not easy to overestimate the value to scholarship and history involved in rendering accessible the records concerning human life, which it is the special function of the genealogist to supply. To a few scholars alone are the particulars known of the prodigious labours of the late Colonel Chester, and even fewer are aware that private aid, unostentatiously administered, alone enabled him to accomplish so much of his task as was finished at his death. On Mr. Joseph Foster the mantle of Colonel Chester has fallen. During the last few years Mr. Foster has published, in addition to peerages and other important and authoritative works, the "London Marriage Licences," a book of 1,600 pages, in double column, from which I have personally derived much valuable information. Mr. Foster's latest task has been the publication of the "Alumni Oxonienses," a matriculation register of the University from 1715–1886. This is contained in four large volumes of over 1,600 pages each. The remaining portion of the register, extending from the earliest date to 1715, is ready, and is likely to occupy about the same space. In favour of this undertaking, so far as I am aware the most important ever undertaken on behalf of any university, I would bespeak sympathy. So far the result to the worker has been a loss of thousands of pounds. The principal colleges subscribe to the publication, as do some spirited American and foreign libraries, and a few English and the principal Oxford authorities have spoken of the work in highest terms. In the printed list of subscribers I see, however, neither the royal library at Windsor nor the civic library at Guildhall, nor the fine libraries of the Athenæum and Reform Clubs; not one tenth, indeed, of those who ought to subscribe. With the exception

[1] Parker & Co.

of one or two bishops, not a peer nor a member of either House of Parliament appears on the list. Surely for a labour of national importance support can be obtained? If not, there is some fear that this large and important work will have to be suspended, which cannot be without seriously impugning the national spirit of England.

Sale of the Mackenzie Library.

A LIGHT completely new on the conditions of modern book-selling is cast by the facts connected with the sale of Mr. Mackenzie's library. That the books Mr. Mackenzie had collected with much assiduity, consisting, as they did, of theatrical rarities and first editions of the works of writers of the present century, would bring large sums, was anticipated. Such a price, however, as £62. 10*s*. for the "Dialogue in the Shades, between the celebrated Mrs. Cibber and the no less celebrated Mrs. Woffington, both of amorous memory," is absolutely unprecedented. Genest, in his "Account of the English Stage," describes the work justly as "a catchpenny publication." Its sole recommendation may almost be said to lie in the scurrilous promise of its title. Thackeray's "Snob," meanwhile—"A Literary and Scientific Journal, not conducted by Members of the University"—together with its continuation, "The Gownsman," fetched £125. Buyers, however, must not be misled by these prices. A certain madness of excitement carries away the attendants upon a great sale. Booksellers themselves are at times led astray by it, forget their accustomed phlegm, and outbid their judgments and their commissions. The self-same books—I mean the identical copies—are not seldom sold a few years, or even months, later, for a third of the price they have brought. A well-known bookseller bought at one of the large sales two hundred pounds worth of books for a private collection he was so unpractical as to form. In consequence of illness he disposed of these shortly after to a second bookseller, accepting a loss of fifty pounds. After cataloguing the works, and selling a few, the new possessor found himself compelled to dispose of the remainder by auction, which he did, at the loss of a second fifty pounds.

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